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**REMINISCENCES**

**BY**

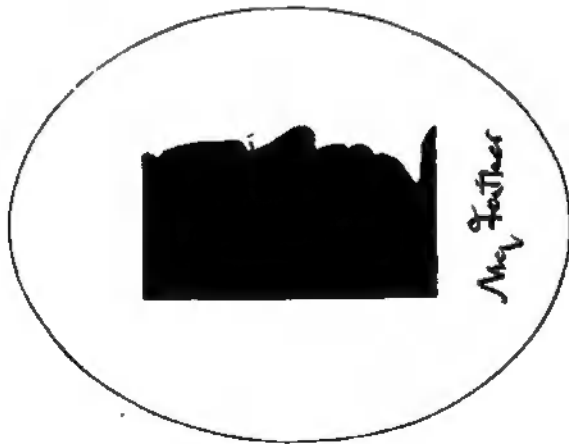
**THOMAS CARLYLE**

**VOL. I.**

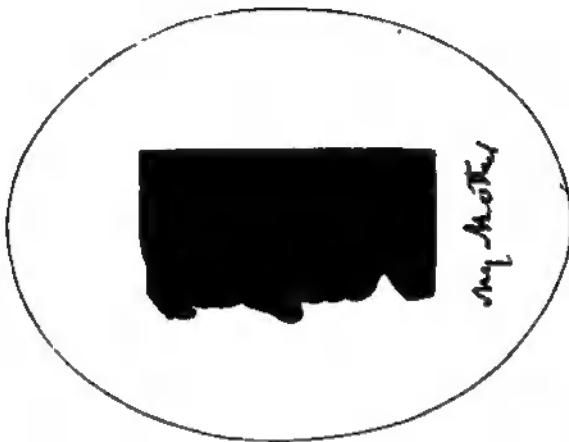
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JAMES CARLYLE



MARGARET CARLYLE



FROM SILVERSTONE PAPER BY SCOTTISH BY JAMES WILSON CARLYLE

# REMINISCENCES

BY

THOMAS CARLYLE

EDITED BY

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I

LONDON

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1881

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## PREFACE.

IN the summer of 1871 Mr. Carlyle placed in my hands a collection of MSS. of which he desired me to take charge, and to publish, should I think fit to do so, after he was gone. They consisted of letters written by his wife to himself and to other friends during the period of her married life, with the 'rudiments' of a preface of his own, giving an account of her family, her childhood, and their own experience together, from their first acquaintance till her death. They were married in 1826; Mrs. Carlyle died suddenly in 1866. Between these two periods Carlyle's active literary life was comprised; and he thought it unnecessary that more than these letters contained should be made known, or attempted to be made known, about himself or his personal history. The essential part of his life was in his works, which those who chose could read. The

private part of it ■■■ ■ matter in which the world ■■■ no ■■■■. Enough would be found, ■■■ by one who knew him better than anyone else knew him, to satisfy such curiosity ■■ there might be. His object ■■■ rather to leave ■ monument to a singularly gifted woman, who, had she ■ pleased, might have made ■ ■■■■ for herself, and for his sake had voluntarily sacrificed ambition and fortune.

The letters had been partially prepared for the press by short separate introductions and explanatory notes. But Carlyle warned me that before they were published they would require anxious revision. Written with the unreserve of confidential ■■■■ ■■■■, they contained anecdotes, allusions, reflections, expressions of opinion and feeling, which ■■■■ intended obviously for no eye ■■■■ that of the person to whom they ■■■■ addressed. He believed ■■ the time I speak of, that his own life was near its end, ■■■ seeing the difficulty in which I might be placed, he ■■■ ■■ at last with discretion to destroy the whole of them, should I find the task of discriminating too intricate a problem.

The expectation of an early end was perhaps suggested by the wish for it. He could ■ longer write. His right hand was disabled. His tem-

perament did not suit with dictation, and he was impatient of ■■ existence which he could ■■ longer turn to any useful purpose. ■■ lingered on, however, year after year, and it gradually became known to him that his wishes would not protect him from biographers, and that ■■ account of his life would certainly be tried, perhaps by ■■■■ than ■■ person. A true description of it he ■■ not believe that any one could give, not even his closest friend ; but there might be degrees of falsity ; and since ■ biography of some kind there was to be, he decided at last to extend his original commission to me, ■■■ to make over to me all his private papers, journals, notebooks, letters, and unfinished or neglected writings.

Being ■ person of most methodical habits, he ■■ preserved every letter which he had ■■■ received of not entirely trifling import. His mother, his wife, his brothers, and many of his friends had kept as carefully every letter from himself. The most ■■ markable of his contemporaries ■■ been among his correspondents—English, French, Italian, German, and American. Goethe ■■ recognised his genius, and had written to him often, advising and encouraging. ■■ own ■■ Mrs. Carlyle's journals were records of their most secret thoughts. ■■

these Mr. Carlyle, scarcely remembering what they contained, but with characteristic fearlessness, gave me leave to use as I might please.

Material of such a character makes my duty in this respect an easy one. I have not to relate Mr. Carlyle's history, nor describe his character. I am his biographer, and paint his own portrait. Another difficulty arises from the extent of the materials thrown open to me. His own letters are full of matter as the richest of his published works. His friends were not common men, and in writing to him they wrote their best. Of the many thousand letters in my possession, there is hardly one which, either on its special merits or through its connection with something which concerned him, does not deserve to be printed. Selection is indispensable; a middle way must be struck between too much and too little. I have been guided largely, however, by Carlyle's personal directions to me, and such a way will, I trust, be discovered.

Meanwhile, on examining the miscellaneous MSS. among them various sketches and reminiscences, written in a notebook fifty years after hearing in London of his father's death; another of Irving; another of Lord Jeffrey; others

(these brief and slight), of Southey and Wordsworth. In addition there ■■■ a long narrative, or fragments of a narrative, designed ■■ material for the introduction to Mrs. Carlyle's letters. These letters would ■■■ have to be rearranged with his own; and ■■ introduction, under the shape which had been intended for it, would be no longer necessary. The 'Reminiscences' appeared to ■■■ to be far too valuable to be broken up and employed in any composition of my own, and I told Mr. Carlyle that I thought they ought to be printed with the requisite omissions immediately after his own death. ■■ agreed with me that it should be so, and ■■ one time it ■■■ proposed that the type should be set up while he ■■■ still alive, and could himself revise what he had written. He found, however, that the effort would be too much for him, and the reader has here before him Mr. Carlyle's ■■■ handiwork, but without his last touches, not edited by himself, not corrected by himself, perhaps most of it not intended for publication, and written down merely ■■ an occupation, for his ■■■ private satisfaction.

. The Introductory Fragments ■■■ written immediately after his wife's death; the account of Irving belongs to the autumn and winter which

followed. ■ singular was ■ condition ■ this time, ■ he ■ afterwards unconscious what ■ had done ; and when ten years later ■ found the Irving MS. ■ asked him about it, he ■ not know to what I was alluding. The sketch of Jeffrey ■ written immediately after. Some parts of the introduction I have reserved for the biography, into which they will most conveniently fall ; the rest, from the point where they form ■ consecutive story, I have printed with only a few occasional reservations. 'Southey' and 'Wordsworth,' being merely detached notes of ■ few personal recollections, I have attached ■ ■ appendix.

Nothing ■ remains to be said about these papers, ■ to repeat, for clearness' sake, that they ■ published with Mr. Carlyle's consent but without his supervision. The detailed responsibility is therefore entirely my own. I will add for the ■ convenience of the general public, the few chief points of his outward life. He ■ the son of ■ village mason, born at Ecclefechan in Annandale, December 4th, 1795. He ■ educated first at Ecclefechan school. In ■ he was sent to the Grammar ■ ■ Annan, and in ■ to Edinburgh University. ■ 1814 he was appointed mathematical usher

■ Annan, and in 1816 schoolmaster at Kirkcaldy. In ■■■ he gave up his situation, ■■■ supported himself by taking pupils ■ Edinburgh. In ■■■ he became private tutor in the family of Mr. Charles Buller, Charles Buller the younger, who was afterwards ■■■ brilliantly distinguished in Parliament, being his pupil. While in this capacity he wrote his 'Life of Schiller,' and translated 'Wilhelm Meister.' In ■■■ he married. He lived for eighteen months ■ Comley Bank, ■ the north side of Edinburgh. He then removed to Craigenputtoch, a moorland farm in Dumfriesshire belonging to his wife's mother, where he remained for ■■■ years, writing 'Sartor Resartus' there, and nearly ■■■ ■■■ Miscellanies. In 1834 he left Scotland and settled in London, at 5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea; and there continued without further change till his death.

J. A. F.





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**OF**  
**THE FIRST VOLUME.**

**ARTHUR CARLYLE OF BOULEVEHARD**

**EDWARD IRVING . . . . .**



# REMINISCENCES.

JAMES CARLYLE, OF ECCLEFECHAN,

1841

VOL. I.

B



## *JAMES CARLYLE.<sup>1</sup>*

On Tuesday, Jan. 26, 1832, I received tidings 'that my dear and worthy father had departed out of this world. ■■■■ called away by ■ death apparently of the mildest, ■ Sunday morning about six. He had taken what was thought ■ bad cold on the Monday preceding, but rose every day and was sometimes out of doors. Occasionally he ■■ insensible (as pain usually soon made him of late years), but when spoken to he recollected himself. He ■■ up and ■ the kitchen fire (at Scotbrig<sup>2</sup>), on the Saturday evening about six, but was evidently growing fast ■■■■ in breathing. 'About ten o'clock he fell into ■ sort of stupor,' writes my sister Jane, 'still breathing higher and with greater difficulty. ■■ spoke little to any of us, seemingly unconscious of what he did, came over the bedside, and offered up a prayer to Heaven in such accents ■ it ■ impossible to forget. 'He departed almost without a struggle,' ■■■■ she,

<sup>1</sup> Written ■ London in January 1832.

<sup>2</sup> ■ farm near Noolfeschan occupied by James Carlyle during the last six years ■ his life.



*James Carlyle.*

and finished it (very greatly **more** than the most) **well** became **him**. He was summoned too before he had ceased to be interesting—to be loveable. (He was to the last the pleasantest man I had to speak with in Scotland.) For many years too he had the end ever in his eye, and was studying to make all preparation for what in his strong way he called often ‘that last, that awful change.’ Even **in** every new parting of late years I have noticed him wring my hand with a tenderer pressure, **as** if he felt that one other of **his** few meetings here **was** **lost**. Mercifully also has he been spared me till I am abler to bear his loss; till by manifold struggles I too, as he did, feel my feet on the Everlasting rock, and through time with its death, **am** in **some** degree **drawn** into eternity with its life. So that I have repeated, not with unwet eyes, let me hope likewise not with unsoftened heart, those old and for ever true words, ‘Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord; they do rest from their labours, and their works follow them.’ Yes, their works follow them. The force **which** had been lent my father he honourably expended in manful well-doing. A portion of this planet bears beneficent traces of his strong hand and strong head. Nothing that he undertook to do but he **did** **it** faithfully and like a true **man**. **His** **look** **was**



## James Carlyle.

the houses he built with a certain proud interest. They stand firm and sound to the heart all over this little district. No one that comes after him will say, Here is the finger of a hollow eye-servant.' They are little texts for me of the gospel of man's free will. Nor will his deeds and sayings in any way be found unworthy—not false and barren, but genuine and fit. Nay, am not I also the humble James Carlyle's work? I owe him much more than existence, I have him a noble inspiring example (now that I can read it in that rustic character). It was he exclusively that determined on educating me; that from his small hard-earned funds sent me to school and college, and made me whatever I may become. Let me not forget for my father, let me do worthily of him. So shall he still live even here in me, and his worth plant itself honourably forth into many generations.

I purpose now, while the impression is so pure and clear within me, to mark down the main things I can recollect of my father. To myself, as I live to after years, it may be instructive and interesting, as the past grows holier and farther away leave it. My mind is calm enough to do it deliberately, and to do it truly. The thought of that pale earnest face which now lies in death in that

■ Scotsbrig, with the ■■■■ all of worlds looking down ■ it, will certainly impel me. Neither, ■■■■ these lines survive myself and be ■■ by others, ■■ the sight of them do harm to anyone. It is good to know how a true spirit will vindicate itself with truth and freedom through what obstructions soever; how the scorn cast carelessly into the wilderness will make room for itself and grow to be an oak. This is ■■ of the cases belonging to that class, 'the lives of remarkable men,' in which it has been said, 'paper and ink should least of all be spared.' I call ■ man remarkable who becomes a true workman in this vineyard of the Highest. ■ his work that of palace building and kingdom founding, or only of delving and ditching, to ■ it is ■ matter, or *next to none*. All human work is transitory, small in itself, contemptible. Only the worker thereof and the spirit that dwelt in him is significant. I proceed without order, or almost any forethought, anxious only to save what I have ■■■■ mark it as ■ lies in ■■■■

In several respects ■ consider my father as one of the most interesting men I have known. He was ■■■■ of perhaps the very largest natural endowment of any it has been my lot to converse with.

of us will forget his bold glowing style of his, flowing free from his untutored soul, full of metaphors (though he knew not what a metaphor was) with all of potent words which he appropriated and applied with a surprising accuracy you often would not guess whence—brief, energetic, and which I should say conveyed the most perfect picture, definite, clear, not in ambitious colours but in full white sunlight, of the dialects I have listened to. Nothing did I hear him undertake to render visible which not become almost ocularly. Never again hear such speech that. The whole district knew of it and laughed joyfully at it, not knowing how otherwise to express the feeling it gave them; emphatic I have heard him beyond. In he had no need of oaths, his words like sharp arrows that smote into the very heart. The fault that he exaggerated (which tendency I inherit) yet only in description and for the sake chiefly of humorous effect. of rigid, scrupulous veracity. I have often heard him turn back when he thought his strong words misleading, correct them into mensurative accuracy.

I call him a natural man, singularly free from manner of affectation; he was among the of the

true men which Scotland on the old system produced ■ ■ ■ produce; a ■ ■ ■ healthy in body and mind, fearing God, and diligently working ■ God's earth with contentment, hope, and unwearied resolution. ■ ■ ■ never visited with doubt. The old theorem of the universe ■ ■ ■ sufficient for him; and he worked well in it and in ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ successfully and wisely—as few ■ ■ ■ do. ■ ■ ■ quick is the motion of transition becoming, the new generation almost to a man must make their belly their God, and alas, find ■ ■ ■ that ■ ■ ■ empty one. Thus, curiously enough and blessedly, he stood a true ■ ■ ■ on the verge of the old, while his ■ ■ ■ stands here lovingly surveying him on the verge of the new, and ■ ■ ■ the possibility of also being true there. God make the possibility, blessed possibility, into a reality.

A virtue he had which I should learn to imitate. He ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ spoke of what was disagreeable and past. I have often wondered and admired at this. The thing that he had nothing to do with, he did nothing with. His ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ a healthy mind. In like manner I have seen him always when ■ ■ ■ young ones, half roguishly, and provokingly without doubt, ■ ■ ■ perhaps repeating sayings of his, sit as if he did not hear ■ ■ ■ at all. Never ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ I know him utter a word, only once, that I remember, give a look in such a ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

Another virtue the example of which ■■■ passed strongly into me ■■■ his settled placid ■■■ to the clamours or the murmurs of public opinion. For the judgment of those that ■■■ no right ■■■ power to judge him, he seemed simply to care nothing at all. ■■■ very rarely spoke of despising such things. ■■■ contented himself with altogether disregarding them. Hollow babble it was for him, ■■■ thing, as Fichte said, that ■■■ not exist; ■■■ *gar nicht existirt*. There was something truly great in this. The very perfection of it hid from you the extent of the attainment.

Or rather let us call it a new phasis of the health which in mind ■■■ in body was conspicuous in him. Like a healthy man, he wanted only to get along with his task. Whatsoever could not forward him in this (and how could public opinion and much else of the like sort do it?) was of no moment to him, was not there for him.

This great maxim of philosophy he had gathered by the teaching of nature alone—that man was created to work—not to speculate, or feel, ■■■ dream. Accordingly ■■■ ■■■ his whole heart thitherwards. He ■■■ work wisely and unweariedly (*Ohne Hast aber ohne Rast*) and perhaps performed ■■■ with the tools he had than any man I now know. It

should have made me sadder than it did to hear the young ones sometimes complaining of ■■■ slow punctuality and thoroughness. He would leave nothing till it was done. Alas! the age of substance and solidity is gone for the time; that of show and hollow superficiality—in ■■■ senses—is in full course.

And yet he ■■■ ■ man of open sense; wonderfully ■■■ I could have entertained him for days talking of any matter interesting to man. ■■■ delighted to hear of all things that ■■■ worth talking of: the mode of living men had—the mode of working; their opinions, virtues, whole spiritual and temporal environments.

It is some two years ago (in summer) since I entertained him highly—he was hoeing turnips and perhaps I helped him—with an account of the character and ■■■ of existence of Francis Jeffrey. Another evening he enjoyed—probably it was ■■■ this very visit—with the heartiest relish my description of the people, I think, of Turkey. The Chinese had astonished him much. In some magazine he had got ■■■ sketch of Macartney's 'Embassy,' the memory of which never ■■■ him. Adam Smith's 'Wealth of Nations,' greatly as it lay out of his course, he ■■■ also fallen in with, and admired and understood and remembered so far ■■■

he had any business with it. I wrote him my being in Smithfield seven years of my seeing St. Paul's. Both things interested him heartily and dwelt with him. I had hoped him much of what I saw in this second visit, and that many a long cheerful would have given both sunny hours, but *es konnte nimmer seyn*. Patience! hope!

At the time he the most entire open contempt for all idle tattle; what he called clatter. Any talk that had meaning in it he could listen to. What had no meaning in it—above all, what seemed false—he absolutely could and would not hear, but abruptly turned aside from it, or if that might not suit, with the besom of destruction swept it far away from him. Long may remember his 'I don't believe thee;' his tongue-paralysing, cold, indifferent 'Hah!' I should say of him as I did of our sister<sup>1</sup> whom lost, that he seldom spoke except actually to convey an idea. by quantity of words, he was a talker of fully average copiousness; by extent of meaning municated, he the most copious I have listened to. How in few sentences he would sketch you off an entire biography, an entire object a transaction,

<sup>1</sup> Margaret, died in

keen, clear, rugged, genuine, completely rounded in. His words came direct from the heart by the inspiration of the moment.

‘It is no idle tale,’ he said to some laughing rustics while stating in his strong way some complaint against them, ■■■ their laughter died into silence. Dear, good father! There looked honestly through those clear earnest eyes ■ sincerity that compelled belief and regard. ‘Moffat,’ ■■■ he ■■■ day to ■■ incorrigible reaper, ‘thou hast had every feature of ■ bad shearer—high, rough, and little on’t. Thou ■■■ alter thy figure or slant the bog,’ pointing to the man’s road homewards.

He ■■■ irascible, choleric, and ■■ all dreaded his wrath, yet passion ■■■ mastered him or maddened him. It rather inspired him with ■■■ vehemence of insight and more piercing emphasis of wisdom. It must have been a bold man that did not quail before that face when glowing with indignation, grounded, for ■■ it ever was, ■■ the sense of right and in resistance of wrong. More than once has he lifted up his strong voice in tax courts and the like before ‘the gentlemen’ (what he knew of highest among men), and rending asunder official sophisms, thundered ■■■ into their ■■■ ears the indignant sentence of natural justice to the conviction of all. Oh, why



did ■■ laugh at these things while we loved them ■  
There is a tragic greatness and sacredness in them  
■■■

I can call my father a brave man (*ein tapferer*).  
■■■■ face he did not fear; God he always feared.  
His reverence I think was considerably mixed with  
fear; yet not slavish fear, rather awe, as of unutter-  
able depths of silence through which flickered ■ trem-  
bling hope. How he used to speak of death, especi-  
ally in late years—or rather to be silent, and look at  
it! There was no feeling in him here that he cared  
to hide. He trembled ■ the really terrible; the  
mock terrible he cared nought for. That last act of  
his life, when in the ■■ agony, with the thick  
ghastly vapours of death rising round him to choke  
him, he burst through and called with a man's  
voice on the Great God to have mercy on him—  
that was like the epitome and concluding summary  
of his whole life. God gave him strength to wrestle  
with the King of Terrors, and ■ it ■■■ even then  
to prevail. All his strength came from God and ever  
sought ■■ nourishment there. God ■■ thanked  
for it.

Let me not ■■■■ that my father's force is all  
spent, that his valour wars no longer. ■■ it not  
gained the victory? Let ■■ imitate him rather.

Let his courageous heart beat anew in me, that when oppression and opposition unjustly threaten, I too may rise with his spirit to front them and subdue them.

On the whole, ought I not to rejoice that God ■ pleased to give me such a father; that from earliest years I had the example of a real Man of God's own making continually before me? Let ■ learn of *him*. Let me write my books as he built his houses, and walk as blamelessly through this shadow world; if God so will, to rejoin him at last. Amen.

Alas! such is the mis-education of these days, it is only among those that are called the uneducated classes—those educated by experience—that you ■ look for a Man. Even among these, such a sight is growing daily rarer. My father, in several respects, has not, that I can think of, ■ his fellow. *Ultimus Romanorum*. Perhaps among Scottish peasants what Samuel Johnson ■ among English authors. ■ have a sacred pride in my peasant father, and would not exchange him, even now, ■ any king known to me. Gold and the guinea stamp—the Man and the clothes of the man. Let ■ thank God for ■ greatest of blessings, ■ strive to live worthily of it.

Though from the heart, and, practically more than in words, an independent man, he was by insubordinate one. His bearing towards superiors I consider noteworthy—of a piece with himself. I think in early life, when working in Springhill for Sir W. Maxwell—the grandfather of the present Baronet—he had got an early respect impressed upon him for the character as well as station of a gentleman. I have often describe the grave wisdom and dignified deportment of that Maxwell as of a true ‘ruler of the people.’ It used to remind me of the gentlemen in Goethe. William, those he ruled over, and benignantly or at least gracefully and earnestly governed, has passed away. But even for the clothes-screens of rank, my father testified no contempt. He spoke of them in public as private without acerbity; testified for them the outward deference which custom and convenience prescribed, and felt no degradation therein. Their inward claim to regard was a thing which concerned them, not him. I love to figure him addressing these men, with bared head, by the title of ‘your honour,’ with a respectful yet unembarrassed; a certain manful dignity looking through his fine face, with his noble grey bent patiently to the,

alas! unworthy. Such conduct is, perhaps, ■ longer possible.

Withal, he had in general ■ grave natural politeness. ■ have ■ him, when the women were perhaps all in anxiety about the disorder etc., usher men in with true hospitality into his mean house, without any grimace of apologies, ■ the smallest seeming embarrassment. Were the house but ■ cabin, ■ ■ his, and they were welcome to him, and what it held. This was again the man. His life was 'no idle tale;' not a lie but ■ truth, which whoso liked ■ welcome to ■ and examine. 'An earnest toilsome life,' which ■ also ■ serious issue.

The more I reflect on it, the more I must admire how completely nature had taught him; how completely he ■ devoted to his work, to the task of his life, and content to let all ■ by unheeded that had not relation to this. It is ■ singular fact, for example, that though ■ man of such openness and clearness, he had never, I believe, read three ■ of Burns' poems. ■ ■ when all about him became noisy and enthusiastic, I the loudest, on ■ matter, did he feel it worth while to renew his investigation of it, or once turn his face towards it. The poetry he liked (he ■ ■

## *James Carlyle.*

call poetry) was truth, and the wisdom of reality. Burns, indeed, could have done nothing for him. The high greatness hung over the world as that of Burns—the ever-present greatness of the Infinite itself. Neither was he, Burns, to rebel against the world, but to labour patiently there, uniting the possible with the necessary to bring out the real, wherein also lay ideal. Burns could not have in any way strengthened him in this course; and therefore was for him a phenomenon merely. Nay, rumour had been so busy with Burns, and destiny and his own desert had in very deed so marred his name, that the good rather avoided him. Yet it was not with aversion that my father regarded Burns; nor with indifference and neglect. I have heard him speak of seeing him standing in ‘Rob Scott’s smithy’ (at Ecclefechan, I doubt superintending some work). He heard him say, ‘There is the poet Burns.’ He went out to look, and saw a man with boots on, a well-dressed farmer, walking down the village on the opposite side of the burn. This was all the relation these two had; they were very nearly coevals.<sup>1</sup> I knew Robert Burns, I knew my father. Yet were you to ask

<sup>1</sup> Burns died the year after Thomas Carlyle was born.

which had the greater natural faculty, I might perhaps actually pause before replying. Burns had ■ infinitely wider education, my father a ■ wholesomer. Besides, the one was a man of musical utterance; the other wholly a ■ of action, with speech subservient thereto. Never, of ■ the men I have seen, has one come personally in my way in whom the endowment from nature and the ■ from fortune were so utterly out of all proportion. ■ have said this often, and partly know it. As a ■ of speculation—had culture ever unfolded him—he must have gone ■ and desperate ■ Burns; but he was a man of conduct, and work keeps all right. What strange shapeable creatures ■ are!

My father's education was altogether of the worst and most limited. I believe he ■ ■ ■ than three months ■ any school. What he learned there showed what he might have learned. A solid knowledge of arithmetic, a fine antique handwriting—these, with other limited practical et-ceteras, ■ all the things he ■ heard mentioned ■ excellent. ■ had no ■ to strive for ■ Poetry, fiction in general, he had universally seen treated as not only idle, but false and criminal. This ■ the spiritual element he had lived in, almost to old age. ■ greatly his most important

culture he had gathered—and this, too, by his own endeavours—from the better part of the district, the religious men; to whom, as to the most excellent, his own [redacted] gradually attached and [redacted] him. He [redacted] religious with the consent of his whole faculties. Without religion he would have been nothing. Indeed, his habit of intellect [redacted] thoroughly free, and [redacted] incredulous. And strongly enough did the daily example of this work afterwards [redacted] [redacted] ‘Putting out the natural eye of his mind to [redacted] better with a telescope’—this [redacted] no scheme for him. But he [redacted] in Annandale, and it was above fifty years ago,<sup>1</sup> and a Gospel was still preached there to the heart of a man in the tones of a man. Religion was the pole-star for my father. Rude and uncultivated [redacted] he otherwise was, it made him and kept him ‘in all points a man.’

Oh! when I think that all the area in boundless [redacted] he had seen was limited to a circle of some fifty miles diameter (he [redacted] in his life [redacted] farther or elsewhere so far from home as [redacted] Craigenputtock), and all his knowledge of the boundless time was derived from [redacted] Bible and what the oral memories of old men could give him, and his own

<sup>1</sup> Written in [redacted]

gather; yet, that he such, I could take shame to myself. I feel to my father—so great though so neglected, so generous also towards me—a strange tenderness, mingled pity reverence peculiar to the case, infinitely soft and near my heart. Was he not a sacrifice to me? Had I stood in his place, could he not have stood in mine, and more? Thou good father! well may I for honour thy memory. Surely that act without its reward. And not nature great, out of such materials to make such a man?

Though genuine and coherent, 'living and life-giving,' he was, nevertheless, but half developed. We had all to complain that he durst not freely love him. His heart seemed as if walled in; he had not the free means to unbosom himself. My mother has owned to me that she could understand him; that her affection and (with all their little strifes) her admiration of him obstructed. It seemed as if an atmosphere of fear repelled him from him. To it especially Till late years, when he began to respect more, and, it were, look up to for instruction, for protection (a relation unspeakably beautiful), I was more or less awed and chilled before him. My heart and tongue played freely only with my



mother. He had ■■■ of deepest gravity, even sternness. Yet he could laugh with his whole throat, and his whole heart. I have often ■■■ him weep, too; his voice would thicken and his lips curve while reading the ■■■. He had a merciful heart to real distress, though he hated idleness, and for imbecility and fatuity had ■■ tolerance. Once—and I think once only—I saw him in a passion of tears. It ■■■ when the remains of my mother's fever hung upon her, in 1817, and seemed to threaten the extinction of her ■■■. We were all of us nigh desperate, and ourselves mad. He burst at last into quite a torrent of grief, cried piteously, and threw himself on the floor and lay moaning. I wondered, and had no words, no tears. It was as if a rock of granite had melted, and was thawing into water. What unknown seas of feeling lie in man, and will from time to time break through!

He was no niggard, but truly a wisely generous economist. He paid his ■■■ handsomely and with overplus. He had known poverty in the shape of actual want (in boyhood) ■■■ ■■■ had ■■ penny which he knew not well how he had come by, ('picked,' as he said, 'out of the hard stone,') yet he ever parted with money as a man that knew when he was getting money's worth; that could give

also, and with a frank liberality when the occasion came. I remember with the peculiar kind of tenderness which attaches to many things in life, one, or rather, I think, two times, when he sent me to buy a quarter of a pound of tobacco, to give to some old women, whom he had had gathering potatoes for him. He nipt off for each a handsome leash, and handed it her by way of reward and above. This was a common principle with him. I must have been twelve or thirteen when I fetched this tobacco. I love to think of it. 'The little that is just worth hath.' The old women are perhaps all dead. He too is dead, but the gift still lives.

He was a man singularly free from affectation. The feeling that he was not he could in no wise pretend to have; however ill the want of it might look, he simply would not and did not put on the show of it.

Singularly free from envy I may reckon him too, the rather if I consider his keen temper and the value he naturally (as a man wholly for action) set upon success in life. Others that (by better fortune; or more industrious and prudent) had grown richer than he, were not slow to provoke the smallest grudging in him. They were going their path, he going his; one would not impede the other.

■ rather seemed to look at such with ■ kind of respect, a desire to learn from them—at lowest with indifference.

In ■ manner, though he above all things (indeed in strictness solely) admired talent, he seemed never to have measured himself anxiously against anyone; ■ content to be taught by whosoever could teach him. One ■ two men, immeasurably his inferiors in faculty, he, I do believe, looked up to and thought with perfect composure abler minds than himself.

Complete at the same time ■ his confidence in his ■ judgment when it spoke to him decisively. He ■ one of those few that could believe and know as well ■ enquire and be of opinion. When I remember how much he admired intellectual force, how much he had of it himself, and yet how unconsciously and contentedly he gave others credit for superiority, I again ■ the healthy spirit of the genuine ■. Nothing could please him better than ■ well-ordered discourse of reason, the clear solution and exposition of any object, and he knew well in such ■ when the nail had been hit, and contemptuously enough recognised when it had been missed. ■ has ■ of a bad preacher, 'he was like ■ fly wading among tar.' Clearness, ■

phatic clearness, ■■■ highest category of man's thinking power. ■■■ delighted always to hear good argument. He would often say, 'I would like to hear thee argus with him.' He ■■■ this of Jeffrey and me, with ■■■ air of such simple earnestness, not two years ago (1830), and it was his true feeling. I have often pleased him much by arguing with men (as many years ago ■■■ was prone to do) in his presence. He rejoiced greatly in my success, ■■■ all events ■■■ my dexterity and manifested force. Others of us he admired for our 'activity,' our practical valour and skill, all of ■■■ (generally speaking) for ■■■ decent demeanour in the world. It is now one of my greatest blessings (for which I would thank Heaven from the heart) that he lived to ■■■ me, through various obstructions, attain ■■■ look of doing well. ■■■ had 'educated' me against much advice, I believe, and chiefly, if not solely, from his own noble faith. James Bell, ■■■ of ■■■ wise men, had told him, 'Educate a boy, and he grows up to despise his ignorant parents.' My father ■■■ told ■■■ this, and added, 'Thou hast not done so; God be thanked for it.' ■■■ have ■■■ to think my father was proud of ■■■ (not vain, for he never, except when provoked, openly bragged of us); that here too he lived to see the pleasure ■■■ Lord prosper in his

hands. Oh, ■■■ ■ not ■ happiness for me! The fame of all this planet were not henceforth so precious.

He ■■ thrifty, patient, careless of outward accommodation, had a Spartan indifference to all that. When he quarrelled about such things it was rather because ■■■ human *mismanagement* seemed to look through the evil. Food and all else ■■■ simply and solely there as the ■■■■ *for doing work*. We have lived ■■ months of old (and when he ■■ not any longer poor), because by ourselves, on porridge and potatoes, with no other condiment than what our ■■■ ■■ yielded. Thus are we not ■■■ all beggars, ■■ the most like us have become. Mother and father were assiduous, abstemious, frugal without stinginess. They shall not want their reward. Both still knew what they ■■■■ doing in this world, and why they ■■■■ here. 'Man's chief end,' my father could have answered from the depths of his soul, 'is to glorify God and enjoy *Him* for ever.' By this light ■■ walked, choosing his path, fitting prudence to principle with wonderful skill and ■■■■ liness; through 'the ruins of a falling era,' not ■■■■ missing his footing. Go thou, whom by the hard toil of his arms and his mind he has struggled to enlighten better; go thou, and do likewise

His death was unexpected? Not so; every morning and every evening, for perhaps sixty years, [redacted] [redacted] prayed to the Great Father in words which I shall [redacted] no [redacted] hear him impressively pronounce, 'Prepare [redacted] for those solemn events, death, judgment, and eternity.' He would pray also, 'Forsake [redacted] not [redacted] when [redacted] [redacted] old and [redacted] heads grown grey.' God did not forsake him.

Ever since I [redacted] remember, [redacted] honoured [redacted] [redacted] grey; indeed he must have been about forty when I [redacted] born. It was a noble head; very large, the upper part of it strikingly like that of the poet Goethe: the mouth again bearing marks of [redacted] finement, shut indeed and significant, yet loosely compressed (as I have seen in the firmest men if used to hard manual labour), betokening depth, passionateness, force; [redacted] in an element not of languor, yet of toil and patient perennial endurance. A face full of meaning<sup>1</sup> and earnestness, a man of strength and a [redacted] of toil. Jane (Mrs. Carlyle) took a profile of him when she was last in Annandale. It is the only memorial we have left, and worth much to [redacted]. He was short of stature, yet shorter than usual only in the limbs; of great muscular

<sup>1</sup> Carlyle breaks off for a moment and writes [redacted] words:

'About [redacted] hour [redacted] funeral. Irving [redacted] Unsatisfactory.'

[redacted] [redacted] [redacted]

strength, ■■■■ than even his strong-built frame gave promise of. In all things he was emphatically temperate, through life guilty (more than can ■■■ said of almost any man) of no ■■■■

■■■ ■■■ born (I think) in the year 1757, at a place ■■■■ Brownknowe, a small farm not far from Burnswark Hill in Annandale. I have heard him describe the anguish of mind he felt when leaving this place, and taking farewell of a 'big stone' whereon he had been wont to sit in early boyhood tending the cattle. Perhaps there ■■■ a thorn tree ■■■ it. His heart, he said, ■■■ like to burst; they were removing to Sibbaldry Side, another farm in the valley of Dryfe. ■■■ ■■■ to full manhood. The family ■■■ exposed to great privations while at Brownknowe. The mother, Mary Gillespie (she had relations at Dryfesdale) was left with her children, and had not always meal to make them porridge. My father ■■■ the second son and fourth child. My grandfather, Thomas Carlyle, after whom I am named, ■■■ ■■■ honest, vehement, adventurous, but not ■■■ industrious man. ■■■ used to collect vigorously and rigorously ■■■ sum sufficient for his half year's rent (probably ■■■■ five ■■■ six pounds), lay this by, and, for the rest, leaving the mother with her little ■■■■ to manage very much as they could, would meanwhile

amuse himself, perhaps hunting, most probably with the [redacted] of Bridekirk (a swashbuckler of those days, composer of 'Bridekirk's Hunting'), partly in the character of kinsman, partly of attendant and hench- [redacted] I have heard my father describe the [redacted] they were reduced to [redacted] home. Once, he said, meal, which [redacted] perhaps been long scarce, and certainly for [redacted] time wanting, arrived at last late [redacted] night. The mother proceeded [redacted] the spot to make cakes of it, and had no fuel but straw that she tore from the beds (straw lies under the chaff sacks we all slept on) to do it with. The children [redacted] rose to eat. Potatoes were little in [redacted] then; [redacted] 'wechtful' [redacted] stored up to be eaten perhaps about Halloween. My father often told us how he once, with a providence early manifested, got possession of four potatoes, and thinking that [redacted] time of want might come, hid them carefully against the evil day. [redacted] found them long after all grown together; they had not been needed. I think he [redacted] told us his first short clothes [redacted] [redacted] hull made mostly [redacted] wholly of leather. We all only laughed, for it is now long ago. Thou dear father! Through what stern obstructions [redacted] thy way to manhood to be forced, and [redacted] [redacted] and for our travelling to be made smooth.

My grandfather, whom I [redacted] remember as a



slightish, wiry-looking old man, not possessed wisdom his son. Yet perhaps he was more to be pitied than blamed. His mother, whose name I have forgotten, was early left a widow with two of them, in parish, perhaps in the village, of Thomas, the elder, became a joiner and went to work in Lancashire, perhaps in Lancaster, where he stayed He returned home in winter, partly by ice—skating along the Westmoreland and Cumberland lakes. He was in Dumfriesshire in 1745: saw the Highlanders come through Ecclefechan over the Border heights they went down: Dumfries among them as they returned back in flight. He had gone, by the Lady of Bridekirk's request, to look after the Laird, whom, Whig of some note, they had taken prisoner. His whole adventures there he had minutely described to his children (I too have heard him speak, but briefly and indistinctly, of them): by my uncle Frank I got full account of the matter, which shall perhaps be inserted elsewhere. He worked carpenter, I know not how long, about Middlebie; then laid aside that craft (except as a business, for he always had tools which I myself have assisted him grinding) and went to Brownknowe to In his days he was chiefly supported by my

father, whom I remember hearing him with a half-choked tremulous palsied voice, 'Thou been a good son to me.' He died in 1814. I well remember the funeral, which I attended, that I read (being then a good reader), 'MacEwen on the Types' (which I have not seen since, but then partially understood it for its glib smoothness) to the people sitting at the wake. The funeral was in time of snow. All is still very clear to me. The three brothers, my father, Frank, and Tom, spoke together in the street of Ecclefechan, I looking up listening. Tom proposed that he would bear the whole expense, as he had been 'rather backward during his life,' which offer I immediately rejected.

Old Thomas Carlyle had been proud and poor. No doubt he was discontented enough. Industry was perhaps difficult in Annandale then (this I do not think very likely). At all events the man in honour (the man) of those days in that rude border country was a drinker and hunter; above all, a striker. My grandfather did not drink, but his word was ever as ready as his word, and both were sharp enough. He was a fiery man, irascible, indomitable, of the toughness and springiness of steel. At a market brawl, called 'Ecclefechan Dog-fight,' in

which he was principal, survives in tradition there to this day. My father, who in youth too had been in quarrels, was enough in them, but from manhood upwards abhorred all such things, and spoke to us of this. My grandfather had a certain religiousness; but it could not be made dominant and paramount. His lay in two. I figure him as very miserable, and pardon (as my father did) all his irregularities and My father liked in general to speak of him when it came in course. He told us sometimes of his once riding down to Annan (when a boy) behind him, on a sack of barley to be shipped, for which there was then no other mode of conveyance but horseback. On arriving at Annan bridge the people demanded three-halfpence of toll money. This the old would in no wise pay, for then reckoned pure imposition, got soon into argument about it, and rather than pay it turned his horse's head aside and swam the river at a dangerous place, to the extreme terror of his boy. Perhaps it was on this same occasion, while two were on the shore about Whinnyrigg with many others on errand, (for a boat had come in, from Liverpool probably and the country must hasten to ship) that a lad of larger jeered at the little boy for his ragged coat etc.

Whereupon his father, [redacted] provoked too, gave him permission to fight the wrongdoer, which he did [redacted] with victory. 'Man's inhumanity [redacted] man.'

I must not dwell [redacted] these things, yet will [redacted] tion the other brother, my grand-uncle Francis, still remembered by his title, 'the Captain of Middlebie.' He was bred a shoemaker, and like his elder brother went to travel for work and insight. My father [redacted] described to [redacted] with pity and aversion how Francis had [redacted] occasion taken to drinking and to gaming 'far up in England' (Bristol?), had lost all his money and gone to [redacted] drunk. He awoke next morning in horrors, started up, stung by the serpent of remorse, and flinging himself out of bed, broke his leg against a table standing near, and lay there sprawling, and had to lie for weeks, with nothing to [redacted] the shot. Perhaps this was the crisis of his life. Perhaps it was to pay the bill of this very tavern that he went and enlisted himself on board [redacted] small-craft [redacted] of [redacted]. A mutiny (as I have heard) took place, wherein Francis Carlyle with great daring stood by the Captain and quelled the matter, for which service he was promoted to the command [redacted] a revenue ship, and [redacted] therein chiefly about the Solway Seas, and [redacted] [redacted] enough, of which perhaps elsewhere. He [redacted] retired with dignity [redacted] half-pay

to ■■■ native ■■■■■ ■■■■■ my birth. I never saw him but once, and then rather memorably.

My grandfather and he, owing to some sort of cloud ■■■ misunderstanding, had not ■■■ any intercourse ■■■ long; in which division the two families had joined. ■■■ now, when old Thomas ■■■ lying on his probable, and ■■■ proved actual, deathbed, the ■■■ rugged sea-captain relented, and resolved to ■■■ his brother yet ■■■ before he died.

He came in a cart to Ecclefechan (a great enterprise then, for the road ■■■ all water-cut, and nigh impassable with roughness). I chanced to be standing by when he arrived. He ■■■ ■ grim, broad, to me almost terrible man, unwieldy ■■■ that he could not walk. (My brother John is said to resemble him. ■■■ ■■■ my prototype of Smollett's Trunnion.) They lifted him up the steep straight stairs in ■■■ chair to the room of the dying man. The two old brothers saluted each other, hovering ■■■ the brink of the grave. They were both above eighty. In some twenty minutes the arm-chair was ■■■ again descending (my father bore one ■■■ of it in front); the old ■■■ ■■■ parted with his brother for the last time. He went away with few words, but with ■■■ face that still dimly haunts me, and I ■■■ saw him ■■■ The ■■■ at the moment ■■■

quite unknown to me, but I gathered it in a day or two, and its full meaning long afterwards grew clear to me. Its outward phasis, ■■■ after ■■■■ twenty-eight years, ■ plain ■ I have written. Old Francis also died not long afterwards.

One vague tradition ■ will mention, that our humble forefathers dwelt long as farmers ■ Burrens, the ■ Roman Station in Middlebie. Once, in times of Border robbery, ■■ Cumberland cattle ■■ been stolen and ■■ chased. The traces of them disappeared at Burrens, and the angry Cumbrians demanded of the poor farmer what had become of them. It was vain for him to answer and ■■ (truly) that he knew nothing of them, had no concern with them. He was seized by the people, and despite his ■■ desperate protestations, despite his wife's shriekings and his children's cries, he ■■ hanged on the spot. The ■■ ■■ in those days ■■ thought piteous, and a perpetual gift of the little farm was made to the poor widow as some compensation. Her children and children's children continued to possess it ■■ their title was questioned by the Duke (of Queensberry), and they (perhaps in my great-grandfather's time, about 1720) were ousted. ■■ and circumstances for the tale are all wanting. ■■ is my remotest outlook into the

past, ■■■ itself but ■ cloudy half or whole hallucination; farther ■ there is ■■■ ■ hallucination. I ■■ return. These things are secular and unsatisfactory.

■■■ up in such circumstances, the boys were accustomed to all manner of hardship, and must trust for upbringing to nature, to the scanty precepts of their poor mother, and to what seeds or influences of culture ■■■ hanging as it ■■■ in the atmosphere of their environment. Poor boys! they had to scramble, scraffie, for their very clothes and food. They knit, they thatched for hire, above all they hunted. My father ■■■ tried ■■ these things almost in boyhood. Every ■■■ and burngate and cleugh of that district he had traversed, seeking hares and the like. He used to tell of these pilgrimages. Once I remember his gun-flint ■■■ tied on with ■ hatband. ■■ ■■ a real hunter, like a wild Indian, from necessity. The hares' flesh was food. Hare-skins (at ■■■ sixpence each) would accumulate into the purchase money of ■ coat. All these things he used to speak of without either boasting or complaining, not as reproaches to us, but as historical merely. On the whole, he ■■■ ■■■ ■■■ plained either of the past, the present, ■ ■■ future. ■■ observed ■■■ accurately noted all: ■■ made the

most and the best of all. His hunting years were not useless to him. Misery was early training the rugged boy into a stoic, that very day he might be the assurance of a Scottish

One Macleod, Sandy Macleod, a wandering pensioner invalided out of a Highland regiment [who had served in America, I must think with General Wolfe], had strayed to Brownknowe with his old wife and taken a cottage of my grandfather. He with his wild foreign legends and strange half-idiotic, half-genial ways, was a great figure with the young ones, and I think acted not a little on their character,—least of any, however, on my father, whose early turn for the practical and real made him more heedless of Macleod and his vagaries. The old pensioner had quaint sayings not without significance. Of a lacrymose complaining man, for example, he said (or perhaps to him), ‘he might be thankful he was not in purgatory.’

The quaint fashion of speaking, assumed for humour, and most noticeable in my uncle Frank, least was hardly at all in my father, was no doubt partly derived from this old wanderer, who was much about their house, working for his rent and so forth, and was partly laughed at, partly wondered at, by the young. Tinkers also, nestling in outhouses,



making pot metal, and with rude feuds and warfare, often [redacted] upon the [redacted]. These, with passing Highland drovers, [redacted] perhaps their only visitors. Had there not been a natural goodness [redacted] indestructible [redacted] in [redacted] father, [redacted] not how he could have bodied himself forth from these [redacted] impediments. I suppose good precepts were not wanting. There [redacted] the Bible to read. Old John Orr, the schoolmaster, used from time to time to lodge with them; he [redacted] religious and enthusiastic (though in practice irregular with drink). In my grandfather also there seems to have been a certain geniality; for instance, he and a neighbour, Thomas Hogg, read 'Anson's Voyages,' also the 'Arabian Nights,' for which latter my father, armed with zealous [redacted] viction, scrupled not to censure them openly. By one means or another, at an early age he had acquired principles, lights that not only flickered but shone steadily to guide his way.

It must have been in his teens, perhaps rather early, that he and his elder brother John, with William Bell (afterwards of Wylie Hill, and a noted drover), and his brother, all met in the kiln [redacted] to play cards. The corn [redacted] dried then [redacted] home. There [redacted] a fire, therefore, and perhaps [redacted] was both heat and light. The boys had played, per-

haps, often enough for trifling stakes, ■■■ always parted in good humour. One night they ■■■ ■■■ disagreement. My father spoke out what ■■■ in him about the folly, the sinfulness, of quarrelling ■■■ ■ perhaps sinful amusement. The earnest mind persuaded other minds. They threw the cards in the fire, and (I think the younger ■■■ told my brother James), ■■ one of the four ■■■ touched ■ card again through life. My father certainly never hinted at such ■ game since I knew him. I cannot remember that I, at that age, had any such force of belief. Which of us can ?

[*Friday night.* My father is now in his grave, sleeping by the side of his loved ones, his face to the east, under the hope of meeting the Lord when He shall come to judgment, when the times shall be fulfilled. Mysterious life ! Yes, there is ■ God in man. Silence ! since thou hast no voice. To imitate him, I will pause here for the night. God comfort my brother. God guard them all.]

Of old John Orr I must say another word. My father, who often spoke of him, though not so much latterly, gave ■■ copious description of that and other antiquarian matters in one of the pleasantest days I remember, the ■■■ time but ■■ (or perhaps two) that ■■ talked together. A tradition of poor

old Orr, as of a man of boundless love and natural worth, still faintly lives in Annandale. If I mistake not, he worked also as a shoemaker. He was heartily devout, yet subject to ■■■■ irregularity. ■■■■ would vanish for weeks into obscure tippling-houses; then reappear ghastly and haggard in body and mind, shattered in health, torn with gnawing remorse. Perhaps it was in ■■■■ dark interval of this ■■■■ (he ■■■■ already old) that he bethought him of his father, and how he was still lying without a stone of memorial. John had already ordered a tombstone for him, and it was lying worked, and, I suppose, lettered ■■■■ ready, at ■■■■ mason's establishment (up the water of Mein), but ■■■■ yet carried to the place. Probably Orr had not a shilling of money to hire any carter with, but he hurried off to the spot, and desperately got the stone ■■■■ his back. It ■■■■ a load that had nigh killed him. He had to ■■■■ it down ■■■■ and anon and rest, and get it up again. The night fell. I think ■■■■ one found him desperately struggling with it near Main Hill, and assisted him, and got it set in ■■■■ place.

Though ■■■■ above ■■■■ quackery, Orr ■■■■ actually employed to exorcise a house; ■■■■ house ■■■■ room ■■■■ Orchard, in the parish of Hoddam. ■■■■ entered

■ haunted place; was closeted in it for some time, speaking and praying. The ghost was really and truly laid, for no one heard more of it. Beautiful reverence, even of the rude and ignorant, for the ■ nature of wisdom in the infinite ■ of man.

Orr, as already said, used to ■ much about Brownknowe, being habitually itinerant; ■ (though schoolmaster of Hoddam) without settled home. ■ commonly, my father said, slept with some of the boys; in a place where, as usual, there were several beds. He would call out from the bed to my grandfather, also in his, 'Gudeman, I have found it;' found the solution of ■ problem or other, perhaps arithmetical, which they had been struggling with; or, 'Gudeman, what d'ye think of this?'

I represent him to myself as a squat, pursy kind of figure, grim, dusky; the blandest and most bounteous of cynics. Also a form of the past. He was my father's sole teacher in schooling.

It might ■ in the year, I think, 1773, that one William Brown, a ■ from Peebles, came down into Annandale to do some work; perhaps boarded in my grandfather's house; at ■ events married his ■ daughter's child, my ■ and vehement, then young and spirited, Aunt Fanny. ■

worthy ~~man~~, whose nephew is still minister of Eak-  
~~land~~ (and author ~~of~~ a book on the Jews),  
 proved ~~the~~ greatest blessing to that household. My  
~~father~~ would, in ~~any~~ case, have ~~saved~~ himself. Of  
~~the~~ other brothers, it may be doubted whether  
~~William~~ ~~James~~ ~~was~~ not the primary preserver.  
*They all learned to be masons from him*, or from  
 one another; instead of miscellaneous labourers and  
 hunters, became regular tradesmen, the best in all  
 their district, the skilfullest and faithfulest, and  
 the best rewarded every way. Except my father,  
 none of them attained a decisive religiousness. But  
 they all had prudence and earnestness, love of truth,  
 industry, and the blessings it brings. My father,  
 before my time, though not the eldest, had become,  
 in all senses, the head of the house. The eldest  
~~was~~ called John. He early got asthma, and ~~was~~ long  
 could not work, though he got his share of the  
 wages still. I can faintly remember him as a pallid,  
 sickly figure; and even ~~was~~ or two insignificant  
 words, and the breathless tone he uttered them in.  
 When seized with extreme ~~was~~ of sickness he used  
 to ~~was~~ out, 'Bring Jamie; do send for Jamie.' He  
 died, I think, in 1802. I remember the funeral,  
~~was~~ perhaps a day before it, how ~~was~~ ill-behaving  
 servant wench lifted ~~was~~ the coverlid from ~~was~~ his

pale, ghastly, befilleted head to show ■ to ■  
crony of hers; unheeding of me, who was alone  
with them, and to whom the sight gave a new pang  
of horror. He was the father of two sons and a  
daughter, beside whom our boyhood was passed,  
none of whom have come to anything but insignifi-  
cance. ■■■■ ■■■■ ■ well-doing man, ■■■■ ■■■■ them  
well; but their mother was not wise, nor they  
decidedly ■■■■ The youngest brother—my uncle  
Tom—died next; a fiery, passionate, self-secluded,  
warm, loving, genuine soul, without fear and with-  
out guile: of whom it ■ recorded, he ■■■■ from  
the first tones of speech, ‘told any lies.’ A true old-  
Roman soul, yet so marred and stunted, who well  
deserves ■ chapter to himself, especially from me,  
who so lovingly admired him. ■■■■ departed in my  
father’s house, in my presence, in the year 1816,  
the first death I had ever understood and laid with  
its whole emphasis to heart. Frank followed next,  
at an interval of ■■■■ five years; ■ quaint, social,  
cheerful man, of less earnestness but ■■■■ open-  
■■■■ fond of genealogies, ■■■■ historic poems, queer  
sayings, and all curious and humane things he  
could come at.

This made him the greatest favourite. The  
 ■■■■■ ■■■■ rather feared; my father, ultimately ■■■■

least, universally feared and respected. Frank ■■■ two sons, ■■ yet young; one of whom, my namesake, gone ■ ■ ■ lawyer, is rather clever, how clever I have not fully ■■■ All these brothers ■■■ men ■■ evidently rather peculiar endowment. They ■■■ (consciously) noted for their brotherly affection and coherence, for their hard sayings and *hard strikings*, which only my father ■■■ grew heartily to detest. All of them became prosperous, got ■ ■■■ and possessions in their degree. It ■■■ ■ kindred warmly liked, ■ believe, by those ■■■ it; by those at ■ distance, viewed at worst and lowest, as something dangerous to meddle with, something not to be meddled with.

What are the rich or the poor? and how do the simple annals of the poor differ from the complex annals of the rich, ■■■ they never ■■ rich? What is thy attainment compared with ■■ Alexander's, a Mahomet's, a Napoleon's? And what ■■■ theirs? A temporary fraction of this planetkin, the whole round of which is but ■ sandgrain in the all, its whole duration but ■ moment in eternity. The poorer life or the rich one are but the larger or smaller (very ■■■ smaller) letters in which ■■ write the apophthegms ■■ golden sayings of life. ■■ may be ■ false saying or it may be a true one.

*There* lies ■ all. This ■ of quite infinite moment ; the rest is, verily and indeed, of next to ■■■■

Perhaps my father ■■ William Brown's first apprentice. Somewhere about ■■ sixteenth year, early in the ■■■■ of the engagement, work grew ■■■■ in Annandale. ■■ two 'slung their tools' (mallets and irons hung in two equipoised masses over the shoulder), and crossed the ■■■■ into Nithdale to Auldgarth, where a bridge ■■ building. This was my father's most foreign adventure. ■■ ■■■■ again, or before, ■■ anything so new ; or, except when he ■■■■ to Craigenputtoch on visits, ■■ distant. He loved to speak of it. That talking day we had together I made him tell it me all over again from the beginning, ■■ ■■ whole, for the first time. He ■■ a 'hewer,' and had some few pence a day. He could describe with the lucidest distinctness how the whole work went on, and 'headers' and 'closers,' solidly massed together, made ■■ impregnable pile. He used to hear ■■■■ in Closeburn church ; sometimes too in Dunscore. The men had ■■ refreshment of ale, for which he too used to table his twopence, but the grown-up men generally, for the most part, refused them. A superintendent of the work, a ■■■■ from Edinburgh, who ■■ nothing but look on, and, rather decidedly,



insist on terms of contract, 'took a great notion' of him; ■■■ for having him to Edinburgh along with him. The master builder, pleased with ■■■ ingenious diligence, once laid a shilling on his 'banker' (stone bench for hewing on), which he rather ungraciously refused. A flood ■■■ carried ■■■ all the centres and woodwork. He ■■■ the master anxiously, tremulously, watch through the rain as the waters ■■■. When they prevailed, and all went headlong, the poor man, wringing his hands together, spread them out with open palms down the river, ■■■ if to say, 'There!'

It ■■■ a noble moment, which I regret to have missed, when my father going to look at Craigenputtock ■■■ this work for the first time again after ■ space of more than fifty years. How changed was all else, this thing yet the ■■■. Then he was a poor boy, now he was a respected old man, increased in worldly goods, honoured in himself and in his household. He grew alert (Jamie said) and eagerly observant, eagerly yet with sadness. Our country ■■■ all altered; browsing knowes were become seed-fields; trees, then not so much as seeds, now waved out broad boughs. The houses, the fields, the ■■■ ■■■ of another fashion. There ■■■ ■■■ that he could recognise. On reaching the bridge itself he started

to knees in the cart, sat wholly and seemed the point of weeping.

Well do I remember the time I this bridge twelve years ago in the dusk of a May day. I had walked from Muirkirk, sickly, forlorn, of mood (for it then my days of darkness). A rustic answered me, 'Auldgarth.' There lay, silent, red in the red dusk. It was as if century of past time had fatefully for moments turned back.

The master builder of this bridge was one Stewart of Minniyve, who afterwards became my uncle John Aitken's father-in-law. Him I once My Craigenputtoch mason, James Hainning's father, the smith that 'sharpened the tools.' A noble craft it is, that of a mason; a good building will last longer than most books, than book of a million. The Auldgarth bridge spans the water silently, defies its chafing. There hangs will hang grim and strong, when of all the cunning hands that piled it together, perhaps the powerless in the sleep of death. O Time! O Time! wondrous and fearful art thou, yet there is in what above thee.

Of my father's youth and opening manhood, and with what specialities period marked, I have but an imperfect notion. He was now master of his

own actions, possessed of means by his ~~own~~ earning, and had to try the world on various sides, and ascertain wherein his own 'chief end' in it actually lay. The ~~main~~ impulse of man is to ~~seek~~ ~~the~~ enjoyment. He lives with ~~more~~ or less impetuosity, more ~~or~~ less irregularity, ~~he~~ conquer for himself ~~a~~ home and blessedness of ~~a~~ ~~more~~ earthly kind. Not till later (in how many ~~cases~~ never) does he ascertain that ~~the~~ earth there is no such home: that his true home lies beyond the world of sense, is ~~a~~ celestial home. Of these experimenting and tentative days my father did not speak with much pleasure; not at all with exultation. ~~He~~ considered them days of folly, perhaps sinful days. Yet I well know that his life even then ~~was~~ marked by temperance (in all senses), that he ~~was~~ abstemious, prudent, industrious as very few.

I have a dim picture of him in his little world. In ~~his~~ ~~work~~ diligently, cheerfully labouring with trowel and hammer, amused by grave ~~and~~ and grave humour with the doers of the craft. Building, walling, is an operation that beyond most other manual ~~work~~ requires incessant consideration—even ~~the~~ invention. I have ~~known~~ good judges ~~and~~ that he excelled in ~~all~~ all persons they had seen. In the depth of winter I figure him with the others gathered

round his father's hearth (now no longer so poor and desolate), hunting, (but now happily for amusement, not necessity), present here and there ■■■■ merry meetings ■■■■ social doings, ■■ poor Annandale, ■■■ poor yet God-created men, might then offer. Contentions ■■■■ In these he was no man to be played with: fearless, formidable (I ■■■■ all).

In after times he looked back with sorrow on such things—yet to me they ■■■■ not and are not other than interesting and innocent—scarcely ever, perhaps never, to be considered as *aggressions*, but always ■■ defences, manful assertions of man's rights against men that would infringe them—and victorious ones. I ■■■■ faintly picture out ■■■■ which I got from him many years ago; perhaps it ■■■■ some singing school; ■■ huge rude peasant ■■■■ rudely insulting and defying the party my father belonged to, and the others quailed and bore it till he could bear it ■■ longer, but clutches his rough adversary (who had been standing, I think, ■■■■ distance ■■■■ sort of height) by the two *flanks*, swings him with ireful force round in the air, hitting his feet against ■■■■ open door, ■■■■ hurled him to a distance, supine, lamed, vanquished, ■■■■ utterly humbled. The whole business looks to me to ■■■■ passed physically in ■■ troublous moonlight.

In the same environment ■■■ hue does it now stand in my memory, sad and stern. He could ■■■ of such things 'I am wae to think on't : ' wae from repentance. Happy he who has nothing worse to repent of.

In the vanities and gallantries of ■■■ (though such as these would come across him), he ■■■ to have very sparingly mingled. One Robert Henderson, ■■ dashing projector and devotee, with ■■ dashing daughter, ■■■ often up in conversation. This ■■■ perhaps (as it were) my father's introduction to the 'pride of life : ' from which, as his wont was, he appears to have derived ■■■ but *instruction*, but expansion and experience. I have good ■■■ to know he never addressed any woman except with views that ■■■ pure and manly. But happily he had been enabled very soon in this choice of the false and present against the true and future, to 'choose the better part.' Happily there ■■■ existed in Annandale an influence of goodness, pure emblems of ■■ religion. There were yet ■■■ living from whom a youth of earnestness might learn by example how to become a man. Old Robert Brand, my father's maternal uncle, was probably of very great influence on him in ■■■ respect. ■■■ ■■■ was a rigorous religionist, thoroughly filled with ■■ celestial philo-

sophy of this earthly life, ■■■■ showed impressively through his stout decision and somewhat cross-grained deeds and words. Sharp sayings of his are still recollected there, ■■■■ unworthy of preserving. He was ■■■■ of iron firmness, a just ■■■■ and of wise insight. I think my father, consciously ■■■■ unconsciously, may have learnt more from him than from any other individual. From the time when he ■■■■ himself openly with the religious, became ■■■■ Burgher (strict, not strictest species of Presbyterian Dissenter) may be dated his spiritual majority; his earthly life ■■■■ now enlightened and overcanopied by ■■■■ heavenly. He was henceforth ■■■■ man.

Annandale had long been ■■■■ lawless Border country. The people had ceased from foray riding, but not from its effects. The 'gallant ■■■■' of those districts ■■■■ still a wild, natural, almost animal man. A select few had only of late united themselves. They had built a little meeting-house ■■■■ Ecclefechan, thatched with heath, and chosen them ■■■■ priest, by name John Johnston, the priestliest ■■■■ I ■■■■ under any ecclesiastical guise was privileged to look upon. II ■■■■ in ■■■■ last years helped me well with my Latin (as he had done many) ■■■■ otherwise produced ■■■■ far higher benefit. This peasant union, ■■■■ little heath-thatched house, ■■■■ simple ■■■■

gelist, together ~~with~~ properly the church of that district. They were the blessing and the saving of many. On ~~me~~ too their pious heaven-sent influences ~~rest~~ rest and live. Let me employ them well. There was in those days a 'teacher of the people.' He sleeps not far from my ~~grave~~ (who ~~is~~ monument) in the Ecclefechan churchyard, the teacher and the taught. 'Blessed,' I again say, 'are the dead that die in the Lord. They do rest from their labours; their works follow them.'

My father, I think, was of the second race of religious ~~men~~ in Annandale. Old Robert Brand ~~an~~ ancient herdsman, old John Britton, and some others that I have seen, were perhaps among the first. *There is no third rising.* Time sweeps all away with it ~~as~~ fast at this epoch. The Scottish Church has been shortlived, and ~~was~~ late in reaching thither.

Perhaps it ~~was~~ in 1791 that my father married ~~me~~ Janet Carlyle, a very distant kinswoman of his ~~mother~~ (her father yet, I believe, lives, a professor of religion, but long time suspected to ~~be~~ none of the most perfect, though not without his worth). ~~She~~ brought him ~~me~~ son, John, at present a well-doing householder ~~at~~ Cockermouth. She left him and this ~~little~~ ~~more~~ little ~~more~~ than a year. A ~~man~~ of long fair woman's hair which ~~she~~ belonged to her lay

long in a secret drawer at our house (perhaps still lies); the sight of it used to give me a certain horror. It had been cut from her head near death, when she was in the height of fever. She was delirious, and would let none but my father cut it. He thought himself sure of infection, nevertheless consented readily, and escaped. Many ways I have understood he had much to suffer then, yet he spoke of it, or only transiently, and with a historical stoicism. Let me here mention the reverent custom the old men had in Annandale of treating death even in their loosest thoughts. It is now passing away; with my father it was quite invariable. Had he occasion to speak in the future, he would say I will do so and so, failing to add (were it only against the morrow) 'if I be spared,' 'if I live.' The dead again he spoke of with perfect freedom, only with serious gravity (perhaps a lowering of the voice) and always, even in the most trivial conversation, adding, 'that's gane,' 'my brother John that's gane' did so and so. *Ernst ist das Leben.*

He married again, in the beginning of 1795, my mother, Margaret Aitken (a daughter of to me a distant descent—that of the pious, the just and wise.) She was a faithful helpmate to him, toiling unweariedly at his side; to us the best of all mothers;



to whom, for body and soul, I owe endless gratitude. By ~~the~~ great mercy she ~~was~~ left ~~me~~ a head and centre to us all, and may yet cheer us with her pious heroism through many toils, if ~~the~~ so please. I ~~was~~ the eldest child, born in 1795, December 4, and ~~was~~ deeply in myself the character of both parents, ~~was~~ the upbringing ~~was~~ example of both; the inheritance of their natural health, had not I and the time beat on it too hard.

It must have been about the period of the first marriage that my father ~~was~~ his brothers, already mastermasons, established themselves in Ecclefechan. They all henceforth began to take on ~~a~~ civil existence, to 'accumulate' in all senses, to grow. They ~~was~~ among the best and truest men of their ~~was~~ (perhaps the very best) in that whole district, and recompensed accordingly. Their gains were the honest ~~was~~ of industry, their savings ~~was~~ slow but constant, and in my father's, continued (from ~~was~~ ~~was~~ ~~was~~ other) to the end. ~~He~~ ~~was~~ born and brought up the poorest; by his own right hand he ~~was~~ become wealthy, as he accounted wealth, and in all ~~was~~ plentifully supplied. His household goods valued in money may perhaps somewhat exceed 1,000*l*. In real inward worth that value was greater than that of most kingdoms, than all

Napoleon's conquests, which ■■■ not endure. He saw his children grow up round him to guard him and to do him honour. ■■■ had, ultimately, ■ hearty respect from all; could look forward from his verge of this earth, rich and increased in goods, into an everlasting country, where through the immeasurable deeps, shone ■ solemn, sober hope. I must reckon my father ■■■ of the most prosperous ■■■ I have ■■■ in my life known.

Frigality and assiduity, ■ certain grave composure, an earnestness (not without its constraint, then felt as oppressive ■ little, yet which now yields its fruit) were the order of ■■■ household. We were all particularly taught that work (temporal ■ spiritual) ■■■ the only thing ■■■ had to do, and incited always by precept and example to do it well. An inflexible element of authority surrounded ■■■ all. We ■■■ from the first (a useful thing), that ■■■ own wish had often nothing to say in the matter.

■ was not a joyful life (what life is?), yet a safe, quiet one; above most others (or any other ■ have witnessed) a wholesome one. We ■■■ taciturn rather than talkative. But if little was said, that ■■■ had, generally ■ meaning. I cannot be thankful enough for my parents. My early, yet not my earliest recollections of my father have in them ■

certain ■■■ which only now or very lately has passed into free reverence. I was parted from him in my tenth year, and ■■■ *habitually* lived with him afterwards. Of the very earliest I have saved some, and would not for money's worth lose them. All that belongs to him has become very precious to me.

I ■■■ remember ■■■ carrying ■■■ Mein Water, ■■■ a pool some few yards below where the present Meinfoot bridge stands. Perhaps I was in my fifth year. He ■■■ going to Luce, I think, to ask after ■■■ joiner. It was the loveliest summer evening I recollect. My memory dawns (or grows light) ■■■ the first aspect of the stream; of the pool spanned by ■ wooden bow without railing, and ■ single plank broad. He lifted ■■■ against his thigh with his right hand, and walked careless along till we ■■■ ■■■. My face was turned rather downwards. I looked into the deep clear water and its reflected skies with terror, yet with confidence that he could save ■■■. Directly after, I, light of heart, asked of him what those little black things ■■■ that I sometimes seemed to create by rubbing the palms of my hands together; and ■■■ at this moment (the mind having been doubtless excited by the past peril) remember that I described them in ■■■ words, 'little penny rows' (rolls) 'but far less.' He

explained ■ wholly to me ; ‘ my hands were ■ clean.’ He ■ very kind, and I loved him. All around this is dusk or night before and after. ■ ■ not my earliest recollection, not ■ ■ him. My earliest of all is a mad passion of ■ ■ my elder brother John (on a visit to us likely from his grandfather) in which my father too figures, though dimly, as a kind of cheerful comforter and soother. I had broken my little brown stool, by madly throwing ■ at my brother, and felt, for perhaps the first time, the united pangs of loss and of remorse. I ■ perhaps hardly more than two years old, but can get no one to ■ the date for me, though all is still quite legible for myself with many of its features. I ■ member the first ‘ new half-pence ’ (brought from Dumfries by my father and mother, for Alice and me), and words that my uncle John said about it, in 1799 ! Backwards beyond all, dim ruddy images of deeper and deeper brown shade into the dark beginnings of being.

I remember, perhaps in my fifth year, ■ teaching ■ arithmetical things, especially how ■ divide (my letters, taught me by my mother, I have no recollection of whatever ; of reading scarcely any). He said, This ■ the *divider* (divisor) ; this etc. ; and gave me a quite clear notion how to do it. My mother ■ I

would forget it all; to which he answered, 'Not so much ■ they that have never learnt it.' Five years or so after he said to me once, 'Tom, I do not grudge thy schooling now, when thy uncle Frank owns thee to be ■ better arithmetician than himself.'

■ took ■ down to Annan Academy ■ the Whitsunday morning, 1806; I trotting ■ his side ■ the way alluded to in Teufelsdröckh. It ■ ■ bright morning, and to me full of movement, of fluttering boundless hopes, saddened by parting with mother, with home, and which afterwards were cruelly disappointed. ■ ■ once or twice in the grand schoolroom, as he chanced to have business at Annan; once sat down by me (as the master ■ out) and asked whether I ■ all well. The boys did not laugh as I feared; perhaps durst not.

He ■ always generous to ■ in my school ■ penses; ■ by grudging look or word did he give ■ any pain. With a noble faith he launched ■ forth into a world which himself had ■ been permitted to visit. Let me study to act worthily of him there.

■ wrote to ■ duly and affectionately while ■ was at college. Nothing ■ was good for me ■ he ■ with his best ability to provide. His simple, true counsel and fatherly admonitions have ■ first

attained their sacredness of meaning. Pity for me if they be thrown away.

His tolerance for me, his trust in me, great. When I declined going forward into the Church (though his heart set upon it), he respected my scruples, my volition, and patiently let me have my way. In after years, when I had peremptorily ceased from being a schoolmaster, though he inwardly disapproved of the step as imprudent, and sent me in successive summers lingering beside him in sickness of body and mind, without outlook towards any good, he had the forbearance to say at worst nothing, never to whisper discontent with me.

If my dear mother, with the trustfulness of a mother's heart, ministered to all my woes, outward and inward, and against hope kept prophesying good, he, with whom I communicated far less, who could not approve my schemes, did nothing that was not kind and fatherly. His roof my shelter, which a word from him (in those sour days of wounded vanity) would have deprived me of. He patiently let me have my way, helping when he could, when I could not help him hindering. When hope again dawned for me, how hearty his joy, yet how silent. I have been a happy son.

On my return to college (in the spring,

1810), I met him in the Langlands road, walking out to try whether he would not happen to ■ ■ coming. ■ ■ had a red plaid about him; was recovering from ■ fit of sickness (his first ■ ■ one) and there welcomed me back. It was a bright April day. Where is it now?

■ ■ great world-revolutions send in their disturbing billows to the remotest creek, and the overthrow of thrones more slowly overturns also the households of the lowly. Nevertheless in all cases the wise man adjusts himself. Even in these times the hand of the diligent maketh rich. My father had ■ ■ the American War, the French Revolution, the rise and fall of Napoleon. The last arrested him strongly. In the Russian Campaign he bought ■ London newspaper, which I read aloud to a little circle twice weekly. He ■ ■ struck with Napoleon, and would say and look pregnant things about him. Empires won and empires lost (while his little household ■ ■ together) and ■ ■ it was all vanished like a tavern brawl. For the rest he never meddled with politics. He ■ ■ not there to govern, but to be governed; could ■ ■ live and therefore did not revolt. I have heard ■ ■ say in late years ■ ■ ■ impressiveness which ■ ■ perceptions carried with them, that the lot of a poor man was growing worse

and worse; that the world would not and could not last as it was; that mighty changes of which ■■■■ the end were ■■■■ the way. To him, as ■■■■ about to take his departure, the whole was but of secondary moment. He ■■■■ looking towards 'a city that had foundations.'

In the 'dear years' (1799 and 1800) when the oatmeal was as high as ten shillings a stone, he ■■■■ noticed the labourers (I have heard him tell) retire each separately to ■■■■ brook, ■■■■ there drink instead of dining, without complaint, anxious only to hide it.

At Langholm he once saw ■■■■ heap of smuggled tobacco publicly burnt. Dragoons ■■■■ ranged round it with drawn swords; some old ■■■■ stretched through their old withered ■■■■ to snatch a little of it, and the dragoons did not hinder them. A natural artist!

The largest sum he ever earned in one year was, *I think*, 100*l.* by the building of Cressfield House. He wisely quitted the ■■■■ trade at the time when the character of it had changed, when universal poverty and vanity made show and cheapness (here as everywhere) be preferred to substance; when, as he ■■■■ emphatically, honest trade 'was done.' He became farmer (of ■■■■ wet clayey spot called Mainhill)



in 1815, that so 'he might keep all his family about him,' struggled with ■■■ valour, and here too prevailed.

Two ears of corn are now in many places growing where he found only ■■■ Unworthy ■■■ worthy ■■■ for the time reap the benefit, but ■■■ done to God's earth, and God's mankind will year after year get the good of it.

In his contention with ■■■ unjust or perhaps only a mistaken landlord, he behaved with prudent resolution, not like ■■■ vain braggart but like ■■■ practically brave ■■■ It was ■■■ that innocently (by my settlement at Hoddam Hill) had involved him in it. I must admire now his silence, while we were all so loud and vituperative. He spoke nothing in that matter except only what ■■■ practical meaning in it, and in a practical tone. ■■■ to unjust proposals meanwhile ■■■ resolute ■■■ ever, memorable for their emphasis. 'I will not do it,' said he once; 'I will rather go to Jerusalem seeking farms and die without finding one.' 'We ■■■ live without Sharpe,' ■■■ in my hearing (such a thing, only once) 'and the whole Sharpe creation.' On getting to Scotsbrig, the rest of us ■■■ triumphed—not he. He let the matter stand on its own feet; was there ■■■ not to talk, but to work. ■■■ ■■■ ■■■

conciliatory letter to General Sharpe (which I ■■■ right to write for him, since he judged prudence better than pride), but ■■ produced no result except indeed the ascertainment that ■■■ could be produced which ■■■■ one.

When ■■ first entered ■■■ house at Craigenputtoch, he ■■■ in his slow emphatic way, with ■ certain rustic dignity to my wife (I had entered without introducing him), 'I am grown ■ old fellow (never can ■■ forget the pathetic slow earnestness of these two words); 'I am grown an *old fellow*, and wished to see ye all once more while I had opportunity.' Jane<sup>1</sup> was greatly struck with him, and still farther opened my eyes to the treasure I possessed in ■ father.

The last thing I gave him was ■ cake of Cavenish tobacco sent down by Alick about this time twelvemonth. Through ■■ I had given him very little, having little to give. ■■ ■■■ little, and from me expected nothing. Thou who wouldst give, give quickly. In the grave thy loved ■■ can receive no kindness. I ■■■ bought him a pair of silver spectacles, of ■■ receipt of which ■■ the letter that accompanied them (John told me) he ■■ very glad, and nigh weeping. 'What I gave I

have.' ■■■ read with these spectacles till his ■■■ days, and ■■■ doubt ■■■■ thought of me in using them.

The last time I saw him was ■■■ the first ■■■ August last, ■■■ days before departing hither. ■■■ very kind, seemed prouder of me than ■■■ What he had ■■■ done the like of before, he said, on hearing ■■■ express something which he admired, 'Man, it's surely a pity that thou shouldst sit yonder with nothing but the eye of Omniscience to see thee, and thou with such a gift to speak.' ■■■ eyes were sparkling mildly, with a kind of deliberate joy. Strangely too he offered me on ■■■ of those mornings (knowing that I was poor) 'two sovereigns' which he had of his own, and pressed them on my acceptance. They were lying in his desk; ■■■ knew of them. He seemed really anxious and desirous that I should take them, should take his little hoard, his *all* that he had to give. I said jokingly afterwards that surely he was *FEY*. So it has proved.

I shall now ■■■ more behold my dear father with these bodily eyes. With him a whole threescore ■■■ ten years of the past has doubly died for ■■■ It ■■■ as if a ■■■ leaf in the great book of time were ■■■ Strange time—endless time; ■■■ of which I ■■■ neither end nor beginning. All rushes

Man follows man. His life is as a tale that has been told; yet under Time does there not lie Eternity? Perhaps my father, all that essentially my father, is even now near me, with he and I are with God. Perhaps, if it please God, we shall in some higher state of being meet one another, recognise one another. As it is written, We shall be for with God. The possibility, nay (in way) the certainty of perennial existence daily grows plainer to me. 'The essence of whatever was, is, shall be, even now is.' God great. God is good. will be done, for it will be right.

As it is, I think peaceably of the departed loved. All that was earthly, harsh, sinful in our relation has fallen away; that holy in it remains. I my dear father's life in some the sunk pillar on which mine was to rise and be built; the waters of time have now swelled up round his (as they will round mine); I all transfigured, though I touch no longer. I might almost say his spirit to have entered into (so clearly do I discern and love him); I seem to myself only the continuation second volume of my father. These days that have spent thinking of and of his end, are the peaceablest, the only Sabbath that I have

*James Carlyle.*

London. One other of the universal destinies of man  
overtaken      Thank Heaven, I know and have  
known what it is to be      son ; to love a father, as  
spirit can love spirit. God give      to live to my  
father's honour and to His. And now, beloved father,  
farewell for the last time in this world of shadows !  
In the world of realities may the Great Father again  
bring      together in perfect holiness and perfect  
love ! Amen !

Sunday night, Jan. 29, 1832.

**EDWARD IRVING.**



## EDWARD IRVING.

Obeyne Row, Autumn 1884

EDWARD IRVING died thirty-two years ago (December 1884) in the first months of our adventurous settlement here. The memory of him is still clear and vivid with me in all points: that of his first and only visit to ■ in this house, in this room, just before leaving for Glasgow (October 1884), which was the last we ■ of him, is still as fresh ■ if it had been yesterday; and he has a solemn, massive, ■ and ■ pitiable though not much blamable, ■ in heart even blamable, and to me always dear and most friendly aspect, in those vacant kingdoms of the past. He was scornfully forgotten at the time of his death, having, indeed, sunk ■ good while before out of the notice of the ■ intelligent classes. There has since been and ■ is, in the ■ theological generation, ■ kind of revival of him, on rather weak and questionable terms, sentimental mainly, and grounded on no really correct knowledge or insight. Which, however, ■ to bespeak some continuance



of by-gone remembrances for a good while yet, by  
 ■■■ of people and the many that hang by them.  
 Being very solitary, and, except for ■■■ with  
 the spirits of my vanished ones, very ■■■ in these  
 hours and days, I have bethought me of throwing  
 down (the ■■■ rapidly the better) something of my  
 recollections of this, to me, very memorable man, in  
 hopes they may by possibility be worth something  
 by-and-by to some—not worth less than nothing to  
 anybody (*viz.* not true and candid according to my  
 best thoughts) if I can help it.

■■■ Irvings, Edward's father and uncles, lived ■■  
 within a few miles of my native place, ■■■ of  
 my father's acquaintance. Two of the uncles, whose  
 little farm establishments lay close upon Ecclefechan,  
 were of his familiars, and became mine more or less,  
 especially ■■■ of them (George, of Bogside), who  
 was further a co-religionist of ours (a 'Burgher Se-  
 ceder,' not a 'Kirkman,' ■■ the other was). They  
 were all cheerfully quiet, rational, and honest people,  
 ■■ good-natured and prudent turn. Something of  
 what might be called ■■ kindly vanity, ■■ very harm-  
 less self-esteem, doing pleasure to the proprietor and  
 hurt to nobody else, was traceable in all of them.  
 They were not distinguished by intellect, any ■■  
 them, except it might be intellect in the unconscious

■ instinctive condition (coming out as prudence of conduct, etc.), of which there were good indications ; and of Uncle George, who ■■ prudent enough, and successfully diligent in ■■ affairs (no bad proof of 'intellect' in ■■■ shape) though otherwise ■ most taciturn, dull, and almost stupid-looking man, I remember this other fact, that he had one of ■■ largest ■■■ in the district, and that my father, he, and ■ clever and original Dr. Little, their neighbour, ■■■ could be fitted in a hat shop in the village, but had always to send their measure to Dumfries to ■ hat-maker there. Whether George had a round head or ■ long, I don't recollect. There ■■ ■ fine little spice of innocent, faint, but genuine and kindly banter in him now and then. Otherwise I recollect him only as heavy, hebetated, elderly ■ old, and more inclined to quiescence and silence than to talk of or care about anything exterior to his own interests, temporal ■ spiritual.

Gavin, ■■■ father (name pronounced Gayin ■■ Guyon, as Edward ■■■ remarked to me), a tallish man of rugged countenance, which broke out oftenest into some innocent fleer of merriment, ■ readiness, to be merry when you addressed him, was ■ prudent, honest-hearted, rational person, but made ■■ pretension to superior gifts of mind, though he

too, perhaps, may have been such in an undeveloped man. Thus, on ending his apprenticeship, or by some other lucky opportunity, he formed a determination of seeing some part of England in the place, and actually got mounted on a stout pony, accoutrements succinctly complete (road money in a pocket round his own body), and rode and wandered at his will deliberate southward, I think, for about six weeks, as far as Wiltshire at least, for I have heard him speak of Devizes, 'The Devizes' he called it, as one of his halting places. What his precise amount of profit from this was I know not at all, but it bespeaks something ingenuous and adventurous in the young man. He was by craft a tanner, had settled in Annan, soon began to be prosperous, wedded well, and continued his life there. He was among the younger of these brothers, but was clearly the head of them, and, indeed, had been the making of the principal two, George and John, whom we knew. Gavin was baillie in Annan when the furious election sung by Burns ('There were five carlins in the south'—five burghs, namely) took place. Gavin voted the right way (Duke of Queensberry's way) and got for his two brothers each the lease of a snug Queensberry farm, which grew even the snugger as dissolute Queensberry developed

and into a cynical egoist, a snail, and hater of his next heir (the Buccleuch, not a Douglas but a Scott, who now holds both dukedoms) a story well known in Scotland, of altogether lively interest in Annandale (where it meant entail-leases and large sums of money) during several years of my youth.

These people, the Queensberry farmers, seem to me to have been the happiest set of yeomen I came to see, not only because they sate easy as to rent, but because they *knew* fully *how* to sit so, and were pious, modest, thrifty men, who neither fell into laggard relaxation of diligence nor were stung by any madness of ambition, but faithfully continued to turn all their bits of worldly into real profit for soul and body. They disappeared (in Chancery lawsuit) fifty years ago. I have various kinds of farmers, scientific etc. etc., but as desirable as not since.

Gavin had married well, perhaps rather above his rank, a tall, black-eyed, handsome woman, sister of certain Lowthers in my neighbourhood, who did most of the inconsiderable corn trade of those parts, and considered a stiff-necked, faithful kind of people, apter to do than to speak, originally from Cumberland, I believe. For her own share the

mother of [redacted] Irving had much of fluent speech in her, [redacted] of management; thrifty, assiduous, wise, [redacted] somewhat fussy; for the rest, an excellent house mother I believe, full of [redacted] and tender anxiety for her children and husband. By degrees she had developed the modest prosperity of her household into something of decidedly 'genteel' (Annan 'gentility'), and having left the rest of the Irving kindred to their rustic solidities, had probably but little practical familiarity with most of them, though never any quarrel or estrangement that I heard of. Her Gavin was never careful of gentility; a roomy simplicity and freedom (as of a man in a dressing-gown) his chief aim. In my time he seemed mostly to lounge about; superintended his tanning only from afar, and at length gave it up altogether. There were four other brothers, three of them small farmers, and a fourth who followed some cattle traffic in Annan, and was well esteemed there for [redacted] honest simple ways. No sister of theirs did I ever hear of; nor what their father had been; [redacted] honest little farmer, [redacted] too, I conclude.

Their mother, Edward Irving's aged grandmother, I well remember to have seen; once, perhaps twice, [redacted] her [redacted] George's fireside; a good old [redacted] half in dotage, and the only creature I ever saw

spinning with a *distaff* and no other apparatus but tow or wool. All these Irvings were of blond or even red complexion—red hair a prevailing or sole colour in several of their families. Gavin himself was reddish, or at least sandy blond; but all his children had beautifully coal-black hair, except one girl, the youngest of the set but two, who was carrotty like her cousins. The brunette mother with her swift black eyes had prevailed so far. Enough now for the genealogy—superabundantly enough.

One of the circumstances of Irving's boyhood ought not to be neglected by his biographer—the remarkable schoolmaster he had. 'Old Adam Hope,' perhaps not yet fifty in Irving's time, was all along a notability in Annan.

What had been his specific history or employment before this of schoolmastering I do not know, nor was he my schoolmaster except incidentally for a few weeks, twice, as substitute for an absentee who had the office. But I remember one such occasion reading in Sallust with him, how he read it and drilled us in it; and I have often enough seen him teach, and knew him well enough. A strong-built, bony, but a kind of man, of brown complexion, and a pair of the sharpest, not the

sweetest, ■■■■ eyes. Walked in a lounging, stooping figure; in the street broad-brimmed ■■■■ in clean frugal rustic clothes; in his schoolroom bare-headed, ■■■■ usually crossed over back, and with ■■■■ tive leather strap ('cat' as he called it, not *tauve*, for ■■■■ not ■■■■ at all) hanging ready over his thumb if requisite anywhere. In my time he ■■■■ a couple of his front teeth quite black, which was very visible, ■■■■ his mouth usually ■■■■ a settled humanly contemptuous grin. 'Nothing good to be expected from you ■■■■ from those you came of, ye little whelps, but ■■■■ must get from you the best you have, and not complain of anything.' This ■■■■ what the grin seemed to say; but the black teeth (*jet-black*, for he chewed tobacco also to a slight extent, ■■■■ spitting) ■■■■ always mysterious to me, till at length I found they ■■■■ of cork, the product of Adam's frugal penknife, and could be removed ■■■■ pleasure. He was ■■■■ man humanly contemptuous of the world, and valued 'suffrages' at a most low figure in comparison. I should judge an extremely proud man; for the rest ■■■■ inexorable logician, ■■■■ Calvinist at all points, and Burgher Scotch Seceder to the backbone. He ■■■■ written a tiny *English* grammar latterly (after Irving's time and before mine) which was a very compact, lucid, ■■■■ complete ■■■■ piece; ■■■■

was regarded by the natives, especially the young natives who had to learn from it, with a certain awe, the name of authorship in print being then somewhat stupendous and beyond example in those parts. He did not know very much, though still a good something; Geometry (of Euclid), Latin, arithmetic, English Syntax. But what he did profess to imagine himself to know, he knew in every fibre, and to the very bottom. More rigorously a teacher of the young idea, so far as he could carry it, you might have searched for through the world in vain. Self-delusion, half-knowledge, instead of reality, could not get existed in his presence. He had a Socratic way with him; would accept the hopeless pupil's half knowledge, or plausible sham of knowledge, with a kind of welcome. 'Hm! hm! yes;' and then gently enough begin a chain of enquiries more and more surprising to the poor pupil, till he had reduced him to zero—to mere *non plus ultra*, and the dismal perception that his sham of knowledge had been his misknowledge, with a spice of dishonesty added. This was what he called 'making a boy fast.' For the poor boy had to sit in his place under arrest all day or day after day, meditating those dismal new-revealed facts, and beating ineffectually his poor brains for a solution of the mystery and



■ might apply again ■ pleasure. 'I have made it out, sir.' ■ if again found self-deluded, ■ was only a new padlock to those fastenings ■ his. They were very miserable to the poor penitent, ■ impenitent, wretch.

I remember my father once describing to us a call he had made ■ Hope during the mid-day hour of interval, whom he found reading or writing something, not having cared to lock the door and to ■ home, with three or four bits of boys sitting prisoners, 'made fast' in different parts of the room; all perfectly miserable, each with a rim of black worked out round his eye-sockets (the effect of salt ■ wiped by knuckles rather dirty). Adam, though not cat-like of temper or intention, had a kind of cat-pleasure in surveying and playing with these captive mice. He ■ ■ praise and glory to well-doing boys, ■ beneficent terror to the ill-doing ■ dishonest blockhead sort; and did what ■ in his power to *educe* (or educate) and make available the net amount of faculty discoverable in each, and separate firmly the known from the unknown or misknown in those young heads. On Irving, who always spoke of him with mirthful affection, he had produced quietly not a ■ effect; prepared him well for his triumphs in geometry and Latin at

college, and through life you could always notice, overhung by such strange draperies and huge superstructures so foreign to it, something of that primæval ■■■ of rigorous logic and clear articulation laid for him in boyhood by old Adam Hope. ■■■ Adam, indeed, if you know the Annanites ■■■ him, will be curiously found visible there to this day; ■■■ argumentative, clear-headed, sound-hearted, if rather conceited and contentious set of people, more given to intellectual pursuits than ■■■ of their neighbours. I consider Adam ■■■ original meritorious kind of man, and regret to think that his sphere ■■■ so limited. In my youngest years his brown, quietly ■■■ face was familiar to me in Ecclefechan Meeting-house (my venerable Mr. Johnston's hearers on Sundays, ■■■ will be afterwards noted). Younger cousins of his, excellent honest people, I have since met (David Hope, merchant in Glasgow; William Hope, scholar in Edinburgh, etc.); and ■■■ tall, straight old uncle of his, very clean always, brown ■■■ mahogany and with a head white as snow, I remember very clearly ■■■ the picture of gravity and pious seriousness in that poor Ecclefechan place of worship, concerning whom I will report ■■■ anecdote and so end. ■■■ David Hope—that ■■■ his name—lived on a little farm close by

Solway shore a mile or two of Annan. A wet country, with late harvests; which (as in this year 1866) sometimes incredibly difficult to save. Ten days continuously pouring; then a day, perhaps two days, of drought, part of them it may be of roaring wind—during which the moments golden for you, and perhaps you had better work all night, as presently there will be deluges again. David's stuff, one such morning, was all standing dry again, ready to be saved still, if he stood to it, which much his intention. Breakfast (wholesome hasty porridge) was soon over, and next in course came family worship, what they call taking the Book (or Books, i.e. taking your Bible, chapter always part of the service). David was putting on his spectacles when somebody rushed in. 'Such a raging wind risen as will drive the stooks (shocks) into the if let alone.' 'Wind!' answered David, 'wind canna get a straw that has been appointed mine. down and let a worship God' (that rides in the whirlwind)! There is a kind of citizen which Britain used to have, very different from the millionaire Hebrews, Rothschild money-changers, Demosthenes Disraelis, and inspired young Goschens and their 'unexampled prosperity.' Weep, Britain, the latter among the honourable you have!

One other circumstance that peculiarly deserves notice in Irving's young life, and perhaps the only other one, is ■■■ connected with ■■■ Hope—Irving's young religion. Annandale ■■■ not ■■■ irreligious country, though Annan itself (owing to ■■ drunken clergyman ■■■ the logical habits they cultivated) ■■■ ■■■ given to sceptical free-thinking than other places. The greatly prevailing fashion was a decent form of devoutness, and pious theoretically anxious regard for things sacred, in all which the Irving household stood fairly on ■ level with its neighbours, or perhaps above most of them. They went duly to Kirk, strove still to tolerate ■■■ almost to respect their unfortunate minister (who had succeeded ■ father greatly esteemed in that office, and was ■ man of gifts himself, and of much goodnature, though so ■■ gone astray). Nothing of profane, or of the least tendency that way, ■■■ usually seen, or would have been ■■■ without protest and grave rebuke in Irving's environment, ■■■ or remote. At the same time this other fact was visible enough ■ you examined. A man who awoke to the belief that ■■ actually had a soul to be saved or lost, was apt to be found among the Dissenting people, and to have given up attendance on the ■■■ ■■ was ungenteel for him to attend the

meeting-house, but he [ ] it to be altogether salutary. [ ] the [ ] throughout [ ] Irving's district and mine. As I [ ] remarked for myself, nobody teaching me, at an early period of my investigations into [ ] and things, I concluded it would [ ] generally [ ] Scotland, but found when I went north to Edinburgh, Glasgow, Fife, etc., that it was not, or by no [ ] perceptibly [ ]. For the rest, [ ] Dissent in Scotland is merely a stricter adherence to the National Kirk in all points; and the then Dissenterage is definable to moderns simply [ ] a '*Free Kirk, making no noise.*' It had quietly (about 1760), after much haggie [ ] remonstrance, 'seceded,' [ ] walked out of its stipends, officialities, and dignities, greatly to the mute sorrow of religious Scotland, and was still, in a strict manner, on the united voluntary principle, preaching to the people what of best [ ] sacredest it could. Not that there was not something of rigour, of severity, a lean-minded controversial spirit, among certain brethren, mostly of the laity, I think; [ ] nebs (narrow of neb, i.e. of nose [ ] bill) [ ] the outsiders called them; of flowerage, [ ] free harmonious beauty, there could not well be much in this system. [ ] really, except [ ] occasions (annual fast-day for instance, when you were reminded [ ] 'a testimony [ ] been

lifted up,' of which you were the bearers) there little, almost talk, especially no preaching at all, about 'patronage,' secular controversy, but all turned the weightier and universal matters of the law, and considerably entitled to say for itself, 'Hear, all men.' Very venerable those old Seceder clergy to me now when I look back on them. Most of the chief figures among them in Irving's time and mine hoary old men; like what might call antique Evangelists in ruder vesture, and 'poor scholars and gentlemen of Christ,' I have nowhere met with in monasteries churches, among Protestant Papal clergy, in any country of the world. All this is altered utterly at present, I grieve to say, and gone to good as nothing. It began to alter just about that very period, on the death those old hoary heads, and has gone on with increasing velocity since. Irving and I probably among the products it delivered before gliding off, and then rushing off into self-consciousness, arrogance, insincerity, jangle, and vulgarity, which I fear very much the definition of it. Irving's concern with the matter had been as follows, brief, but, I believe, ineffaceable through life.

Adam Hope was a rigid Seceder, as all his kin connections were; and in and about Annan,

equally rigid ■■■ of them, less rigid others, ■■■ ■ considerable number of such, who indeed some few years hence combined themselves into ■■ Annan Burgher congregation, and set up ■ meeting-house and minister of their ■■■. For the present they had none, ■■■ had thought of such ■ thing. Venerable Mr. Johnston of Ecclefechan, six miles off, ■■■ their only minister, and to him duly on Sunday Adam and ■ select group ■■■ in the habit of pilgriming for sermon. Less zealous brethren would perhaps pretermitt in bad weather, but I suppose it had to be very bad when Adam and most of his group ■■■ to appear. The distance—six miles twice—was nothing singular in this case; ■■■ family, whose streaming plaids, hung up to drip, I remember to have noticed ■■■ wet Sunday, pious Scotch ■■■■ settled near Carlisle, I ■■■ told, were in the habit of walking fifteen miles twice for their sermon, since it was not to be had ■■■■. A curious phasis of things, quite vanished now, with whatever of divinity and good was in it, and whatever of merely human and not so good. From reflection of his own, aided ■ perhaps awakened by study of Adam Hope and his example (for ■ ■■■ there could ■■■ be ■■■ speech or persuasion from Adam in such ■ matter) the boy Edward joined himself to ■■■■

pilgriming group, and regularly trotted by their ■■■ to Ecclefechan for sermon-listening, and occasionally joining in their pious discourse thither ■■■ back. He might be then in ■■■ tenth year; distinguished hitherto, both his elder brother John and he, by their wild love of sport ■■ well ■■ readiness in school lessons. John had quite refused this ■■■■ adventure. And no doubt done what he could to prevent it, for father and mother looked ■■ it likewise with dubious or disapproving eyes; 'Why run into these ultra courses, sirrah?' and Edward had no furtherance in it except from within. How long he persisted I do not know, possibly ■ year or two, or occasionally, almost till he went to college. I have heard him speak of the thing long afterwards in ■■ genially mirthful way; well recognising what ■■ fantastic, pitifully pedantic, and serio-ridiculous set these road companions of his mostly ■■■■ I myself remember two of them who ■■■■ by ■■ ■■■■ heroic to ■■■ 'Willie Drummond,' ■ little man with mournful goggle eyes, ■ tailor ■ almost think, and 'Joe Blacklock' (Blai-lock) ■ rickety stocking-weaver, with protruding chin and ■■■ leg too short for the other short one, who seemed to me an abundantly solemn and much too infallible and cap-tious little fellow. Edward threw me off with gusto



outline likenesses of these among the others, [redacted] laughed heartily without malice. [redacted] religion [redacted] after years, though it ran always in the blood and life of him, [redacted] shrieky [redacted] narrow; but [redacted] in his last times, with their miserable troubles and confusions, spoke always with [redacted] deep tone, like the voice of a man [redacted] and sincere addressing [redacted]. To the last or almost to the last I could occasionally raise a genial old Annandale laugh out of him which is now pathetic to [redacted] to remember.

I will say no more of Irving's boyhood. [redacted] must have sat often enough in Ecclefechan meeting-house along with me, but I never noticed or knew, and had not indeed heard of him till I went to Annan School (1806; [redacted] 'Academy' forsooth, with Adam Hope for 'English master'), and Irving perhaps two years before had left for college. I must bid adieu also to that poor temple of my childhood, to [redacted] sacred at this moment than perhaps the biggest cathedral then extant could have been; rude, rustic, bare—no temple in the world was [redacted] so—but there [redacted] sacred lambencies, tongues of authentic [redacted] from heaven which kindled what was best in one, what has not yet gone out. Strangely vivid to me [redacted] twelve [redacted] twenty

of those old faces whom I [redacted] to [redacted] every Sunday, whose [redacted] employments, precise dwelling-places I never knew, but whose portraits [redacted] yet clear to [redacted] in a mirror—their heavy-laden, patient, [redacted]-attentive faces. Fallen solitary most of them. Children all away, [redacted] away for ever, [redacted] it might be wife still there (one such case I well remember) constant like a shadow and grown very like her old man—the thrifty, cleanly poverty of these good people, their well-saved old [redacted] clothes (tailed waistcoats down to mid-thigh, a fashion quite dead twenty years before); all this I occasionally [redacted] as with eyes sixty or sixty-five years off, and hear the very voice of my mother upon it when sometimes I would be questioning about the persons of the drama and endeavouring to describe and identify them to her for that purpose. Oh, ever-miraculous time! O death! O life!

Probably it [redacted] in 1808, April [redacted] May, after college time, that I first saw Irving. I had got [redacted] my worst miseries in that doleful and hateful 'Academy' life of mine (which lasted three years in all); had begun, in spite of precept, to strike about me, to defend myself by hand and voice; had made some comradeship with one [redacted] two of my [redacted] age, and was reasonably becoming alive in the place and [redacted] interests. I remember to have felt some

curiosity and satisfaction when the noted Edward Irving, English Mr. Hope escorting—introduced himself in our Latin class-room one bright forenoon. Hope was essentially the introducer; this was our rector's class-room. Irving's visit to the school had been specially to Adam Hope, his own old teacher, who brought him down nothing loth. Perhaps Mathematics gentleman, Morley (an excellent Cumberland man, whom I loved much and who taught me well) had also stepped in in honour of such a stranger. The road from Adam's room to ours lay through Mr. Morley's. Ours was a big airy room lighted from both sides, desks and benches occupying scarcely the smaller half of the floor, better half belonged to the rector, and to the classes he called up from time to time. It was altogether vacant at that moment, and the interview perhaps of ten to fifteen minutes transacted itself in a standing posture there. We were all of us attentive with eye and ear, as attentive as we durst be, while by theory 'preparing our lessons.' Irving was scrupulously dressed; a dark coat, tight pantaloons in the fashion of the day; clerically black his prevailing hue; and looked very neat, self-possessed, very enviable. A flourishing slip of a youth, with coal-black hair, swarthy clear complexion, very straight on his feet,

and except for the glaring squint alone, decidedly handsome. We didn't hear everything; indeed we heard nothing that ■■■ of the least moment ■ worth remembering. Gathered in general that the talk was all about Edinburgh, of this professor and of that, and their merits and method ('wonderful world up yonder, and this fellow has been in it and ■■■ talk of it in that easy cool way'). The last professor touched upon, I think, must have been mathematical Leslie (at that time totally non-extant to me), for the ■■■ particular I clearly recollect ■■■ ■■■ thing from Irving about new doctrines by somebody (doubtless Leslie) 'concerning the circle,' which last word he pronounced 'circul' with a certain preciosity which was noticeable slightly in other parts of his behaviour. Shortly after this of 'circul,' he courteously (had been very courteous all the time, and unassuming in the main,) made his bow, and the interview melted instantly away. For years I don't remember to have ■■■ Irving's face again.

Seven years ■■■ and gone. It was ■■■ the winter of 1815. I had myself been in Edinburgh College, and above ■ year ■■■ had duly quitted it. ■■■ got (by competition at Dumfries, summer 1814) to be 'mathematical master' in Annan Academy, with some potential outlook ■■■ divinity ■■■ ultima-

■ (a rural divinity student visiting Edinburgh for ■ few days each year, and 'delivering' certain 'discourses'). Six years of that would bring you to the church gate, ■ four years of continuous 'divinity hall' would; unlucky only that in my case I ■ had the least enthusiasm for the business (and there ■ grave prohibitive doubts ■ and more rising ahead): both branches of my situation flatly contradictory to all ideals ■ wishes of mine, especially the Annan one, ■ the closely actual and the daily and hourly pressing on me, while the other lay theoretic, still well ahead, and perhaps avoidable. One attraction—one only—there ■ in my Annan business. I ■ supporting myself, even saving some few pounds of my poor 60l. ■ 70l. annually, against a rainy day, and not ■ burden to my ever-generous father any ■ But in all other points of view I ■ abundantly lonesome, uncomfortable, and out of place there. Didn't ■ and visit the people there. (Ought to have pushed myself in a little silently, and sought invitations. Such their form of special politeness, which I ■ far too shy and proud to be able for.) Had the character of morose dissociableness; in short, thoroughly detested my function and position, though understood to be honestly doing the duties

of it, and held for solacement and company to the few books I could command, and an accidental friend ■ had in the neighbourhood (Mr. Chereh and his wife, of Hitchill; Rev. Henry Duncan, of Ruthwell, and ditto. These ■ the two bright and brightest houses for ■ My thanks to them, now and always). As to my schoolmaster function ■ was ■ said I *misdid* it much; ■ clear and correct expositor and enforcer. But from the first, especially with such adjuncts, I disliked it, and by swift degrees grew to hate it more and more. Some four years in all I had of it; two in Annan, two in Kirkcaldy under much improved social accompaniments. And at the end my solitary desperate conclusion ■ fixed: that I, for my ■ part, would prefer to perish in the ditch, if necessary, rather than continue living by such ■ trade, and peremptorily gave it up accordingly. This long preface will ■ to explain the small passage of collision that occurred between Irving and me on our first meeting in this world.

I had heard much of Irving all along; how distinguished in studies, how splendidly successful as teacher, how two professors had sent him out to Haddington, and how ■ new Academy and ■ methods ■ illuminating and astonishing every-

thing there. (Alas! there was ■■■ little pupil he had there, with her prettiest little *penna pennæ* from under the table, and let me be ■ boy too, papa! who ■■■ to be of endless moment, and who alone ■■■ of any moment to me in ■■■ that!) I don't remember any malicious envy whatever towards this great Irving of the distance. For his greatness in study ■■■ learning I certainly might have had ■ tendency, hadn't I struggled against it, and tried to make it emulation: 'Do the like, do thou the like under difficulties!' As to his schoolmaster success, I cared little about that, ■■■ easily flung that out when it came ■■■ me. But naturally all this be-trumpeting of Irving to me (in which I could ■■■ times trace ■■■ touch of malice to myself), had not awakened in me any love towards this victorious man. 'Ich gönnte Ihn,' as the Germans phrase it; but, in ■■■ strictness, nothing ■■■■

About Christmas time (1815) I had gone with great pleasure to ■■■ Edinburgh again, and read in Divinity Hall ■ Latin discourse—'exegesis' they call it there—on the question, '*Num detur religio naturalis?*' It was the second, and proved to be the last, of my performances on that treatise. My first, an English ■■■■ on the words, 'Before I ■■■ afflicted I went astray, but now' etc. etc., ■ very

weak, flowery, and sentimental piece, had been achieved in 1814, a few months after my leaving for Annan. Piece second, too, I suppose, weak enough, but I still remember the kind of innocent satisfaction I had in turning it into Latin in my solitude, and my slight and momentary (by means deep sincere) sense of pleasure the bits of compliments and flimsy approbation from comrades and professors on both these occasions. Before Christmas Day I had got rid of my exegesis, and had still a week of holiday ahead for old acquaintances and Edinburgh things, which was the real charm of my official errand thither.

One night I had gone over to Rose Street to a certain Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Waugh's, there, who was a kind of maternal cousin or half-cousin of my own. He had been my school comrade; several years older; item: my predecessor in the Annan 'mathematical mastership;' immediate successor of Mr. Morley, and a great favourite in Annan society in comparison with some; and who, though not without gifts, proved gradually to be intrinsically a fool, and by his insolvencies and confused futilities as a doctor there in his native place, has left a kind of remembrance, ludicrous, partly contemptuous, though without being too, some-



thing ■ respect. ■ father, with whom I had been boarded while ■ scholar at Annan, was ■ of the most respectable and yet laughable of mankind; a ludicrous caricature of originality, honesty, and faithful discernment ■ practice—all in the awkward form. Took much care of his money, however, which this, his only son, ■ inherited, ■ not keep very long. Of Waugh senior, and ■ of Waugh junior, there might be considerable gossiping and quizzical detailing. They failed not to rise now and then, especially Waugh senior did not, between Irving and me, always with hearty ha-ha's, and the finest recognition ■ Irving's part when ■ to be companions afterwards. But whither am I running with ■ interminable ■ preface to one of the smallest incidents conceivable ■

■ sitting in Waugh junior's that evening, not too vigorously conversing, when Waugh's door went open, and there stepped in Irving, and ■ Nichol, ■ mathematical teacher in Edinburgh, ■ intimate of his, a shrewd, merry, and very social kind of person, whom I did not then know, except by name. Irving ■ over, doubtless from Kirkcaldy, on his holidays, and had probably been dining with Nichol. ■ party ■ to myself not unwelcome, though somewhat alarming. Nichol, I perceived, might ■

by some three or four years the eldest of us; ■ sharp ■■■ with mouth rather quizzically close. I ■■■ by some three or four years the youngest; and here ■■■ Trismegistus Irving, ■ victorious bashaw, while poor I ■■■ so much the reverse. The ■■■■ sation in a minute ■ two became quite special, and my unwilling self the centre of it; Irving directing upon me a whole series of questions about Annan matters, social or domestic mostly; of which I knew little, and had less than no wish to speak, though I strove politely to answer succinctly what I could. In the good Irving all this was very natural, nor was there in him, I am well sure, the slightest notion to hurt me or be tyrannous to me. Far the reverse his mood at all times towards all men. But there was, I conjecture, something of conscious ■■■■ questionable superiority, of careless natural *de haut en bas* which fretted on me, and might be rendering my answers ■■■■ and ■■■■ and ■■■■ succinct. Nay, my small knowledge was failing; and I had more than once ■■ certain points, as 'Has Mrs. — got a baby? is it son or daughter?' and the like, answered candidly, 'I *don't* know.'

I think three or two such answers to such questions had followed in succession, when Irving, feeling uneasy, and ■■ a dim manner that ■■■ game

was going wrong, answered in gruffish yet not ill-natured tone, 'You seem to know nothing!' To which I with prompt emphasis, somewhat provoked, replied: 'Sir, by what right do you try my knowledge in this way? Are you grand inquisitor, or have you authority to question people \_\_\_\_\_ question at discretion? I have had no interest to inform myself about the births in Annan, \_\_\_\_\_ not if the process of birth and generation there should \_\_\_\_\_ and determine altogether!' 'A bad example that,' cried Nichol, breaking into laughter; 'that would \_\_\_\_\_ do for me (a fellow that needs pupils)'; and laughed heartily, joined by Waugh, and perhaps Irving, so that the thing passed off more smoothly than might have been expected; though Irving, of course, felt a little hurt, and I think did not altogether hide it from \_\_\_\_\_ while the interview still lasted, which \_\_\_\_\_ only a short while. This \_\_\_\_\_ my first meeting with the man whom I had afterwards, \_\_\_\_\_ very soon, such cause to love. We \_\_\_\_\_ spoke of \_\_\_\_\_ small unpleasant \_\_\_\_\_ of fence, I believe, \_\_\_\_\_ another \_\_\_\_\_ between us in the world. Irving did not want some \_\_\_\_\_ heat \_\_\_\_\_ temper, and there was a kind of joyous swagger \_\_\_\_\_ manner \_\_\_\_\_ prosperous \_\_\_\_\_ time; but the basis of him at all times was fine

manly sociality, and the richest, truest good nature. Very different from the friend he was picking up. No swagger in this latter, but a want of it which was almost worse. Not sanguine and diffusive he, but biliary and intense. Far too sarcastic for a young man,' said several in the years coming.

Within six or eight months of this, probably about the end of July 1816, happened a new meeting with Irving. Adam Hope's wife had died of a sudden. I went up the second or third evening to testify my silent condolence with the poor old man. Can I remember his gloomy look, speechless, and the thankful pressure of his hand. A number of people were there; among the rest, to my surprise, Irving—home on his Kirkcaldy holidays—who seemed to be kindly taking a sort of lead in the little managements. He conducted worship, I remember, 'taking the Book,' which was the only thing he could settle to, and he did it in a free, flowing, modest, and altogether appropriate manner, 'presenting,' and leading off the Psalm too himself, his voice melodiously strong, and his tune, 'St. Paul's,' truly sung, which was a great merit in him to me. Quite beyond my capacities at that time. If I had been in doubts about his reception of me, after

Street, Edinburgh, he quickly for ever ended them by a which, in wider scenes, might have been called chivalrous. At first sight he heartily shook my hand, welcomed me as if I had been a valued old acquaintance, almost a brother, before my leaving, after worship was done, came up to me again, with the frankest tone said: 'You are coming to Kirkcaldy to look about you in a month or two. You know I am there. My house and all that I can do for you is yours: two Annandale people must not be strangers in Fife!' The 'doubting Thomas' durst not quite believe all this, so chivalrous it, but felt pleased and relieved by the fine and sincere tone of it, and thought to himself, 'Well, it would be pretty!'

But to understand the full chivalry of Irving, know first what my errand to Kirkcaldy was.

Several months before this, I had of some break-up in Irving's triumphant Kirkcaldy kingdom. 'A terribly master, isn't he? Brings his pupils amazingly. Yes, truly, but such an expense of cruelty to them. Very proud, too; no standing of him;' him, the least cruel of but obliged and expected to go at high-pres-speed, but that of spurring the laggard. In short, a portion, perhaps be-

■ ■ ■ ■ ■ third and fourth part, of Irving's Kirkcaldy patrons, feeling these griefs, and finding small ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ fort or result in complaining to Irving, had gradually determined to be off from him, and had ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ upon ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ which they thought would ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ 'Buy ■ ■ ■ the old parish ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ schoolmaster,' they said; 'let Hume have his 25*l.* of salary ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ the lazy, ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ old creature. We ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ apply again to Professors Christison and Leslie, the ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ who sent ■ ■ ■ Irving, to send us another "classical and mathematical" who can start fair.' And accordingly, by a letter from Christison, who had never noticed me while in his class, nor could distinguish me from another Mr. Irving Carlyle, an older, considerably bigger boy, with red hair, wild buck teeth, and scorched complexion, and the *worst Latinist* of all my acquaintance (so dark was the good professor's class room, physically and otherwise), I learnt, much to my surprise and gratification, 'that Professor Leslie had been with him, that etc. etc., as above, and in brief, that I ■ ■ ■ the nominee if I would accept.' Several letters passed ■ ■ ■ the subject, and it had been settled, shortly before this meeting with Irving, ■ ■ ■ I was in my ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ tion time—end of August—to visit Kirkcaldy, take

a personal view of everything, and then say yes if I could, as seemed likely.

Thus stood matters when Irving received me in the way described. Noble, I must say, when you put it altogether! Room for plenty of the vulgarest peddling feelings there was, and there must have been between us, had either of us, especially had Irving, been of pedlar nature. And I can say there could no two Kaisers, Charlemagne Barbarossa, had they neighboured one another in the empire of Europe, been more completely rid of all that *sordes*, than we two schoolmasters in the burgh of Kirkcaldy. I made my visit, August coming, which full of interest to me. Saw St. Andrews, etc.; a fine, frank, wholesome-looking people of the burgher grandees; liked Irving more and more, and settled to return in a couple of months 'for good,' which I may well say it was, thanks to Irving principally.

George Irving, Edward's youngest brother (who died in London as M.D., beginning practice about 1833), had met me as he returned from his lessons, when I first along the street of Kirkcaldy on that sunny afternoon (August 1816), and with blithe looks words had pointed out where his brother lived—a biggish, simple house the sands. The

when of my first call there I do not remember, but have brightly in mind how berantly good Irving was; how he took into his library, a rough, littery, but considerable collection—far beyond what I had—and said, cheerily flinging out his arms, 'Upon all these you have will and waygate,' an expressive Annandale phrase of the completest welcome, which I failed not of using by-and-by. I also recollect lodging with him for a night or two nights about that time. Bright moonshine; waves all dancing and glancing out of window, and beautifully humming and lullabying on that fine long sandy beach, where he and I so often walked and communed afterwards. From the first I honestly liked another and grew intimate, there ever, while both lived, any cloud or grudge between us, an interruption of our feelings for a day or hour. Blessed conquest of a friend in this world! That was mainly all the wealth I had for five or six years coming, and it made my life in Kirkcaldy (i.e. till 1819, I think), a happy season in comparison, a genially useful. Youth itself—healthy, well-intending youth—is so full of opulences. I always rather like Kirkcaldy to this day. *Annan* the rather when the *guesseries* come into my head, and



my solitary quasi-enchanted position among them—unpermitted to ■■■ them ■■■ the ■■■

Irving's library was of great use to me ; Gibbon, Hume, etc. I think I must have read ■ almost through. Inconceivable to ■■■ ■■■ with what ardour, with what greedy velocity, literally above ten times the speed I can now make with any book. Gibbon, in particular, I recollect ■ have read ■ the rate of ■ volume ■ day (twelve volumes in all) ; ■■■ I have still ■ fair recollection of it, though seldom looking into it since. ■ was, of all the books, perhaps the most impressive on ■ in my then stage of investigation and ■■■ of mind. I by no ■■■ completely admired Gibbon, perhaps not ■■■ than I now do ; but his winged sarcasms, so quiet and yet ■ conclusively transpiercing and killing dead, ■■■ often admirable potent and illuminative to ■■■ Nor did I fail to recognise his great power of investigating, ascertaining, grouping, and narrating ; though the latter had always, then ■ now, something of a Drury Lane character, the colours strong but coarse, and set off by lights from the side ■■■ We had books from Edinburgh College Library, too. (I remember Bailly's 'Histoire de l'Astronomie,' ancient ■■■ also modern, which ■■■ considerably disappointed me.) On Irving's ■■■

were the **■** Didot French classics in quantity. With my appetite sharp, I must have **■** French and English (for **■** don't recollect much classicality, only something of mathematics in intermittent spasms), **■** great deal during those years.

Irving himself, I found, was not, nor **■** been, much of **■** reader; but he had, with solid ingenuity and judgment, by some briefer process of his own, fished out correctly from many books the substance of what they handled, and of what conclusions they **■** to. This he possessed, and could produce in an 'honest' manner, always when occasion **■** **■** delighted to hear me give accounts of my reading, which were often enough **■** theme between us, and to me **■** well a profitable and pleasant one. **■** had gathered by natural sagacity and insight, from conversation and enquiry, a great deal of practical knowledge and information on things extant round him, which **■** quite defective in me the recluse. We **■** wanted for instructive and pleasant **■** while together. He had **■** most hearty, **■** not very refined, sense of the ludicrous; a broad genial laugh in him always ready. His wide just sympathies, his native sagacities, honest-heartedness, and good humour, made him the **■** delightful of companions. Such colloquies **■** such roving

about in bright scenes, in talk or in silence, I have  
 since.

The beach of Kirkcaldy in summer twilights, a mile of the smoothest sand, with long waves coming gently, steadily, and breaking in gradual explosion into harmless melodious white, in your hand all the way; the break of it rushing along like a mass of foam, beautifully sounding and advancing, from south to north, from the West Burn to Kirkcaldy harbour, through the whole mile's distance. This was a favourite scene, beautiful to me still, in the far away. We roved in the woods too, sometimes till all was dark. I remember very pleasant strolls to Dysart, and once or twice to the and queer old saltworks of Wemyss. Once, a memorable Saturday, we made a pilgrimage to hear Dr. Chalmers at Dunfermline the morrow. It was on the inducting young Mr. Chalmers as minister there; Chalmers minimus, as he soon got named. The great Chalmers still in the first flush of his long and always high popularity. 'Let us go and hear him once more,' said Irving. The summer afternoon was beautiful; beautiful exceedingly a solitary walk by Burntisland and the rocks to Inverkeithing, where I lodged, still in a touchingly beautiful manner (host the

schoolmaster, ■■■ Douglas from Haddington, ■ clever old acquaintance of Irving's, in ■■■ years ■ Radical editor of mark; whose wife, for thrifty order, admiration of her husband, etc. etc., ■■■ ■ model and exemplar). Four miles next morning to Dunfermline and its crowded day, Chalmers ■■■ not disappointing; and the fourteen miles to Kirkcaldy ending in late darkness, in rain, and thirsty fatigue, which ■■■ cheerfully borne.

Another time, military tents were noticed ■ the Lomond Hills (on the eastern of the two). 'Trigonometrical survey,' said ■; 'Ramsden's theodolite, and what not;' let us go. And ■ Saturday ■ went. Beautiful the airy prospect from that eastern Lomond far and wide. Five or six tents stood on the top; ■■■ a black-stained cooking one, with ■ heap of coals close by, the rest all closed and occupants gone, except ■■■ other, partly open ■ the eaves, through which you could look in and ■■■ a big circular mahogany box (which ■■■ took to be the theodolite), and a saucy-looking, cold ■■■ gentleman diligently walking for exercise, no observation being possible though the day was so bright. No admittance, however. Plenty of fine country people ■■■ up, to whom the ■■■ ■■■ been coldly ■■■ syllabic, as to us also he was. Polite, with a shade

of contempt, and unwilling to let himself into speech. Irving had great skill in these cases. He remarked—and led me into remarking—courteously this and that about the famous Ramsden and [redacted] instrument, about the famous Trigonometrical Survey, and [redacted] forth, till the official, in a [redacted] minutes, had to melt; invited me exceptionally in for [redacted] actual inspection of his theodolite, which [redacted] [redacted] recently enjoyed, and [redacted] through it the signal column, a great broad plank he told us, on the top of Ben Lomond, sixty miles off, wavering and shivering like a bit of loose tape, so that no observation could be had.

We descended the [redacted] *re factâ*. Were to lodge in Leslie with the minister there; where, possibly enough, Irving had engaged to preach for him next day. I remember a sight of Falkland ruined palace, black, sternly impressive [redacted] me, as we came down; like a black old bit of coffin or 'protrusive shin bone,' sticking through from the soil of the dead past. The kirk, too, of next day I remember, [redacted] a certain tragical Countess of Rothes. [redacted] had been at school in London; fatherless. In morning walk in the Regent's Park she had noticed a young gardener, [redacted] transiently glanced into him, he into her; and had ended by marrying him, to

■ horror of society, ■ ultimately of herself, I suppose ; for he seemed to be a poor little ■ place creature, as he stood there beside her. ■ was ■ ■ elderly, ■ stately woman, of resolute look though slightly sad, and didn't ■ to solicit pity. Her I clearly remember, but not who preached, ■ what ; and, indeed, both ends of this journey ■ abolished to ■ ■ if they had ■ been.

Our voyage to Inchkeith ■ afternoon was again ■ wholly pleasant adventure, though one of the rashest. There ■ three of us ; Irving's ■ the third, a hardy, clever kind of man named Donaldson, of Aberdeen origin—Professor Christison's nephew—whom I always rather liked, but who before long, ■ he could never burst the shell of expert schoolmastering and gerund grinding, got parted from ■ nearly altogether. Our vessel ■ ■ a rowboat belonging to ■ neighbours ; in fact, a trim yawl with two oars in it and a bit of helm, reputed to be somewhat crazy and cranky hadn't the weather been so fine. Nor ■ Inchkeith our original aim. Our aim had been as follows. A certain Mr. Glen, Burgher minister at Annan, with whom I had lately boarded there, and been domestically very happy in comparison, had since, after very painful and most undeserved treatment from

his congregation, seen himself obliged to quit the barren wasp's nest of a thing altogether, with his wife and young family embark on a missionary career, which had been his earliest thought, — science reminded him, among other considerations. He was a most pure and excellent man, of correct superior intellect, and of much modest piety and amiability. Things were at all ready, and he and his family went to Edinburgh to embark for Astrachan; where, or whereabouts, he continued diligent and zealous for many years; and was widely esteemed, not by the missionary classes alone. Irving, as well as I, had an affectionate regard for Glen, and on Saturday eve of Glen's last Sunday in Edinburgh, had come across with me to bid his brave wife and him farewell; Edinburgh from Saturday afternoon till the last boat on Sunday evening. This was every now and then a cheery little adventure of ours, always possible again after due pause. We found the Glens in an inn in the Grass Market, only the mistress, who was a handsome, brave, and cheery-hearted woman, altogether keeping up her spirits. I heard him preach for the last time, in 'Peddie's Meeting-house,' a large, plain place behind Bristo Street—night just sinking as he ended, and the tone of his voice betokening how

full the heart was. At the door of Peddie's house I stopped to take leave. ■■■ Glen alone was there for ■■■ (Glen not to be seen farther). She wore her old bright saucily-affectionate smile, fearless, ■■■ perior to trouble; but, in a moment, as I took her hand and said, 'Farewell, then, good ■■■ with you,' she shot all pale as paper, and ■■■ parted mournfully without a word ■■■. ■■■ sudden paleness of the spirited woman stuck in my heart like an ■■■. All that night and for some three days more I had such a bitterness of sorrow as I hardly recollect otherwise. 'Parting sadder than by death,' thought I, in my foolish inexperience; 'these good people ■■■ to live, and we ■■■ to behold each other more.' Strangely, too, after about four days it went quite off, and ■■■ felt it no ■■■. This was, perhaps, still the third day; at all events, it ■■■ the day of Glen's sailing for St. Petersburg, while Irving and I went watching from Kirkcaldy sands the Leith ships outward bound, afternoon sunny, tide ebbing, and settled with ourselves which of the big ships ■■■ Glen's. 'That ■■■ surely,' ■■■ said at last; 'and it bends so much this way one might, by smart rowing, cut into it, and have ■■■ word with the poor Glens.' Of nautical conclusions ■■■ could be false, more ignorant, but we



instantly set about executing it; [redacted] Donaldson, who was somewhere within reach, shoved 'Robie Greg's' poor green-painted, rickety yawl into the [redacted] (Robie, a good creature who would rejoice [redacted] have obliged us), and pushed out with our best speed to intercept that outward-bound big ship. Irving, I think, though the strongest of us, rather preferred the helm part then [redacted] afterwards, and [redacted] not much take the [redacted] when he could honourably help it. His steering, I doubt not, was perfect, but in the course of half-an-hour it became ludicrously apparent [redacted] we [redacted] the tortoise chasing the hare, and that we should or could in [redacted] wise ever intercept [redacted] big ship. Short counsel thereupon, and determination, probably on my hint, to make for Inchkeith at least, [redacted] treat ourselves to a visit there.

We prosperously reached Inchkeith, [redacted] ourselves into a wild stony [redacted] bay (west end of the island towards the lighthouse), and stept ashore. Bay in miniature [redacted] prettily savage, every stone in it, big or little, lying just [redacted] the deluges had [redacted] them in [redacted] long gone. Whole island [redacted] prettily savage. Grass [redacted] it mostly wild [redacted] [redacted] but equal to the keep of seven cows. Some patches (little bed-quilts [redacted] it were) [redacted] weak dishevelled barley

trying to grow under difficulties; these, except perhaps a square yard or two of potatoes equally ill off, were the only attempt at crop. Except these cows, the lighthouse-keeper and his family. Conies probably abounded, but these were *feræ naturæ*, and didn't show face. In a slight hollow about the centre of the island (which I think is traversed by a kind of hollow of which our little bay at the western end) still traceable some ghastly remnants of 'Russian graves,' graves from a Russian squadron which had wintered thereabouts in 1799 and had there buried its dead. Squadron had often heard talked of, what foul creatures these Russian sailors were, how (for thing) returning from their sprees in Edinburgh at late hours, they used to climb the lamp-posts in Leith Walk and drink out the train oil irresistible by vigilance of the police, so that Leith Walk fell and anon into a more or less eclipsed condition during their stay! Some rude wooden crosses, rank wild and poor grave hillocks almost abolished, were all of memorial they had left. The lighthouse curious to us; the only one I since. The 'revolving light' produced by a single lamp on its axis, but by ten or a dozen of them all set in a wide glass cylinder, each

with ■ hollow mirror behind it, cylinder alone slowly turning, ■ quite a discovery to ■ Lighthouse-keeper too in another sphere of enquiry was to me quite new; by ■ the most life-weary looking mortal I ever ■. Surely no lover of the picturesque, for in nature there was nowhere a more glorious view. ■ had seven ■ too, ■ well fed, I saw, well clad, had wife and children fairly eligible looking. A shrewd healthy Aberdeen native; his lighthouse, especially ■ cylinder and lamps, all kept shining like a new shilling—a kindly man withal—yet in every feature of face and voice telling you, 'Behold the victim of unspeakable ennui.' We got from him down below refection of the best, biscuits and new milk I think almost better in both kinds than I have tasted since. A man not greedy of money either. We left him almost sorrowfully, and ■ heard of him more.

The ■ in ■ bay, ■ about proceeding to launch our boat, seemed to me the beautifullest I had ■ beheld. Sun about setting just in face of us, behind Ben Lomond far away. Edinburgh with ■ towers; the great silver mirror of the Frith girt by such ■ framework of mountains; cities, rocks and fields and wavy landscapes on all hands of us; and reaching right under foot, as I

remember, came a broad pillar as of gold from the just sinking sun; burning axle as it were going down to the centre of the world! But ■■ had to bear ■■■■ and get ■■■■ boat launched, daylight evidently going to end by and by. Kirkcaldy ■■■■ some five miles off, and probably the tide not ■■ our favour. Gradually the stars ■■■■ out, and Kirkcaldy crept under ■■■■ coverlid, showing not itself but ■■■■ lights. We could still see one another in the fine clear grey, and pulled along what we could. We had no accident; not the least ill-luck. Donaldson, and perhaps Irving too ■■ now think, wore ■■■■ air of anxiety. I myself by my folly felt nothing, though I ■■■■ almost shudder on looking back. We leapt out on Kirkcaldy beach about eleven P.M., and then heard sufficiently what a misery and tremor for us various friends had been in.

This ■■■■ the small adventure to Inchkeith. Glen and family returned to Scotland some fifteen years ago; ■■■■ had great approval from his public, but died in a year ■■ two, and I had never seen him again. ■■■■ widow, backed by various Edinburgh testimonials, applied ■■ Lord Aberdeen (Prime Minister) for a small pension ■■ the 'Literary list.' ■■■■ ■■■■ translated the ■■■■ (or New Testament) into Persic, among other public merits non-

literary: and through her son [redacted] urged me to help, which I did zealously, [redacted] by continual dunning of the Duke of Argyll (whom I did not then personally know and who was very good and patient with me), an annual 50*l.* was at last got; upon which Mrs. Glen, adding to it some other small resources, could frugally but comfortably live. This must have been in 1853. I remember the young Glen's continual importunity in the midst of my *Friedrich* incipencies was not always pleasant, and my chief comfort in it was the pleasure which success would give my mother. Alas, my good mother [redacted] hear of it, but pleasure even in this [redacted] beyond her in the dark valley she was now travelling! When she [redacted] (Christmas 1853), one of my reflections [redacted] 'Too late for *her* that little bit of kindness; my last poor effort, and it [redacted] too late.' Young Glen with his too profuse thanks etc. was again rather importunate. Poor young soul, he [redacted] since dead. [redacted] mother appeared in person one morning at my door in Edinburgh (last spring (1866), in those Rector hurries and hurlyburlies now [redacted] to me); T. Erskine just leading [redacted] off somewhither. An aged decent widow, looking kindly [redacted] me and modestly thankful; so changed I could not have recognised a feature of her. How *tragic* to one [redacted] the sight of 'old friends';

a thing I always really shrink from. ~~My~~ my ~~has~~ been !

Irving's ~~and~~ and mine to Edinburgh ~~was~~ mostly together, and ~~was~~ always their attraction ~~in~~ in the meeting with old acquaintances and objects of interest, but except from the books procured could not be accounted of importance. Our friends ~~were~~ mere ex-students, cleverish people mostly, ~~with~~ no culture or information ; ~~an~~ aspiration beyond (on the best possible terms) bread and cheese. Their talk in good part was little else than gossip and ~~a~~ ~~less~~ less ingenious giggle. We lived habitually by their ~~in~~ in a kind of Edinburgh element, not in the still baser Kirkcaldy one, and that ~~was~~ all. Irving now and then perhaps called on some city clergyman, but seemed to have little ~~of~~ of them by his reports to ~~me~~ afterwards. I myself by this time was indifferent on that head. On one of those visits my ~~feeble~~ feeble tatter of connection with Divinity Hall ~~an~~ clerical outlooks ~~was~~ allowed to ~~show~~ itself and ~~was~~ definitely to the ground. ~~Dr. Ritchie~~ Dr. Ritchie 'not at home' when I called to ~~myself~~ myself. 'Good!' answered I; 'let the omen ~~be~~ fulfilled.' , Irving on the contrary was being licensed—probably through Annan Presbytery ; but ~~I~~ forget ~~when~~ when ~~where~~ where, and indeed conjecture ~~may~~ may

have [redacted] coming to Kirkcaldy. What alone I well remember is his often and ever notable preaching in those Kirkcaldy years of mine. [redacted] gave him [redacted] interest in conspicuous clergymen—even if stupid—which I had not. Stupid those Edinburgh clergy were not all by any means; but narrow, ignorant, and barren to us two, they without exception [redacted]

In Kirkcaldy circles (for poor Kirkcaldy had [redacted] circles and even its West-end, much [redacted] genial to me than Annan used to be) Irving and I seldom or [redacted] met; he little frequented them, I hardly at all. The [redacted] house where I often met him, besides his own, [redacted] the Manse, Rev. Mr. Martin's, which [redacted] haunt of his, and where, for his sake partly, I [redacted] always welcome. There was [redacted] feeble intellectuality current here; the minister [redacted] a precise, innocent, didactic kind of man, and I now and then was willing enough to step in, though various boys and girls went cackling about, and Martin himself [redacted] pretty much the only item I really liked. The girls [redacted] of them grown up, not quite ill-looking, [redacted] all thought to be [redacted] thinking themselves 'clever [redacted] learned;' yet even these, strange to say, in the great rarity of the article [redacted] my ardent devotion to it, [redacted] without charm to me. They were not the best

kind of children ; none of them I used to think quite worthy of such a father. Martin himself had a kind of cheery grace ■■■ sociality of way (though much ■■■■ by dyspepsia) ■ clear-minded, brotherly, well-intentioned man, and bating ■ certain glimmer ■ vanity which always looked through, altogether honest, wholesome ■ Scotch oatmeal. His wife, who had been a beauty, perhaps a wit, and was now grown a notable manager of house ■■■ children, seemed to me always of much inferior type, visibly proud as well as vain, of a snappish rather uncomfortable manner, betokening, even in her kindness, steady egoism and various splenetic qualities. A big burly brother of hers, ■ clergyman whom I have seen, a logical enough, sarcastic, swashing kind of man in his sphere, struck ■■ as kneaded out of precisely the same clay. All Martin's children, I used to fancy, had this bad cross in the birth ; it is certain that none of them ■■■■ to much good. The eldest Miss Martin, perhaps ■■■■ twenty by this time, ■■■■ if bouncing, frank, ■■■■ manners and talk, studious ■■■■ amiable, but never quite satisfactory ■■■■ of genuineness. Something of ■■■■ you ■■■■ always in these fine spirits and smiling discourses, to which however you answered with smiles. She was very ill-looking withal ; ■ skin always under blotches



and discolourment; muddy grey eyes, which for their part never laughed with the other features; pock-marked, ill-shapen triangular kind of face, with hollow long chin; decidedly unbeautiful as ■■■■■. In spite of all which (having perhaps the arena much to herself) she had managed to charm poor Irving for the time being, and ■■■■■ under-■■■■■ they ■■■■■ engaged, which unfortunately proved ■■■■■ be the fact. Her maternal ill-qualities came out in her afterwards ■■■■■ a bride (an engaged young lady), and still more strongly as a wife. Poor woman, it ■■■■■ never with her will; you could perceive she had always her father's strong and true wish to be good, had not her difficulties been quite too strong. But it ■■■■■ and is very visible to me, she (unconsciously for much the greater part) did a good deal aggravate all that was bad in Irving's 'London position,' and impeded ■■■■■ wise profiting by what was really good in it. Let this be *enough said* ■■■■■ that subject for the present.

Irving's preachings as a licentiate (or probationer waiting for ■■■■■ appointment) ■■■■■ always interesting to whoever had acquaintance with him, especially to me who ■■■■■ his intimate. Mixed with but little of self-comparison ■■■■■ other dangerous ingredient, indeed with loyal recognition on the part of ■■■■■ ■■■■■

us, and without any grudging — hidden envy, we enjoyed the broad potency of his delineations, — hortations, and free flowing eloquences, which — all a manly and original turn; and then afterwards there was sure to be on the part of the public — great deal of criticising pro and contra, which also — — entertainment for — From the first Irving read his discourses, but not in — servile manner; of attitude, gesture, elocution there — — neglect. His voice — very fine; melodious depth, strength, clearness, its chief characteristics. I have heard more pathetic voices, going more direct to the heart both in the way of indignation and of pity, but recollect — that better — the — He affected the Miltonic — old English Puritan style, and strove visibly to imitate it — and — till almost the end of his career, when indeed it had become his own, and — the language he used in utmost heat of business for expressing his meaning. At this time and for years afterwards there — something of preconceived intention visible in it, in fact of real affectation, — there could not well help being. To his example also I — I — something of my own poor affectations in that matter, which — now — — less visible to me, much repented of or not. We were all taught — that time by Coleridge etc. that

the old English dramatists, divines, philosophers, judicious Hooker, Milton, Thomas Browne, the genuine exemplars, which I also tried to believe, but never rightly could as a whole. The young must learn to speak by imitation of the older who already do it, as have done it. The ultimate rule is: learn as far as possible to be intelligible and transparent—no notice taken of your style, but solely of what you express by it. This is your clear rule, and if you have anything which is not quite trivial to express to your contemporaries, you will find such rule a great deal more to follow than many people think.

On the whole, poor Irving's style was sufficiently surprising to his hidebound public, and this was but a slight circumstance to the novelty of the matter he set forth upon them. Actual practice. 'If this thing is true, why not do it? You had better do it. There will be nothing but misery and ruin in not doing it.' That was the gist and continual purport of all his discoursing, to the astonishment and deep offence of hidebound mankind. There was doubtless something of rashness in the young Irving's way of preaching; not perhaps quite enough of pure, complete, and serious conviction (which ought to have lain silent a good while before it took to

speaking). In general I own to have ■■■ there  
■■■ present ■ certain inflation ■ spiritual bombast  
in much of this, ■ trifle of unconscious playactorism  
(highly unconscious but not quite absent) which had  
been unavoidable to the brave young prophet and ■  
former. ■■ brave he was, and bearing ■■ upon the  
truth if not yet quite attaining it. And ■ to the  
offence he gave, our withers were unwrung. I for one  
was perhaps rather entertained by it, and grinned in  
secret to think of the hides it ■■ piercing! Both  
in Fife and over in Edinburgh, I have known the  
offence very rampant. Once in Kirkcaldy Kirk,  
which ■■ well filled and all dead silent under  
Irving's grand voice, the door of ■ pew ■ good way  
in front of ■■ (ground floor—right-hand as you  
fronted the preacher), banged suddenly open, and  
there bolted out of it ■ middle-aged ■ elderly little  
man (an insignificant baker by position), who with  
long swift strides, and face and big eyes all in wrath,  
■■■ tramping and sounding along the flags close  
past my right hand, and vanished out of doors with  
a slam; Irving quite victoriously disregarding. I  
remember the violently angry face well enough, but  
not the least what the offence could have been. A  
kind of 'Who are you, sir, that dare to tutor us ■  
that manner, and harrow ■■ ■■ orthodox quiet skin

## *Edward Irving.*

with your novelties?' Probably that all. In Irving's preaching there present a prefigured generous opulence of ability in all kinds (except perhaps the very highest kind not even prefigured), but much of it was still crude; and this was the reception it had for a good few years to come; indeed at the very end he even carried all the world along with him, as some have done with far fewer qualities.

In vacation time, twice over, I made a walking tour with him. First time I think was to the Trossachs, and home by Loch Lomond, Greenock, Glasgow, etc., many parts of which are still visible to me. The party generally was to be of four; one Piers, who was Irving's housemate and landlord, schoolmaster of Abbotshall, i.e., of 'The Links,' the southern extra-burghal part of Kirkcaldy, a cheerful scatterbrained creature who went ultimately as preacher and professor of something to the Cape of Good Hope, and James Brown (James Brown), who succeeded Irving in Haddington, and was tutor somewhere. The full rally was not to be at Stirling; even Piers was gone ahead; and Irving and I after an official dinner with the burghal dignitaries of Kirkcaldy, who strove to be pleasant, set out together one August evening by Forth sands towards Torry-

burn. Piers was to have beds ready for ■■ there, and we cheerily walked along ■■ mostly dark and intricate twenty-two miles. ■■ Piers ■■ nothing serviceably ready; we ■■ not even discover Piers at that dead hour (2 A.M.), and had ■ good deal of groping and adventuring before a poor inn opened to ■■ with two coarse clean beds ■■ it, in which ■■ instantly fell asleep. Piers ■■ in person rouse ■■ next morning about six, but ■■ concordantly met him with ■■ ha-ha's! and inarticulate hootings of satirical rebuke, to such extent that Piers, convicted of nothing but heroic punctuality, flung himself out into the rain again in momentary indignant puff, and strode away for Stirling, where ■■ next ■■ him after four or five hours. I remember the squalor of our bedroom in the dim rainy light, and how ■■ ■■ cared for it in our opulence of youth. The sight of giant Irving in a shortish shirt on the ■■ floor, drinking patiently a large tankard ■■ 'penny whaup' (the smallest beer in creation) before beginning to dress, ■■ ■■ present to ■■ ■■ comic. Of sublime ■■ tragic, the night before ■ mysterious great red glow is much ■■ memorable, which had long hung before us in the murky sky, growing gradually brighter and bigger, till at last we found it must be Carron Ironworks, ■■ ■■ ■■ of Forth, one

of the most impressive sights. Our march ■ Stirling ■ under pouring rain for most part, but I recollect enjoying the ■ of it; Kincardine, Culroes (Cu'ros), Clackmannan, here they are then; what ■ wonder to be here! The Links of Forth, the Ochills, Grampians, Forth itself, Stirling, lion-shaped, ahead, like ■ lion couchant with the castle for his crown; all this was beautiful in spite of rain. Welcome too ■ the inside of Stirling, with ■ ■ warm inn and the excellent refection and thorough drying and refitting we got there, Piers and Brown looking pleasantly on. Strolling ■ sight-seeing, (day ■ very fine—Stirling all washed) till ■ marched for Doune in the evening (Brig of Teith, 'blue and arrowy Teith,' Irving and I took that byway in the dusk); breakfast in Callander ■ morning, and get to Loch Katrine in ■ hour or two more. I have not been in that region again till August last year, four days of magnificently perfect hospitality with Stirling of Keir. Almost surprising how mournful it was to 'look on this picture and on that' at interval of fifty years.

Irving was ■ a sort the captain of our expedition: had been there before, could recommend everything; ■ made, unjustly by us, responsible for everything. The Trossachs I found really grand ■ impressive,

Loch [redacted] exquisitely so (my first taste of the beautiful in scenery). Not so, any of us, [redacted] dirty smoky farm hut [redacted] the entrance, with [redacted] provision in it but bad catcakes and unacceptable whisky, or the 'Mrs. Stewart' who somewhat royally presided over it, and dispensed these dainties, expecting to be flattered like an independency as well [redacted] paid like an innkeeper. Poor Irving could not help it; but in fine, the rains, the hardships, the [redacted] diet [redacted] beginning to act on [redacted] all, and I could perceive [redacted] were in danger of splitting into two parties. Brown, leader of the Opposition—myself considerably flattered by him, though not seduced by him into factious courses, only led to see how strong poor Piers was for the Government interest. This went to [redacted] length, [redacted] bigger than a [redacted] cloud or the incipency of one. But Brown in secret would never quite let it die out (a jealous kind of man, I gradually found; had been much commended to [redacted] by Irving, [redacted] of superior intellect [redacted] honesty; which qualities I likewise found in him, though with the above abatement), and there [redacted] divisions of vote in the walking parliament, two against two; and had there not been [redacted] this point, by [redacted] kind of outward and legitimate reason, which proved very sanatory in the case, an [redacted] division of routes, [redacted] folly might have lasted



longer and become visible—which it never did. Sailing up Loch Katrine in top or unpicturesque part, Irving and Piers with us only we two should go across Loch Lomond, round by Tarbert, Roseneath, Greenock, they meanwhile making direct for Paisley country, where they had business. And on stepping out paying our boatmen they said adieu, and at once struck leftwards, going straight ahead; rendezvous to be at Glasgow again on such and such a day. (What feeble trash is all this. . . . Ah me! no better than Irving's penny whaup with the gas gone out of it. Stop to-day, October 4, 1866.)

The heath was bare, trackless, sun going almost down. Brown and I (our friends soon disappearing) had an interesting march, good part of it dark, and flavoured just to the right pitch with something of anxiety and something of danger. The sinking sun threw his reflexes on a tame-looking house with many windows some way to our right, the '*Kharrison* of Inversnaid,' an ancient anti-Rob Roy establishment, as two rough Highland wayfarers had lately informed us. Other house or persons we did see, but made for the shoulder of Benlomond and the hut, partly, I think, by Boatman and huthold were in bed, but

he, with a ragged little sister or wife, cheerfully roused themselves; cheerfully and for most part in silence, rowed ■■■■ (under the spangled vault of midnight, which, with the lake waters silent as ■■ in deep dream, several miles broad here, had their due impression ■■ us) correctly to Tarbert, a most hospitable, clean, and welcome little country inn (now a huge 'hotel' I hear, ■■■■ luck to it, with ■■ nasty 'Hotel Company limited'). On awakening next morning, I heard from below the sound of a churn; prophecy of ■■■■ genuine butter, and ■■■■ of ditto rustic buttermilk.

Brown and I did very well on our separate branch of pilgrimage; pleasant walk ■■■■ talk down to the west margin of the loch (incomparable among lakes ■■ lochs yet known to me); past Smollett's pillar; emerge ■■ the view of Greenock, ■■ Helensburgh, and ■■■■ to Rosemeath Manse, where with a Rev. Mr. Story, not yet quite inducted, whose 'Life' has since been published, who was an acquaintance of Brown's, ■■ ■■■■ warmly welcomed and well entertained for ■■ couple of days. Story I ■■■■ ■■■■ again, but he, acquainted in Haddington neighbourhood, ■■■■ some ■■■■ ■■■■ incidentally a certain bright figure, to whom I ■■■■ obliged to him at this moment for speaking favourably of ■■■■ 'Talent plenty; fine vein ■■

satire in him!’ something like this. I suppose they had been talking of Irving, whom both of them knew and liked well. Her, probably ■ that time I had still never seen, but she told me long afterwards.

At Greenock I first ■■ steamers ■ the water; queer ■■■■ dumpy things with a red sail to each, ■■ legible name, ‘Defiance’ and such like, bobbing about there, and making continual passages to Glasgow ■ their business. Not till about two years later (1819 if I mistake not), ■■ Forth ■■ steamer; Forth’s first was far bigger than the Greenock ones, and called itself ‘The Tug,’ being intended for towing ships in those ■■■■ waters, ■ I have often ■■ it doing; it still, and no rival ■■ congener, till (in 1825) Leith, spurred ■■ by ■■ Bain, ■ kind of scientific half-pay Master R.N., got up a large finely appointed steamer, ■ pair of steamers, for London; which, so successful were they, ■■ ports then set to imitating. London alone ■■■ held back for ■ good few years; London ■■ notably shy of the steam ship, great as ■■ its doings now in that line. An old friend of mine, the late Mr. Strachey,<sup>1</sup> has told me that in his school days he ■■

<sup>1</sup> Late Charles Buller’s uncle. Somersetshire gentleman, ex-Indian, died in 1831, an examiner in the India House; colleague of John B. Mill and his father there.

time—early in the Nineties I should guess, say 1793—used to see, in crossing Westminster Bridge, a little model steamship paddling to and fro between him and the Bridge, with steam funnel, paddle-wheels, and the other outfit, exhibiting and recommending itself to London and whatever scientific or other spirit of marine adventure London might have. London entirely dead to the phenomenon, which had to duck under and dive across the Atlantic before London saw it again, when a new generation had risen. The real inventor of steamships, I have learned credibly elsewhere, the maker and proprietor of that fruitless model on the Thames, was Mr. Miller, Laird of Dalswinton in Dumfriesshire (Poet Burns' landlord), who spent his life and his estate in that adventure, and is not now to be heard of in those parts; having had to sell Dalswinton and die quasi-bankrupt (and I should think broken-hearted) after that completing of his painful invention and finding London and mankind dead to it. Miller's assistant and work-hand for many years was John Bell, a joiner in the neighbouring village of Thornhill. Miller being ruined, Bell out of work and connection, emigrated to New York, there speaking much of his old master, and glorious unheeded invention well known to Bell in all its outlines or details, ■

length found ■ Fulton to listen to him; and by 'Fulton and Bell' (about 1809), ■ actual packet steamer ■ got launched, and, lucratively plying ■ the Hudson River, became the miracle of Yankee-land, ■ gradually of ■ lands. These I believe are essentially the facts. Old Robert M'Queen of Thornhill, Strachey of the India House, ■ many other bits of good testimony and indication, once far apart, curiously coalescing and corresponding for me. And as, possibly enough, the story is not ■ known in whole to anybody but myself, it may go in here as ■ digression—à propos of those brisk little Greenock steamers which ■ first saw, and ■ vividly remember; ■ 'Defiance' etc., saucily bounding about with their red sails in the sun, on this my tour with Irving.

Those old three days at Roseneath ■ all very vivid to me, and marked in white. The quiet blue mountain masses, giant Cobler overhanging, bright seas, bright skies, Roseneath new mansion (still unfinished and standing as it did), the grand old oaks, and a certain handfast, middle-aged, practical and most polite 'Mr. Campbell' (the Argyll factor there) and ■ two sisters, excellent lean old ladies, with their wild Highland accent, wiredrawn but genuine good manners and good principles, and not least their as-

tonishment, and shrill interjections — once — love and fear, over the — they contrived to get out of me — evening and perhaps another when we went across to tea ; all this — still pretty to me to remember. They are all dead, the good souls—Campbell himself, the Duke told me, died only lately, very old—but they — to my rustic eyes of a superior, richly furnished stratum of society ; and the thought that I too might perhaps be ‘one and somewhat’ (*Ein und Etwas*) among my fellow creatures by and by, was secretly very welcome at their hands. We rejoined Irving and Piers at Glasgow ; I remember — glad embarkation towards Paisley by — track-boat ; visit preappointed for us by Irving, in a good old lady’s house, whose son was Irving’s boarder ; the dusty, sunny Glasgow evening ; — my friend’s joy to see Brown and — Irving — very good and jocund-hearted : most blithe his good — lady, whom I had — at Kirkealdy before. We had a pleasant day — two in those neighbourhoods ; the picturesque, the comic, and the genially — all prettily combining ; particulars now much forgotten. Piers went to eastward, Dunse, his native country ; ‘born i’ Dunse,’ equal in sound to born a dunce, as Irving’s laugh would sometimes remind him ; ‘opposition party’ (except it were in the —)

■ Brown's jealous heart) there was ■ none; Irving in truth ■ the natural king among us, and his qualities of captaincy in such ■ ■ indisputable.

Brown, he, and I went by the Falls of Clyde; I do not recollect the rest of our route, except that at New Lanark, a green silent valley, with cotton works turned by Clyde waters, we called to ■ Robert Owen, the then incipient arch-gomeril, 'model school,' and thought it (and him, whom after all ■ did not see, and knew only by his pamphlets and it) ■ thing of wind not worth considering farther; and that after sight of the Falls, which probably ■ next day, Irving came out as captain in a fine new phase. The Falls were very grand and stormful—nothing to say against the Falls; but at the last of them, or possibly ■ Bothwell Banks farther on, ■ who officiated as guide and cicerone, most superfluous, unwilling too, but firmly persistent in her purpose, happened to be in her worst humour; did nothing but ■ and snarl, and being answered by bits of quiz, towered ■ length into foam. ■ intimated she would bring somebody who would ask us how we could so treat an unprotected female, and vanished to seek the champion or champions. As ■ business ■ done, and the woman paid too, ■ (with shame

if needed) my thought would have been to march with decent activity ■ our way, not looking back unless summoned to do it, ■ prudently evading discrepant circles of that sort. Not so Irving, who drew himself up to his ■ height and breadth, cudgel in hand, and stood there, flanked by Brown and me, waiting the issue.

Issue was, ■ thickish ■ of man, seemingly the woman's husband, a little older than any of us, stepped out with her, calmly enough surveying, and ■ a respectful distance; asked if ■ would buy apples? Upon which with negatory grin we did march. I recollect too that ■ visited lead-hills and descended into the mines; that Irving prior to Annan must have struck away from ■ at some point. Brown and I, on arriving at Mainhill, found my dear good mother in the saddest state; dregs of ■ bad fever hanging on her; my profound sorrow at which seemed to be a surprise to Brown, according to his letters afterwards. With Brown, for a year ■ two ensuing, I continued to have ■ not unpleasant correspondence; a ■ conscientious, accurate, clear-sighted, but rather ■ and unfruitful man, at present tutor to some Lockhart of Lee, and wintering in Edinburgh. Went afterwards to India as Presbyterian clergyman somewhere, and shrank gradually, ■ heard, into complete



aridity, phrenology, etc. etc., and long there. He had, after Irving, been my dear little Jeannie's teacher and tutor; she never had but these two, of her, a bright object above a star, occasionally up between them that journey; I dare say other times. A child's regard for James Brown, in this house he always a memorable object.

My second tour with Irving had nothing of circuit in it: a mere walk homeward through the Peebles-Moffat moor country, and is not worth going into in any detail. The region without roads, often without foot-tracks, had no vestige of an inn, that there was a kind of knight-errantry in threading your way through it; not to mention the romance that naturally lay in its Ettrick and Yarrow, and old melodious songs and traditions. We walked up Meggat Water to beyond the sources, emerged into Yarrow not above St. Mary's Loch; a charming secluded shepherd country, with excellent shepherd population—nowhere setting up to be picturesque, but everywhere honest, comely, well done-to, peaceable useful. Nor anywhere without its solidly characteristic features, hills, mountains, clear rushing streams, cosy nooks and homesteads, all of fine rustic type; and presented to you *in natura*, not as a

Drury Lane with stage-lights and for a purpose ; the vast and yet not savage solitude as an impressive item, long miles from farm to farm, from one shepherd's cottage to another. No company to you but the rustle of the grass underfoot, the tinkling of the brook, or the voices of innocent primæval things. I repeatedly walked through that country up to Edinburgh and down by myself in subsequent years, and nowhere remember such affectionate, sad, and thoughtful, and in fact, interesting and salutary journeys. I have had days clear as Italy (as in this Irving case), days moist and dripping, overhung with the infinite of silent grey—and perhaps the latter the preferable in certain moods. You had the world and its waste imbroglies of joy and woe, of light and darkness, to yourself alone. You could strip barefoot if it suited better, carry shoes and socks on your shoulder, hung on your stick ; clean shirt and comb were in your pocket ; *omnia mea mecum porto*. You lodged with shepherds who had clean solid cottages ; wholesome milk, oatbread, porridge, clean blankets to their beds, and a great deal of human and unadulterated natural politeness. Canty, shrewd witty fellows, when you set them talking ; knew from their hill tops every country between Forth and Solway, and

■ shepherd inhabitants within fifty miles, being ■ kind of confraternity of shepherds from father ■ son. No sort of peasant labourers I have ■ come ■ seemed to ■ so happily situated, morally and physically well-developed, and deserving to be happy, as those shepherds of the Cheviots. *O fortunatos nimium!* But perhaps ■ is all altered not a little now, as I sure enough am who speak of it!

Irving's ■ and mine ■ from bonny Yarrow onwards by Loch Skene ■ the 'Grey Mare's Tail' (finest of all cataracts, lonesome, simple, grand, that ■ in my memory) down into ■ dale where ■ lodged in ■ shepherd's cottage. Caplegill, old Walter Welsh's farm, must have been near, though I knew not of it then. From the shepherd people came good talk; Irving skilful to elicit topography; Poet Hogg (who ■ then a celebrity), 'Shirra Scott' (Sir Walter, Sheriff of Selkirkshire, whose borders ■ just emerged from); then gradually stores of local anecdote, personal history, etc. These good people never ■ asked ■ whence, whither, ■ what ■ you? but waited till perhaps it voluntarily came, ■ generally chanced. ■ dale with its ■ holms ■ hill ranges, 'Correyran Saddle-yoke,' (actual quasi-saddle, you ■ sit astride anywhere, ■ stone dropped from either hand will roll and bound

■ mile), with its pleasant groves and farmsteads, voiceful limpid waters rushing fast *for Annan*, all was very beautiful to us ; but what I most remember is Irving's arrival at ■■■■■ with me to tea, and how between my father and him there ■■■ such ■ mutual recognition. My father had ■■■ Loch Skene, the Grey Mare's Tail, etc. in his youth, and now gave in few words such a picture of it, forty years after sight, ■ charmed and astonished Irving ; who ■ his side ■■ equally unlike ■ ■■■■■ man, definitely true, intelligent, frankly courteous, faithful in whatever he spoke about. My father and he ■■ one another (on similar occasions) twice or thrice again, always with increasing esteem ; and I rather think it was from Irving on this particular occasion that I ■■ first led to compare my father with other men, and ■■ how immensely superior he, altogether unconsciously, ■■■ No intellect equal to his, in certain important respects, have I ■■■ met with in ■■ world. Of my mother, Irving ■■■ made any reading for himself, ■■ could well have made, but only through me, and that too he believed in ■■■ loved well ; generally ■■ recognising Irving.

The Kirkcaldy population ■■■ ■ pleasant honest ■■■ of fellow mortals ; something of quietly fruitful, of good *old Scotch* in their works and ways ;

more *vernacular*, peaceable, fixed, and almost genial in their mode of life than I had been used to in the Border home-land. I generally liked, those ancient little burghs and sea villages, with their poor little havens, salt pans, weatherbeaten walls of Cyclopean breakwaters and innocent machineries, still kindly to think of. Kirkcaldy had many looms, had Baltic trade, whale-fishery etc. and was a solidly diligent, yet by no means panting, puffing, or in any way gambling 'Lang Town.' The flaxmill-machinery, I remember, turned mainly by wind; and curious blue painted wheels, with oblique vans (how working I saw) rose from many roofs for that end. We all, I in particular, always rather despised the people, though from the distance chiefly, chagrined and discouraged by the trade they had! Some hospitable human beings I found, and these at intervals a fine little element, but in general but onlookers (the real society books our selves). Not even with the bright 'young ladies' (which was a sad feature) were we on speaking terms. By far the cleverest and brightest, however, an ex-pupil of Irving's otherwise (being poorish, proud, and well-bred) a kind of alien in the place, I did at last make some acquaintance with

(at Irving's first, I think, though she rarely thither) ; acquaintance, and it might easily have been more, had she and her aunt and our economics and other circumstances liked. She of the fair-complexioned, softly elegant, softly grave, witty and comely type, and had a good deal of gracefulness, intelligence, and other talent. Irving too, it was sometimes thought, found her very interesting, could the Miss Martin bonds have allowed, which they would. To me who had only known her for a few months, and who within twelve or fifteen months the last of her, she continued for perhaps three years a figure hanging more or less in my fancy on the usual romantic, or latterly quite elegiac and silent terms, and to this day there is in me a goodwill to her, a candid and gentle pity for her, if needed at all. was of the Aberdeenshire Gordons, a far-off Huntly I doubt not ; ' Margaret Gordon,' born I think in New Brunswick, where her father, probably in official post, had died young and poor. Her accent prettily English and her voice very fine. An aunt (widow in Fife, childless, with limited resources, but of frugal cultivated turn, a lean, proud elderly dame, once a ' Miss Gordon ' herself, Scotch songs beautifully, and shrewd *Aberdeenish* )

otherwise), had adopted her and brought her hither  
 ■■■ and here as Irving's ex-pupil she now,  
 cheery though with dim outlooks, ■■■ Irving ■■■  
 her again in Glasgow one summer, touring etc., he  
 himself accompanying joyfully, not joining (so I un-  
 derstood it) the retinue of suitors ■■■ potential suitors,  
 rather perhaps indicating gently 'No, I ■■■ not'  
 for the last time. A year or ■■■ after ■■■ the  
 fair Margaret had married ■■■ rich insignificant  
 Aberdeen Mr. Something, who afterwards got into  
 Parliament, thence out to 'Nova Scotia' (or so) as  
 'Governor,' and I heard of her no more, except that  
 lately she ■■■ still living about Aberdeen, childless,  
 as the Dowager Lady, her ■■■ Something having got  
 knighted before dying. Poor Margaret! Speak to  
 her since the 'good-bye then' at Kirkcaldy in 1819  
 I ■■■ did or could. I saw her, recognisably to me,  
 here in her London time, twice (1840 ■■■ so), once with  
 her maid in Piccadilly, promenading, little altered; ■■■  
 second time, that ■■■ year ■■■ next, on horseback  
 both of us, and meeting in the gate of Hyde Park,  
 when her eyes (but that was all) ■■■ to ■■■ almost  
 touchingly, 'Yes, yes, ■■■ is you.' Enough of that  
 old matter, which but ■■■ ■■■ Irving and is  
 ■■■ quite extinct.

In the space of two years we had all got tired of

schoolmastering ■■■ its ■■■ contradictions and poor results: Irving and I quite resolute to give it up for good; the headlong Piers disinclined for it on the then terms longer, and in the end of 1818 ■■■ all three went away; Irving and I to Edinburgh, Piers to his ■■■ east country, whom I ■■■ saw again with eyes, poor good rattling soul. Irving's outlooks in Edinburgh ■■■ not of the best, considerably checkered with dubiety, opposition, and ■■■ flat disfavour in ■■■ quarters; but at least they ■■■ far superior to mine, and indeed, I was beginning my four ■ five most miserable dark, sick, and heavy-laden years; Irving, after ■■■ staggerings aback, his seven or eight healthiest and brightest. He had as one item several good hundreds of money to wait upon. . My *peculium* I don't recollect, but it could not have ■■■ ceeded 100*l*. I ■■■ without friends, experience, or connection in the sphere of human business, ■■■ of shy humour, proud enough and to spare, and had begun my long curriculum of dyspepsia which has ■■■ ended since!

Irving lived in Bristo Street, ■■■ expensive rooms than mine, used to give breakfasts to intellectualities he ■■■ in with, I often ■ guest with them. They ■■■ but stupid intellectualities, and the talk



I got into there did not please me then; though I was well enough received. A visible gloom occasionally hung over Irving, his old strong sunshine only getting out from time to time. He gave me mathematics, and a while to Captain Basil Hall, who had a great deal of thin celebrity then, and did not seem to love too well that small lion or his ways with him. Small lion came to propose for me one stage; wished me to go out with him 'to Dunglas' and there do 'lunars' in his name, he looking on and learning of me what would come of it as he will. 'Lunars' meanwhile I went to go to the Admiralty, testifying there what a careful studious Captain he was, and help to get him promotion, so the little wretch smilingly told me.

I remember the figure of him in my dim lodging as a crackling, sniggering spectre, one dusk, and endeavouring to seduce my affability in lieu of liberal wages into this adventure. Wages, I think, were to be smallish ('so poor are we'), but then the great Playfair is coming on visit. 'You will know Professor Playfair.' I had not the least notion of such an enterprise on these shining terms, and Captain Basil with his great Playfair in posse vanished for me into the shades of dusk for good. I don't think Irving ever had any other pupil but me.

Basil for perhaps a three months. I [redacted] not [redacted] Basil, though private teaching, to me the poorer, was much the [redacted] [redacted] if [redacted] would please to come; which it generally would not in the least. I was timorously aiming towards 'literature' too; thought in audacious moments I might perhaps earn some trifle that way by honest labour to help my finance; but in that too I was painfully sceptical (talent and opportunity alike doubtful, alike incredible, to [redacted] poor downtrodden soul) and in fact there [redacted] little enough of produce or finance to [redacted] from that source, and for the first years absolutely none in spite of my diligent and desperate [redacted] which are sad to me to think of even now. *Acti labores*; yes, but of such a futile, dismal lonely, dim and chaotic kind, in a [redacted] all ghastly-chaos to one, sad dim and ugly as the shores of Styx and Phlegethon, [redacted] a nightmare-dream, become real! No more of that; it did not conquer me, [redacted] quite kill me, thank God. Irving thought of nothing [redacted] ultimate, but a clerical career, obstacles [redacted] [redacted] come; in the meanwhile we heard of robust temporary projects. 'Tour to Switzerland,' glaciers, Geneva, 'Lake of Thun,' very grand to think of, was one of them; [redacted] of which took effect.

I forget how long it was till the then famed Dr.

Chalmers, fallen in [redacted] of an assistant, [redacted] [redacted] eye on Irving. I think [redacted] [redacted] in the summer following [redacted] advent to Edinburgh. I heard duly about it, how Rev. Andrew Thomson, famous *malleus* [redacted] theology in that time, had mentioned Irving's name, [redacted] engaged to get Chalmers a hearing of him in [redacted] (Andrew's) church; how Chalmers heard *inoggnito*, [redacted] there ensued negotiation. Once I recollect transiently seeing the famed Andrew on occasion of it (something Irving had forgotten with him, and wished me to call for) and what a lean-minded, irascund, ignorant kind of man Andrew seemed to me; also much more vividly, in autumn following, [redacted] fine airy October day in Annandale, Irving on foot on his way to Glasgow for a month of actual trial. Had come by Mainhill, and picked me up to walk with him [redacted] [redacted] eight miles farther into Dryfe Water (i.e. valley watered by clear swift Dryfe, quasi Drive, so impetuous and swift is it), where [redacted] a certain witty comrade of ours, [redacted] Frank Dickson, preacher at [redacted] and farmer (only son and heir of his father who had died in that latter capacity). We found Frank I conclude, though the whole is [redacted] dim to me, till [redacted] arrived all three (Frank and I to [redacted] Irving on his road and bid him good speed) on the top of a hill commanding all upper Annandale, and

the grand \_\_\_\_\_ of \_\_\_\_\_ hills, where we paused thoughtful a few moments. The blue sky was beautifully spotted with white clouds, which and their shadows on the wide landscape, the wind \_\_\_\_\_ beautifully chasing. *Like life*, I said with a kind of emotion, on which Irving silently pressed my arm with the hand near it or perhaps on it, and a moment after, with no word but his 'farewell' and ours, strode swiftly away. A mail coach would \_\_\_\_\_ him at Moffat that same evening (after his walk of about thirty miles), and carry him to Glasgow to sleep. And the curtains sink again on Frank and me at this time.

Frank was a notable kind of man, and one of the memorabilities, to Irving as well \_\_\_\_\_ me; a most quizzing, merry, entertaining, guileless, and un-malicious man; with very considerable logic, reading, contemptuous observation and intelligence, much real tenderness too, when not obstructed, and a mournful true affection especially for the friends he had lost by death! No mean impediment *there* any \_\_\_\_\_ (that was it), for Frank \_\_\_\_\_ very sensitive, easily moved to something of envy, and as if \_\_\_\_\_ prised when contempt was not possible; easy banter \_\_\_\_\_ what he habitually dwelt in; for the rest an honourable, bright, amiable man; alas, and his end

very tragic! I have hardly seen a man more opulence of conversation, wit, fantastic bantering, ingenuity, and genial human of the ridiculous in and things. Charles Buller, perhaps, but he of far refined, delicately managed, less copious tone; finer by nature, I should say, as well as by culture, and had nothing of the fine *Annandale Rabelais* turn which had grown up, partly of and at length by industry as well, in poor Frank Dickson in the valley of Dryfe amid his little stock of books and rustic phenomena. A slightly built man, nimble-looking and yet lazy-looking, our Annandale; thin, neatly expressive aquiline face, grey genially laughing eyes, something sternly serious and resolute in the squarish fine brow, nose specially aquiline, thin and rather small. I well remember the play of point and nostrils there, while his wild home-grown *Gargantuiens* went on. He rocked rather, and negligently wriggled in walking or standing, something slightly twisted in the spine, I think; but he made much small involuntary tossing and gesticulation while he spoke. You listened, you noticed the twist. What a childlike and yet imp-like volume of laughter lay in Frank; how he would fling back his fine head, left cheek up, not himself laughing much

or loud even, but showing you such continents ■ inward gleesome mirth ■ victorious mockery of the ■ stupid ■ who ■ crossed ■ sphere of observation. A wild ■ of sombre eloquence lay in him too, and I have seen in his ■ sometimes that brow and aquiline face grow dark, sad, and thunderous like the eagle of Jove. I always ■ poor Frank, and he ■ heartily. After having tried to banter me down and recognised the mistake, which he loyally did for himself and ■ repeated, ■ had much pleasant talk together first and last.

His end ■ very tragic, ■ that of a sensitive gifted ■ too much based on laughter. Having no good prospect of kirk promotion in Scotland (I think his Edinburgh ■ had been mainly that of teaching under Mathematical Nichol for certain hours daily), he perhaps about a year after Irving went to Glasgow had accepted ■ offer to be Presbyterian chaplain and preacher to the Scotch in Bermuda, and lifted anchor thither with many regrets and good wishes from ■ all. I did not ■ spond with him there, my ■ mood and posture being ■ dreary and empty. But before Irving left Glasgow, news ■ to me (from Irving I believe) that Frank, struck quite miserable and lame of heart and nerves by dyspepsia ■ dispiritment, was home

again, or on his way home to Dryfesdale, there to lie useless, Irving recommending ■■■ ■ do for him what kindness I could, and not remember that ■■ used ■■ disbelieve and be ignorantly cruel in my own dyspeptic tribulations. ■■■ I ■■■ not fail of, nor ■■■ it burdensome, but otherwise, while ■■■ him in Annandale.

Frank was far more wretched than I had been ; sunk in spiritual dubieties too, which I by that time ■■■ getting rid of. He had brought three young Bermuda gentlemen home with him ■■ pupils (had been much ■ favourite in society there). With these in his rough farm-house, Belkat hill,<sup>1</sup> he settled himself to live. Farm ■■■ his, but in the hands of ■ rough-spun sister and her ploughing husband, who perhaps was not ■■■ glad to ■■ Frank return, with ■■■ potentiality of ownership if he liked, which truly I suppose he ■■■ did. They had done ■■■ joinering, plank-flooring in the farm-house, which was weather-tight, newish though strait and dim, and there ■■ rough rustic terms, perhaps with ■ little disappointment to the young gentlemen, Frank ■■■ his Bermudians lived, Frank himself for several years. He had a nimble

<sup>1</sup> Bell Top Hill, near Hook, head part of the pleasant vale of Dryfe.

quick pony, rode latterly (for the Bermudians did not stay above a year or two) much about among his consinry of friends, always halting and baiting with ■■■ when it could be managed. I had at once gone to visit him, found Bell Top Hill on the new terms as interesting as ever. A comfort to ■■■ to administer ■■■■ comfort, interesting ■■■■ to compare dyspeptic notes. Besides, Frank by degrees would kindle into the old coruscations, and talk as well ■■■■ I remember ■■■■ of those visits to him, still more the lonely silent rides thither, ■■ humanly impressive, wholesome, not unpleasant; especially after my return from Buller tutorship, and my first London visit (in 1824), when I was at Hoddam Hill, idly high and dry like Frank (or only translating German romance etc.) and had a horse of my own. Frank took considerably to my mother; talked a great ■■■■ of his bitter Byronic scepticism to her, and seemed ■■ feel like oil poured into his wounds her beautifully pious contradictions of him and it. 'Really likes to be contradicted, poor Frank!' she would tell me afterwards. He might be called a genuine bit of rustic dignity—modestly, frugally, ■■ ■■ simplest expression, gliding about among ■■ there. This lasted till perhaps the beginning of 1826. I do not remember him at Scotsbrig ■■■■ ■■



suppose the lease of his farm may have run out that year, not renewed, and that he was now farther away. After my marriage, perhaps two years after it, from Craigenputtock I wrote to him, but never got the least answer, never saw him ■ *distinctly* heard of him more. Indistinctly I did, with a shock, hear of him once, and then a second, ■ final time, thus. My brother Jamie,<sup>1</sup> riding to Moffat in 1828 ■ so, saw near some poor cottage (not a farm at all, a bare place for a couple of cows, perhaps ■ ■ ■ a turnpike-keeper's cottage), not far from Moffat, ■ forlornly miserable-looking figure, walking languidly to and fro, parted from him by the hedge, whom in spite of this sunk condition he recognised clearly for Frank Dickson, who, however, took ■ notice of him. 'Perhaps refuses to know me,' thought Jamie; 'they have lost their farm—sister and husband seem to have taken shelter here, and there is the poor gentleman and scholar Frank sauntering miserably with an old plaid over his head, slipshod in ■ pair of old clogs.' That ■ Jamie's guess, which he reported to me; and a few months after, grim whisper came, low but certain—no inquest of coroner there—that Frank was dead, and had gone in the Roman fashion. What other could he ■ now—the

<sup>1</sup> Youngest brother, ten years my junior.

silent, valiant, though vanquished man? I hardly yet thirty-five, a man richer in gifts than nine-tenths of the vocal and notable I remember him with sorrow and affection, native-countryman Frank, little life. What a strange little fifty years off; sunny, homelike, pretty in the memory, yet with tragic thunders waiting it!

Irving's Glasgow from the first were good. Approved of, accepted by the great Doctor and his congregation, preaching heartily, labouring with the 'visiting deacons' (Chalmers's grand parochial anti-pauperism apparatus much an object with the Doctor at this time), seeing and experiencing things on all hands of him in his new wide element. He occasionally to Edinburgh on visit. I remember him of prosperous aspect; a little carefully, clerically dressed than formerly (ample black frock, a little longer skirted than the secular sort, hat of gravish breadth of brim, all very simple and correct). would talk about the Glasgow Radical weavers, and their notable receptions of him and utterances to him while visiting their lanes; not copious upon his great Chalmers, though friendly in what he did say. All this of his first year must have been in or late in 1819; year 1819 comes back into my the

year of the Radical 'rising' in Glasgow; and the kind of altogether imaginary 'fight' they attempted on Bonny Muir against the Yeomanry which had assembled from far and wide. A time of great rages and absurd terrors and expectations, a very fierce Radical and anti-Radical time. Edinburgh endlessly agitated by it ■■■ round me, not to mention Glasgow in the distance—gentry people full of zeal and foolish terror and fury, and looking disgustingly busy and important. Courier hussars would come in from the Glasgow region covered with mud, breathless, for head-quarters, ■ you took your walk in Princes Street; and you would hear old powdered gentlemen in silver spectacles talking with low-toned but exultant voice about 'cordon of troops, sir' ■ you went along. The ■■■ of the people, not the populace alone, had ■ quite different feeling, as if the danger from those West-country Radicals was small ■ imaginary and their grievances dreadfully real; which was with emphasis my own private notion of it. One bleared Sunday morning, perhaps ■■■ ■ eight A.M. I had gone out for my walk. At the riding-house in Nicholson Street was ■ kind of straggly ■■■ ■ small crowd, with redcoats interspersed. Coming up I perceived it ■ the 'Lothian Yeomanry,' Mid or ■■■ I know not, just

getting under way for Glasgow to be part of 'the cordon.' I halted a moment. They took their way, very ill ranked, not numerous — very dangerous-looking men of war; but there — from the little crowd by way of farewell cheer to them the strangest shout I have heard human throats utter, not very loud, — loud — for the small numbers; but it said — plain — words, and with infinitely more emphasis of sincerity, 'May the devil go with *you*, ye peculiarly contemptible and dead to the distresses of your fellow-creatures.' Another morning, months after, spring and sun now come, and the 'cordon' etc. all over, I met an advocate slightly of my acquaintance hurrying along musket in hand towards the Links, there to be drilled — item of the 'gentlemen' volunteers now afoot. 'You should have the like of this' said he, cheerily patting his musket. 'Hm, yes; but I haven't yet quite settled — which side'—which probably he hoped was quiz, though it really expressed my feeling. Irving too, and all of us juniors, had the same feeling in different intensities, and spoken of only to — another; — sense that revolt against such — load of unvernacularities, impostures, and quietly inane formalities would one day become indispensable; sense which had — kind of rash, false, and quasi-insolent joy

in it; mutiny, revolt, being ■ light ■ ■ ■ young.

Irving appeared to take great interest in ■ Glasgow visitings about among these poor ■ and free communings with them ■ ■ ■ with man. He ■ altogether human we heard and could well believe; he broke at ■ into sociality and frankness, would pick ■ potato from their pot and in eating it get ■ ■ into free and kindly terms. 'Peace be with you here' was his entering salutation one time in some weaving shop which had politely paused and silenced itself on sight of him; 'peace be with you.' 'Ay, sir, if there's plenty wi't!' said ■ angry little weaver who happened to be ■ the floor, and who began indignant response and ■ strance to the minister and his fine words. 'Quite angry and fiery,' as Irving described him to us; ■ fine thoughtful brow, with the veins ■ it swollen and black, and the eyes under it sparkling and glistening, whom however he succeeded in pacifying, ■ parting with on soft terms. This was one of his anecdotes to us. I remember that fiery little ■ and his broad brow and swollen veins, ■ vanished figure of those days, as if I had myself seen him.

By ■ by, after repeated invitations, which to ■ were permissions rather, the time ■ for my

paying a return visit. I well remember the visit pieces of the others; probably there three four in all, each of them a real holiday to By steamer to Bo'ness and then by canal. Skipper of canal boat and two Glasgow scamps of the period, these figures of the first voyage; very vivid these, the rest utterly out. I think I always went by Bo'ness and steam so far, coach the remainder of the road in subsequent journeys. Irving lived in Kent Street, eastern end of Glasgow, ground floor, tolerably spacious I think he sometimes gave me up his bedroom (me the bad sleeper) and went out himself to friend's house. David Hope (cousin of old Adam's, but much younger, an excellent guileless man and merchant) warmly intimate and attached; the like William Graham, of Burnswark, Annandale, a still interesting character; with both of whom I made renewed acquaintance which turned out to be agreeable and lasting. These two perhaps Irving's most domestic and practically trusted friends, but he had already many in the better Glasgow circles; and in generous liking appreciation tended to excess, to defect, with and all of them. 'Philosophers' called Kent Street whom did not extremely philoso-

phical, though [redacted] and of polite and partly religious turn; [redacted] in fact these reviews of Glasgow in its streets, [redacted] jolly Christmas dining-rooms and drawing-rooms, were cordial and instructive to me; the [redacted] style of comfort, freedom, and plenty was new to me in that degree. The Tontine (my first evening in Glasgow) [redacted] quite a treat [redacted] my rustic eyes; several hundreds of such fine, clean opulent, and enviable or amiable-looking good Scotch gentlemen sauntering about in trustful gossip or solidly reading their newspapers. I remember the shining bald [redacted] and serene white heads of several, and the feeling, *O fortunatos nimium*, which they generally gave me. Irving was not with [redacted] this occasion; had probably left me there for some half-hour, and would [redacted] to pick [redacted] up again when ready. We made morning calls together too, not very many, and found once, I recollect, an exuberant bevy of young ladies which I (silently) took as sample of great and singular privilege in my friend's way of life. Oftenest it [redacted] crotchety, speculative, semi-theological elderly gentlemen whom [redacted] met, with curiosity and as yet without weariness on my part, though of course their laughing chatting daughters would have been better. The Glasgow women of [redacted] young lady stamp [redacted] to me well-looking, clever enough, good-humoured: but I noticed (for

my own behoof and without prompting of any kind) that they were not so well dressed as their Edinburgh sisters; something flary, glary, colours too flagrant and ill-assorted, want of the harmonious transitions, neatnesses, soft Attic art which I now recognised as remembered for the first time.

Of Dr. Chalmers I heard a great deal; naturally the continual topic, as one of them; admiration universal, and as it seemed to me slightly wearisome, and a good deal indiscriminate and overdone, which probably (though we were dead silent on that head) sometimes occasions Irving's feeling too. But the great man was himself truly lovable, truly loved; and nothing personally could be more modest, intent on his good industries, not on himself or his fame. Twice that I recollect I specially saw him; once at his own house, to breakfast; company Irving, one Crosby, a young licentiate, with glaring eyes and no speculation in them, who went afterwards to Birmingham, and thirdly myself. It was a cold vile smoky morning; house and breakfast-room looked their worst in the dismal light. Doctor himself hospitably kind, but spoke little and engaged little of me in talk. Oftenest, I could see, he was absent, wandering in distant regions of abstruse character, to judge by the sorrowful glaze which came over his



honest eyes ■■■ face. I was not ill-pleased to get away, *ignotus*, from one of whom I ■■■ gained no ■■■ knowledge. The second time ■■■ in a fine drawing-room (a Mr. Parker's) in a rather solemn evening party, where the Doctor, perhaps bored by the secularities and trivialities elsewhere, put his chair beside mine in some clear space of floor, and talked earnestly for a good while ■■■ scheme he had for proving Christianity by its visible fitness for human nature. 'All written in ■■■ already,' he said, 'in *sympathetic ink*. Bible awakens it; and you ■■■ read.' I listened respectfully, not with any real conviction, only with a clear ■■■ of the geniality and goodness of the man. I never saw him again till within a few months of his death, when he called here, and sate with us ■■■ hour, very agreeable to her and to me after the long abeyance. She had been with him once on a short tour in the Highlands; ■■■ too he had got ■■■ esteem of—liked the 'Cromwell' especially, ■■■ Cromwell's self ditto, which I heartily reckoned creditable of him. He did not speak of that, nor of the Free ■■■ war, though I gave him a chance of that which he ■■■ softly let drop. The now memorablest point to ■■■ of Painter Wilkie, who ■■■ been his ■■■ in youth, and whom he seemed to ■■■ to understand

well. 'Painter's language,' he said, 'was stinted and difficult.' Wilkie had told him how in painting his *Day* he thought long, and to no purpose, by what he should signify that the sorrowful woman with the children there, had left no husband home, but a widow under tragical self-management; one morning, pushing along the Strand, he met a small artisan family going evidently on excursion, and in one of their hands a pocket somewhere visible the *house-key*. 'That will do,' thought Wilkie, and prettily introduced the house-key a coral in the poor baby's mouth, just drawn from poor mammy's pocket, to keep her unconscious little orphan peaceable. He warmly agreed with me in thinking Wilkie a man of real genius, real vivacity and simplicity. Chalmers himself very beautiful to us during that hour, grave—not too grave—earnest, cordial face and figure very little altered, only the head had grown white, and in the eyes and features you could read a thing of a sadness, as if evening and star-crowned night were coming on, and the hot noises of the day growing unexpectedly insignificant to one. We had little thought he would be the last of Chalmers; but in a few weeks after he suddenly . . . He was a man of much natural dignity,

ingenuity, honesty, ~~and~~ ~~and~~ affection, as well as sound intellect and imagination. A very eminent vivacity lay ~~in~~ him, which could rise to complete impetuosity (growing conviction, passionate eloquence, fiery play of heart and head) all in a kind of rustic type, ~~and~~ might say, though wonderfully true and tender. He had a burst of genuine ~~and~~ too, I have heard, of the same honest but most plebeian broadly natural character; his laugh ~~and~~ a hearty low guffaw; and his tones in preaching would rise to the piercingly pathetic—no preacher ~~and~~ went ~~and~~ into one's heart. ~~He~~ ~~was~~ a man essentially of little culture, of narrow sphere, all his life; such an intellect professing to be educated, and yet ~~and~~ ill read, ~~and~~ ignorant in ~~and~~ that lay beyond the horizon in place ~~and~~ in time, I have almost nowhere met with. A man capable of much soaking indolence, lazy brooding and do-nothingism, ~~and~~ the first stage of his life well indicated; ~~and~~ man thought to be timid almost to the verge of cowardice, yet capable of impetuous activity and blazing audacity, ~~and~~ his latter years showed.

I suppose there will never again be such a preacher in any Christian church.

[A slip from ~~a~~ newspaper is appended here, with ~~a~~ note to it in Carlyle's hand.

'It ■ a favourite speculation of mine that if spared ■ sixty ■ then enter on the seventh decade of human life, ■■ that this ■ possible should be turned into the Sabbath of ■■ earthly pilgrimage and spent sabbatically, ■ if ■ the shores of ■ eternal world, or in the outer courts as it ■■ of the temple that ■ above, the tabernacle in Heaven. What ■■■■ all the ■■■■ of this ■■■■ is the retrospect of my mother's widowhood. I long, if God should spare me, for such an old age ■ she enjoyed, spent ■ if at the gate of heaven, and with such a fund of inward peace and hope as made her nine years' widowhood ■ perfect feast and foretaste of the blessedness that awaits the righteous.'—*Dr. Chalmers*.

Carlyle writes:

'Had heard it before from Thomas Erskine (of Linlathen), with pathetic comment as to what Chalmers's ■■ sabbath-decade had been.']

Irving's discourses were far ■■■■ opulent in ingenious thought than Chalmers's, which indeed ■■■■ usually the triumphant on-rush of *one* idea with its satellites and supporters. But Irving's wanted in definite *head* and *backbone*, so that ■ arriving you might see clearly where and how. That ■■ mostly a defect one felt in traversing those

grand forest-avenues of ■■■ with their multifarious outlooks to right and left. ■■■ had many thoughts pregnantly expressed, but they did not tend all one way. The reason ■■■ there ■■■ in him infinitely more thoughts than in Chalmers, and he took ■■■ less pains in setting them forth. The uniform custom was, he shut himself up ■■■ Saturday, became invisible all that day; and had his sermon ready before going to bed. Sermon an hour long or more; it could not be done in one day, except ■■■ kind of *extempore* thing. ■■■ along, not ■■■ swift flowing river, but as a broad, deep, and bending or meandering ■■■ Sometimes it left on you the impression almost of ■■■ fine noteworthy *lake*. Noteworthy always; nobody could mistake it for the discourse of other than ■■■ ■■■ ■■■ Originality and truth of purpose ■■■ undeniable in it, but there was withal, both in the matter and the manner, ■■■ something which might be suspected of affectation, ■■■ noticeable preference and search for striking quaint and ancient locutions; ■■■ style modelled on the Miltonic old Puritan; something too in the delivering which seemed elaborate and of forethought, ■■■ might be suspected of being ■■■ ■■■ (still) always read, but not in the least slavishly; and made abundant rather strong gesticulations in the

right places ; voice ■■■ of the finest and powerfullest, but not a power quite on the heart as Chalmers's was, which you felt to be coming direct *from* ■■■ heart. Irving's preaching was accordingly ■ thing not above criticism to the Glasgowites, and it got a good deal ■ friendly terms, as well ■ ■■■■ plenty, in that tempered form ; not often admiration pure ■■■ simple, as was now always Chalmers's lot there. Irving ■■ doubt secretly felt the difference, and could have wished it otherwise ; but the generous heart of him was incapable of envying any human excellence, and instinctively would either bow to it and to the rewards of it withal, or rise to loyal emulation of it and them. He seemed to be much liked by many good people ; a fine friendly and wholesome element I thought it for him ; and the criticisms going, in connection with the genuine admiration going, might be taken ■■ handsomely ■■■ the mark.

To me, for his sake, his Glasgow friends ■■■ very good, and I liked their ways (as I might easily do) much better than ■■■ I had been used to. A romance of novelty lay in them too. It was the *first* time I had looked into opulent burgher life in any such completeness and composed solidity as here. We went to Paisley several times, to certain

'Carliles' (so they spelt their name; Annan people of ■ century back), rich enough old men of religious moral turn, who received me as 'a cousin;' their daughters good if not pretty, and ■ of the ■ (Warrand Carlile, who afterwards became ■ clergyman) not quite uninteresting to ■ for ■ years coming. ■ married the youngest sister of Edward Irving, and I ■ is still preaching ■ where in the West Indies. Wife long since died, but ■ of their sons, 'Gavin Carlile' (or now Carlyle), ■ Free Kirk minister here in London, editing his uncle's select works just ■ (1866). David Hope, of Glasgow, always ■ little stuck to me afterwards, ■ innocent cheerful Nathaniel, ever ready to oblige. The like much ■ emphatically did William Graham of Burnswark, whom I first met in the above city under Irving's auspices, and who might in his way be called a friend both to Irving and ■ so long ■ his life lasted, which ■ thirty odd years longer. Other conquests of mine in Glasgow I don't recollect. Graham of Burnswark perhaps deserves ■ paragraph.

Graham was turned of fifty when I first saw him, ■ lumpish, heavy, but stirring figure; had got something lamish about one of the knees or ankles which gave a certain rocking motion to his gait; firm

jocund  face, rather  with good cheer, eyes big, blue and laughing,   snuff,  bald broad-browed head, ditto almost always with an ugly brown scratch wig. He was free of hand and of heart, laughed with sincerity  not very much of fun, liked widely yet with some selection, and was widely liked. The history of him was curious. His father, first some small farmer in 'Corrie Water' perhaps,  latterly for many years (I forget whether as farmer   shepherd, but guess the former) stationary at Burnswark, a notable tabular hill, of no great height, but detached  good way on every side, far seen almost to the shores of Liverpool, indeed commanding  round the whole of that large *sauzer*, fifty to thirty miles in radius, the brother point of which is now called Gretna ('Gretan How,' Big Hollow, at the head of Solway Frith); a Burnswark beautiful to look  and much noted from of old. Has a glorious Roman camp on the south  of it, 'the best preserved in Britain except one' (says General Roy); velvet sward  ing the whole, but trenches, *prætorium* (three conic mounds) etc. not altered otherwise; one of  finest limpid *wells* within it; and a view to Liverpool as was said, and into Tynedale, to the Cumber- and even Yorkshire mountains  the  side,



and on the other into the Moffat ditto and the Selkirkshire

The 'Burnswark' probably Birrenswark (or fortification work). Three Roman stations, with (Caer Lewel, an old King Solomon) for mother: Netherbie, Middlebie, Owerbie (or Upperby) in The specific Roman town about half a mile below the Kirk (i.e. eastward of it) and is called by the country people 'the Birrens' (i.e. the Scrags or Haggles, I should think), a place lying all in dimples and wrinkles, with ruined houses if you dig at all, grassy but in- arable part of which is kept sacred in *lea* by 'the Duke' (of Queensberry, of Buccleuch and Queensberry) while the rest has been all dug powder in the last sixty or seventy years by the adjoining little lairds. Many altars, stone figures, tools, axes, etc. got out of the dug part, and used to be one of the tasks of my boyhood to try what I could do at reading the inscriptions found there; which was not much, nor almost wholly enough, though the country were thank- ful my little Latin faithfully applied, like the light of a damp windlestraw to them in what was total darkness. The fable went that Birrens to Birrenswark, two or half miles, there ran a

'subterranean passage,' complete *tunnel*, equal to ■■■ perhaps, but nobody pretended even to have ■■■ a trace of it, ■■ indeed did believe it.

In my boyhood, passing Birrens for the first time, I noticed a small conduit (cloaca, I suppose) abruptly ending or issuing in the then recent precipice which had been left by those diggers, and recollect nothing more, except my own poor ■■■ and wonder ■■ the strange scene, strange face to face vestige of the vanished ■■■ The Caledonian Railway now screams and shudders ■■■ this dug part of Birrens; William Graham, whom I am (too idly) writing of, was born at the north-east end of Burnswark, and passed in labour, but in health, frugality, and joy, the first twenty-five years of his life.

Graham's father and mother seem to have been of the best kind of Scottish peasant; he had brothers two ■■ perhaps three, of whom William ■■■ the youngest, who ■■■ all respected in their state, and who all successively emigrated to America ■■ the following slight first-cause. John Graham, namely the eldest of the brothers, had been balloted for the ■■■ (Dumfriesshire Militia), and on private ■■■ sideration with himself preferred expatriation to soldiering, and quietly took ship to push ■■■ fortune ■■ the New World instead. John's adventures, which

probably were rugged enough, are not on record for me; only that in no great length of time he found something of success, ■ solid merchant's clerkship ■ the like, with outlooks towards merchant's business of his own one day; and invited thither one by one all his brothers to share with him or push like him there. Philadelphia ■ the place, at least the ultimate place, and the firm of 'Graham Brothers' gradually ■ to be ■ considerable and well-reputed house in that city. William, probably ■ fifteen years junior of John, was the last brother that went; after him their only sister, parents having now died at Burnswark, was sent for also, and kept house for William or for another of the bachelor brothers—one at least of them had wedded and has ■ Pennsylvanian Grahams. William continued bachelor for life; and this only sister ■ turned ultimately to Annandale, and ■ William's house manager there. I remember her well, one of the amiablest of old maids; kind, true, modestly polite to the very heart; and in such a curious style of polite culture; Pennsylvanian Yankee grafted on Annandale Scotch. ■ to 'expect' instead of 'suppose,' would 'guess' ■ and then, and commonly said Pastor (which she pronounced 'Paustor') to signify clergyman or minister.

■ Graham Brothers house growing ■ and ■ prosperous and opulent in Philadelphia, resolved at last to have ■ branch in Glasgow (year 1814 ■ so) and despatched William thither, whose coming I dimly remember was heard of in Annandale by his triumphant purchase for himself in fee simple of the farm and hill of Burnswark, which happened to come into the market then. His tradings ■ observations in Glasgow were extensive, not unskilful that I heard of, and were well looked on, as he himself still ■ warmly was, but at length (perhaps ■ year ■ ■ before my first sight of him) some grand cargo from ■ to Philadelphia, some whole fleet of cargoes, all mostly of the same commodity, had by sudden change of price during the voyage ruinously misgone, and the fine house of Graham Brothers ■ to the ground. William was still in the throes of settlement, just about quitting his fine well-appointed mansion in Vincent Street, in a cheerfully stoical humour, and only clinging with invincible tenacity to native Burnswark, which of course was no longer his except ■ bond with securities, with interest, etc. all of ■ cessive extent, his friends said, but could not persuade him, so dear to his heart was that native bit

of earth, with the **■** improvements, planting and the like, which **■** had begun upon it.

Poor Graham kept iron hold of Burnswark, ultimately as plain tenant; good sheep farm at **■** rent; all attempts otherwise, **■** they **■** many and strenuous, having issued in non-success, and the hope of **■** recovering himself, **■** it, being plainly futile. Graham never merchanted more; **■** **■** in America on exploratory visit, where his brothers **■** in **■** degree set up again, but had no 8,000*l.* to spare for his Burnswark. He still hung a little to Glasgow, tried various things, rather of **■** 'projector' sort, all of which miscarried, till happily he at length ceased visiting Glasgow, and grew altogether rustic, a successful sheep-farmer at any rate, fat, cheery, happy, and **■** for his last twenty years rode visiting about among the little lairds of **■** intelligent turn, who **■** him well, but not with entire acquiescence in all the copious quasi-intelligent talk he had. Irving had **■** real love for him, with silent deductions in the unimportant respects; he an entire loyalty and heart-devotedness to Irving. **■** also he took up in a very warm manner, and for the first few years was really pleasant and of use to me, especially in my then Annandale summers. Through him **■** made

acquaintance with a really intellectual modest circle, or rather pair of people, a Mr. and Mrs. Johnston, at their place called Grange, on the edge of the hill country, about eight miles from my father's. Mrs. Johnston was a Glasgow lady, of fine culture, manners, and intellect; of the smallest voices, and a delicate, gently smiling figure; had been in London etc. Her husband was by birth laird of this pretty Grange, and had modestly withdrawn to it, finding merchanthood in Glasgow ruinous to weak health. The elegance, the perfect courtesy, the simple purity and beauty I found in both these good people, was an authentic attraction and profit to me in those years, and I still remember them and the bright little environment of them, with a kind of pathetic affection. I as good as lost them on my leaving Annandale. Mr. Johnston soon after died; and with Mrs. Johnston there could only be at rare intervals a flying call, sometimes only the attempt at such, which amounted to little.

Graham also I practically lost and lost from that epoch (1826), memorable to me otherwise. He hung about studiously, and with unabating good-will, on my Annandale visits to my mother, to whom he was attentive



Graham-Hope people. I do not recollect the visits ■ peculiarly successful, none of them except *one*, which ■ on occasion of George IV.'s famed 'visit to Edinburgh,' when Graham and Hope (I think both of them together), occupied my rooms with grateful satisfaction. I myself *not there*. I had grown disgusted with the fulsome 'loyalty' of ■ classes in Edinburgh towards this approaching George Fourth visit; whom though called and reckoned ■ 'king,' I in my private radicalism of mind could consider only as a—what shall I call him? and loyalty ■ not the feeling I had towards any part of the phenomenon. At length reading one day in ■ public placard from the magistrates (of which there had been several), that on His Majesty's advent it was expected that everybody would be carefully well-dressed, 'black coat and white duck trousers,' if at all convenient, I grumbled to myself, 'scandalous flunkeys! I, if I ■ changing my dress at all, should incline rather to be in white coat and black trousers;' but resolved rather to quit the city altogether, and be absent and silent in such efflorescence of the flunkeyisms, which I was—for a week or ■ in Annandale, at Kirkcrist with the Churches in Galloway; ride to Lochinbrack Well by Kenmore Lake etc. how vivid



still! ■■■ found ■■ comfortably rolled away at my return ■■ Edinburgh.

It was in one of those visits by Irving himself,<sup>1</sup> without any company, that he took me out to Haddington (as recorded elsewhere), to what has since been ■■ momentous through ■■ my subsequent life. We walked and talked a good sixteen miles in the sunny ■■■■ afternoon. He took ■■ round by Athelstanford ('Elshinford') parish, where John Home wrote his 'Douglas,' in case of any enthusiasm for Home or it, which I secretly had not. We leapt the solitary kirkyard wall, and found close by ■■ the tombstone of 'old Skirring,' ■■ ■■■■ remarkable person, author of the strangely vigorous doggerel ballad ■■ 'Preston Pans Battle' (and the ditto ■■■■ to a military *challenge* which ensued thereupon), 'one of the most athletic and best natured of men,' said his epitaph. This is nearly all I recollect of the journey; the end of it, and what I ■■■ there, will be memorable to me while life ■■ thought endures. Ah me! ah me!—I think there had been before this on Irving's own part some movements of negotiation ■■■ to Kirkcaldy for *release* there, and of hinted hope towards Haddington, which ■■ so infinitely miserable! and something (as I used to

<sup>1</sup> June 1821.

gather long afterwards) might have come of it had not Kirkcaldy been so peremptory ■ stood by its ■ (as spoken or ■ written), 'bond ■ utter ruin, sir!' upon which Irving ■ honourably submitted and resigned himself. He seemed ■ be quite composed upon the matter by this time.' I remember in an inn at Haddington that ■ night ■ little passage. We had just ■ in the minister's house (whom Irving ■ to preach for), a certain shining ■ Augusta, tall, shapely, airy, giggly, but ■ consummate fool, whom I have heard called 'Miss Disgusta' by the satirical. We ■ now in our double-bedded room, George Inn, Haddington, stripping, or perhaps each already in his bed, when Irving jocosely said to me, 'What would you take to marry ■ Augusta now?' 'Not for an entire and perfect chrysolite the size of this terraqueous globe,' answered I at once; with hearty laughter from Irving. 'And what would you take to marry Miss Jeannie, think you?' 'Hah, I should not be ■ hard to deal with there I should imagine!' upon which another bit of laugh from Irving, and ■ composedly went to sleep. I was supremely dyspeptic ■ out of health during those

<sup>1</sup> Carlyle was mistaken here. Irving's hopes at this time were ■ their brightest.

three or four days, and they were the beginning of a  
 ■■■ ■■ to ■■■

The notablest passage in my Glasgow visits ■■■ probably the year before this Edinburgh-Haddington ■■■ on Irving's part. I was about quitting Edinburgh for Annandale, and had come round by Glasgow on the road home. I ■■■ utterly out of health as usual, but had otherwise had my enjoyments. We had come to Paisley ■■ finale, ■■■ ■■■ lodging pleasantly with the Carliles. Warrand Carlile, hearing I had to go by Muirkirk in Ayrshire, and Irving to return to Glasgow, suggested a convoy of me by Irving and himself, furthered by a fine riding horse of Warrand's, ■■ the ride-and-tie principle. Irving had cheerfully consented. 'You and your horse as far as you can; I will go on to Drumclog Moss with Carlyle; then turn home for Glasgow in good time, he on to Muirkirk which will be about a like distance for him.' 'Done, done!' To me of course nothing could be welcomer than this improvised convoy, upon which we entered accordingly; early A.M., ■■ dry brisk April day, and ■■■ ■■■ full of strange dim interest to me. I ■■■ rode ■■■ ■■■ (especially with three) before ■■ since, but recollect ■■■ had no difficulty with it.

Warrand had settled that we should breakfast

with a Rev. Mr. French some fifteen miles off, after which he and horse would return. I recollect the Mr. French, a fat apoplectic-looking old gentleman, in a room of very low ceiling, but plentifully furnished with breakfast materials; who was very kind to us, and seemed glad and ready to be invaded in this sudden manner by articulate speaking young men. Good old soul! I never saw him nor heard mention of him again.

Drumlog Moss (after several hours of vacant and wholly dim) is the next object that survives, and Irving and I sitting by ourselves under the silent bright skies among the 'peat-hags' of Drumlog with a world of round peat-hags still pictured in me; brown bog, all pitted and broken into heathy remnants and bare abrupt wide holes, four or five feet deep, mostly dry at present; a wilderness of broken bog, of quagmire not to be trusted (probably wetter in old days there, and wet still in rainy seasons). Clearly a good place for Cameronian preaching, and dangerously difficult for Claverse and horse soldiery if the suffering remnant had a few old muskets among them! Scott's novels had given the Claverse skirtnish here, which Scotland knew of already, a double interest in those days. I know not that

talked much of this; but we did of many things, perhaps more confidentially than before. A colloquy the sum of which was still mournfully beautiful to me, though the details are gone. I remember us sitting on the brow of a peat hag, the sun shining, our own voices the only sound. Far, far away to the westward a brown horizon, towered up white and visible at the many miles of distance a high irregular pyramid. 'Ailsa Craig,' he at once guessed, and thought of the mountains and oceans over yonder. But we did not long dwell on that. We seemed to have seen no human creature after French (though of course some very road would have to be enquired after); to have had no bother and no need of human assistance or society, not even of refection, French's breakfast perfectly sufficing. The talk had grown more friendlier, more interesting. At length the declining sun said plainly, you must part. We sauntered slowly into the Glasgow-Muirkirk highway. Masons were building a wayside cottage near by, were packing up, ceasing for the day. We leant our backs to a dry stone fence ('stone dike,' dry stone wall, very common in that country), and looking into the western radiance, continued in talk yet a while, loth both of us to go. It was just here, as the sun

■ sinking, Irving actually drew from ■ by degrees, in the softest manner, the confession that I did not think as he of the Christian religion, and that ■ was vain for ■ to expect I ever could ■ should. This, if this was so, he had pre-engaged to take well of me, like an elder brother, ■ I would be frank with him. And right loyally he did so, ■ to the end of his life ■ needed ■ concealments on that head, which was really ■ step gained.

The sun ■ about setting when ■ turned away each on his own path. Irving would have had ■ good space further to go than I (as now occurs to me), perhaps fifteen or seventeen miles, and would not be in Kent Street till towards midnight. But he feared ■ amount of walking, enjoyed it rather, as did I in those young years. I felt sad, but affectionate and good, in my clean, utterly quiet little inn ■ Muirkirk, which, and my feelings in it, I still well remember. An innocent little Glasgow youth (young bagman ■ his first journey, I supposed) had talked awhile with ■ in the otherwise solitary little sitting-room. At parting he shook hands, and with something of ■ in his tone said, ‘Good night, I shall not ■ you again.’ A unique experience of mine in inns.

I was off next morning by four o’clock, Muir-

kirk, except possibly its pillar of furnace smoke, all sleeping round me, concerning which, I remembered in the silence something I had heard from my father in regard to this famed Iron village (famed long before, but still rural, natural, not all in ■■■■■ ing state, which as I imagine, it is now). This is my father's picture of an incident he ■■■■ got to know ■■■■ ■■■■ could forget. On the platform of one of the furnaces a solitary man (stoker if they call him so) ■■■■ industriously minding his business, now throwing in new fuel and ore, ■■■■ poking the white-hot molten mass that was already in. A poor old maniac woman silently joined him and looked, whom also he was used to and did not mind. But after ■■■■ little, his back being towards the furnace mouth, he heard a strange thump or cracking puff; and turning suddenly, the poor ■■■■ maniac woman ■■■■ not there, and ■■■■ advancing to the furnace-edge he saw the figure of her red-hot, semi-transparent, floating as ashes on the fearful element for ■■■■ moments! This had printed itself ■■■■ my father's brain; twice perhaps I had heard it from him, which ■■■■ rare, ■■■■ will it ■■■■ leave my brain either.

That day was full of mournful interest to ■■■■ in the waste moors, there in bonny Nithsdale (my ■■■■ sight of it) in the bright but palish, almost pathetic

sunshine and utter loneliness. At eight P.M. I got well to Dumfries, the longest walk I ever made, fifty-four miles in ■■■ day.

Irving's visits to Annandale, one or two every summer, while I spent summers (for cheapness sake and health's sake) in solitude at my father's there, were the sabbath times of the ■■■■ to me; by far the beautifulest days, ■■ rather the only beautiful I had! Unwearied kindness, all that tenderest anxious affection could do, ■■■ always mine from my incomparable mother, from my dear brothers, little clever active sisters, and from everyone, brave father in ■■■ tacit grim way not at all excepted. There ■■■ good talk also; with mother at evening tea, often ■■■ theology (where I did at length contrive, by judicious endeavour, to speak piously and *agreeably* to one ■■ pious, *without* unvaracity on my part). Nay it was a kind of interesting exercise to wind softly out of those anxious affectionate cavils of her dear heart on such occasions, and get real sympathy, real ■■■■ under borrowed forms. Oh, her patience with ■■■! oh, her never-tiring love! Blessed be 'poverty' which ■■■ ■■■■ indigence in any form, and which has made all that tenfold more dear and sacred to me! With my two eldest brothers also, Alick ■■■ John, who were full of ingenuous curiosity, ■■■ had (espe-



cially John) abundant intellect, there ■■■ nice talking as ■■■ roamed about the fields in *gloaming* time after their work was done; and I recollect noticing (though probably it happened various times) that little Jean ('Craw' as ■■■ called her, she alone of us not being blond but blackhaired) one of the cleverest children I ever ■■■ (then possibly about six or seven) had joined ■■■ for her private behoof, and was assiduously trotting at my knee, cheek, eyes, and ear assiduously turned up to me! Good little soul! I thought it and think it very pretty of her. She alone of them had nothing to do with milking; I suppose her charge would probably be ducks or poultry, all ■■■ to bed now, and was turning her bit of *laisure* to this account instead of another. She ■■■ hardly longer than my leg by the whole head and neck. There was a younger sister (Jenny) who is now in Canada, of far inferior speculative intellect to Jean, but who has proved to have (we used to think), superior *housekeeping* faculties to hers. The same may be ■■■ of Mary the next elder to Jean. Both these, especially Jenny, got husbands, and have dexterously and loyally made the most of them and their families and households. Henning, of Hamilton, Canada West; Austin, of the Gill, Annan, are ■■■ the names of these two. Jean ■■■ Mrs. Aitken, of Dumfries, still a clever, speculative,

ardent, affectionate and discerning woman, but much *seraplittert* by the cares of life; *seraplittert* | steadily denied acumination or definite consistency and direction to a point; ■ ‘tragedy’ often repeated in this poor world, the ■■■ the pity for the world too!

All ■■■ something, but in ■ this I gave more than I got, and it left ■ ■■■ of isolation, of sadness; ■ the rest of my imprisoned life ■ with emphasis did. I kept daily studious, reading diligently what few books ■ could get, learning what ■ possible, German etc. Sometimes Dr. Brewster turned me to account (on most frugal terms always) in wretched little translations, compilations, which were very welcome too, though never other than dreary. Life ■ all dreary, ‘eerie’ (Scotticè), tinted with the hues of imprisonment and impossibility; hope practically not there, only obstinacy, and ■ grim steadfastness to strive without hope ■ with. To all which Irving’s advent ■ the pleasant (temporary) contradiction and *revereal*, like sunrising to night, ■ impenetrable fog, and its spectralities! The time of his coming, the how and when of ■ movements and possibilities, ■ always known to me beforehand. On the set day I started forth better dressed ■ usual, strode along for Annan which lay pleasantly in sight ■ the way (seven miles ■ ■■■ Mainhill). In the woods of Mount Annan I

probably meet Irving strolling towards me ; and then what a talk for the three miles down that bonny river's bank, no sound but our own voices amid the lullaby of [redacted] and the twittering [redacted] birds ! We were [redacted] to have several such walks, whether the [redacted] day or not, and I remember none [redacted] well [redacted] some (chiefly [redacted] which is not otherwise of moment) in that fine locality.

I generally stayed at least [redacted] night, on several occasions two or [redacted] more, and I remember [redacted] visits with [redacted] pure and calm [redacted] pleasure. Annan was then at its culminating point, [redacted] fine, bright, self-confident little town (gone now to dimness, to decay, and almost grass on its streets by railway transit) [redacted] of travelling notabilities were sometimes to be found alighted there. Edinburgh people, Liverpool people, with whom it was interesting for the recluse party to 'measure minds' for a little, and be on your best behaviour, both as to matter and to [redacted] Musical Thomson (memorable, more so than venerable, [redacted] the publisher of Burns's songs) him I saw one evening, sitting in the reading-room, [redacted] clean-brushed, commonplace old gentleman in scratch wig, whom we spoke a few words to and took [redacted] good look of. Two [redacted] Liverpool brothers, Nelson their name, scholars just out of Oxford, [redacted]

on visit one time in the Irving circle, specially ■ Provost Dixon's, Irving's brother-in-law's. These ■ very interesting to me night after night; handsome, intelligent, polite young men, and the first of their species I had ■ Dixon's ■ other occasions ■ usually my lodging, and Irving's along with me, but would not be ■ this (had I the least remembrance ■ that head), except that I ■ to have been always beautifully well lodged, and that Mrs. Dixon, Irving's eldest sister, and very like him *minus* the bad eye, and *plus* a fine *dimple* ■ the bright cheek, ■ always beneficent and fine to ■ Those Nelsons I never saw again, but have heard ■ in late years that they never *did* anything, but continued ornamentally lounging with Liverpool as headquarters; which seemed to be something like the prophecy ■ might have gathered from those young aspects in the Annandale visit, had ■ been intent to ■ them. A faded Irish dandy ■ picked up by us is also present; ■ fine clear morning Irving and I found this figure lounging about languidly on the streets. Irving made up to him, invited him home to breakfast, and home he politely and languidly went with us; 'bound for ■ cattle fair,' he ■ us, Norwich perhaps, and waiting for ■ coach; a parboiled, insipid "agri-

cultural dandy' or old fogie, of Hibernian type; a superfine light green frock, snow-white duroys; above fifty, face colourless, crow-footed, feebly conceited; proved to have nothing in him, but especially nothing *bad*, and had been human to him. ~~Irving~~ this morning, I remember, was Mrs. Ferguson's (Irving's third sister; there were four in all, and there had been three brothers, but now only two, the youngest and the eldest of the set). Mrs. F.'s breakfast—tea—was praised by the Hibernian pilgrim and well deserved it.

Irving generally happy in those little Annandale 'sunny islets' of his year; happier perhaps than elsewhere All quietly flourishing in this his natal element; father's house neat and contented; ditto ditto, perhaps blooming out a little farther, those of his daughters, all nestled close to it in place withal; a very prettily thriving group of things and objects in their limited, in their seclusion; and Irving silently but visibly in the hearts of the flower and crowning jewel of it. His quiet, cheerful, genial. So unruffled and clear as a mirror, honestly loving and loved all round. His time too was so *short*, every moment valuable. Alas, and in a few years after,

ruin's ploughshare had [redacted] through it all, and it was prophesying to you, 'Behold, in a [redacted] while the last trace of me will not be here, and I shall have vanished tragically and fled into oblivion and darkness like a bright dream.' As [redacted] long since mournfully the fact, when one passes, pilgrim-like, those old houses still standing there, which I have [redacted] twice done.

Our dialogues did not turn very much [redacted] long on personal topics, but wandered wide [redacted] the world and its ways—new [redacted] of the travelling conspicuous sort whom he had seen in Glasgow, new books sometimes, my scope being short in that respect; all [redacted] of interesting objects and discoursings; but to me the personal, when they did come in course, as they were sure to do now and then in fit proportion, [redacted] naturally the gratefullest of all. Irving's voice was to me one of blessedness and [redacted] hope. [redacted] would not hear of my gloomy prognostications; all [redacted] that I [redacted] should get out of these obstructions and impossibilities; the real impossibility [redacted] that such a talent etc. should not cut itself clear one day. [redacted] was very generous to everybody's 'talent,' especially to mine; which to myself [redacted] balefully dubious, nothing but bare [redacted] poles, weatherbeaten corner-pieces of per-

haps ■ 'potential talent,' even visible to ■ ■ ■ predictions about what I was to be flew into the completely incredible; ■ ■ ■ however welcome, I could only rank them ■ devout imaginations ■ ■ ■ quish them away. 'You will ■ ■ ■ now,' he would say, 'one day ■ ■ ■ two will shake hands ■ ■ ■ the brook, you as first in literature, I ■ ■ ■ first in divinity, and people will say, 'Both these fellows ■ ■ ■ from Annandale. Where is Annandale?' This I have heard him say ■ ■ ■ than once, always in ■ ■ ■ laughing way, and with self-mockery enough to ■ ■ ■ it from being barrenly vain. ■ ■ ■ was very sanguine, I much the reverse; and had ■ ■ ■ consciousness of power, and his generous ambitions and forecastings. Never ungenerous, ■ ■ ■ ignoble; only ■ ■ ■ enemy could have called him vain, but perhaps an enemy could ■ ■ ■ at least would, and occasionally did. His pleasure in being *loved* by others was very great, and this if you looked well ■ ■ ■ manifest in him when the case offered; never more or worse than this in any case, and this too he had well in check ■ ■ ■ all times. If this was vanity, then he might by ■ ■ ■ be called a little vain, if not not. To trample on the smallest mortal ■ ■ ■ be tyrannous even towards the basest of ■ ■ ■ was ■ ■ ■ at any moment Irving's turn. No man that I have known had ■ ■ ■ sunnier type of

character, or so little of hatred towards any man or thing. On the whole, less of rage in him than I ■■■ combined with such a fund of courage and ■■■ viction. Noble Irving! he ■■■ the faithful elder brother of my life in those years; generous, wise, beneficent, all his dealings and discourses with ■■■ Well may I recollect ■■■ blessed things in my existence those Annan and other visits, and feel that beyond all other ■■■ he was helpful to ■■■ when I most needed help.

Irving's position at Glasgow, I could dimly perceive, ■■■ not without its embarrassments, its discouragements; and evidently enough it ■■■ nothing like the ultimatum he was aiming at, in the road to which I suppose he saw the obstructions rather multiplying than decreasing ■■■ diminishing. Theological Scotland above ■■■ things is dubious and jealous of originality, and Irving's tendency to take ■■■ road of his ■■■ was becoming daily ■■■ indisputable. He must have been severely *tried in the sieve* had he continued in Scotland. Whether that might not have brought him out clearer, ■■■ pure and victorious in the end, must remain for ■■■ ■■■ question. Much suffering ■■■ contradiction it would have cost him, ■■■ enough for most part, and possibly with loss of patience, with mutiny etc., for



ultimate result, but one may now regret that the experiment ■■■■ to be made.

Of course the invitation to London ■■■■ infinitely welcome to him, summing up, as it were, all of good that had been in Glasgow (for it was the rumours and reports from Glasgow people that had awakened Hatton Garden to his worth), ■■■■ promising to shoot him aloft over all that had been obstructive there into wider ■■■■ elements. The negotiations and correspondings had all passed at ■ distance from me, but I recollect well our final practical parting on that occasion. A dim night, November or December, between nine and ten, in the coffee-room of the ■■■■ Bull Hotel. He ■■■■ to start by early coach to-morrow. Glad I ■■■■ bound to be, and in a sense was, but very sad I could not help being. He himself looked hopeful, but ■■■■ agitated with anxieties too, doubtless with regrets as well; ■■■■ clouded with agitation than I had ever seen the fine habitual solar light of him before. I was the last friend he had to take farewell of. ■■■■ showed me old Sir Harry Moncrieff's testimonial; ■ Reverend Presbyterian Scotch Baronet of venerable quality (the ■■■■ of his kind), whom I knew well by sight, and by his universal character for integrity, honest orthodoxy, shrewdness, and

veracity. ■ Harry ■ with brevity, in stiff, firm, ancient hand, several important things on Irving's behalf; and ended by saying, 'All this is my true opinion, and meant to be understood as it ■ written.' At which ■ ■ bit of approving laugh, and thanks to Sir Harry. Irving did not laugh that night; laughter ■ not the mood of either of us. I gave him as road companion a bundle of the best cigars (gift of Graham to me) I almost ■ had. He had no practice of smoking, but a little by a time, and agreed that on the coach roof, where he ■ to ride night and day, a cigar ■ and then might be tried with advantage. Months afterwards I learnt he had begun by losing every cigar of them; left the whole bundle lying ■ the seat in the stall of the coffee-room; this cigar gift being probably our last transaction there. We said farewell; and I had in some sense, according to my worst anticipations, lost my friend's society (not my friend himself ever), from that time.

For a long while I ■ nothing of Irving after this. Heard in the way of public rumours ■ ■ specific report, chiefly from Graham and Hope of Glasgow, how grandly acceptable he had been at Hatton Garden, and what negotiating, deliberating, and contriving had ensued in respect of the impedi-

ments there ('preacher ignorant of Gaelic; ■■■■ fundamental law requires him to preach half the Sunday in that language,' etc.), ■■■■ how ■■■■ length all these ■■■■ got over or tumbled aside, and the matter settled into adjustment. 'Irving, our preacher, *talis qualis*,' to the huge contentment of his congregation and ■■■■ onlookers, of which latter were already in London a select class; the chief religious people getting to be ■■■■ ■■■■ ■■■■ altogether uncommon ■■■■ had arrived here to speak to them.

On all these points, ■■■■ generally on all his experiences in London, glad enough should I have been to hear from him abundantly, but he wrote nothing on such points, ■■■■ in fact had I expected anything; and the truth was, which did a little disappoint me at the time, ■■■■ regular correspond- ■■■■ had here suddenly ■■■■ to *finis*! I ■■■■ not angry, how could I be? I made no solicitation ■■■■ remonstrance, ■■■■ ■■■■ any poor pride kindled (I think), except strictly, and this in silence, so far as was proper for self-defence; but I ■■■■ always sorry more ■■■■ less, and regretted it as a great loss I had by ill-luck undergone. Taken from ■■■■ by ill-luck! ■■■■ then had ■■■■ not been given ■■■■ by good ditto? Peace, and be silent! In the first month Irving, I

doubt not, had intended much correspondence with me, the hurlyburly done; but no it so in some measure, than his flaming popularity had begun, spreading, mounting without limit, and instead of business hurlyburly, there was whirlwind of conflagration.

Noble, good soul! In his last weeks of life, looking back from that grim shore upon the sunny isles and smiling possibilities for behind, he said to Henry Drummond, 'I should have kept Thomas Carlyle closer to me; his counsel, blame, or praise, always faithful, and few have such eyes.' These words, the first part of them *ipseissima verba*, I know to have been verily his. Must not the most blazing indignation (had the least vestige of such been in for one moment) have died almost into tears at the sound of them? Perfect absolution there had long been without enquiring after penitence. My generous, loving, and noble Irving! . . .

If in a gloomy moment I had fancied that my friend lost to because no letters came from him, I had shining proof to the contrary very It in these first months of Hatton Garden and imbroglia of affairs, that he a most signal benefit to me; got me appointed tutor

and intellectual guide and guardian to the young Charles Buller, and his boy brother, ■■■ Sir Arthur, and ■■ elderly ex-Indian of mark. The ■■■ ■■■ its comic points too, seriously important ■ it ■■ to ■■ for ■■■ Its pleasant real history is briefly this. Irving's preaching had attracted Mrs. Strachey, wife of ■ well-known Indian official of Somersetshire kindred, then ■■ 'examiner' in the India House, and ■ ■■■ of real worth, far diverse ■ his worth and ways were from those of his beautiful, enthusiastic, and still youngish wife. A bright creature she, given wholly (though there lay silent in her a great deal of fine childlike mirth and of innocent grace and gift) to things sacred and serious, emphatically what the Germans call ■ *schöne Seele*. She had brought Irving into her circle, found him good and glorious there, almost more than in the pulpit itself; had been speaking of him to her elder sister, Mrs. Buller (a Calcutta fine lady and princess of the kind worshipped there, ■ once very beautiful, still very witty, graceful, airy, and ingenuously intelligent ■■■ of the gossamer kind), and had naturally winded up with 'Come and dine with us; come and see this ■■■ man.' Mrs. Buller came, ■■ (I dare say with much suppressed quizzing and wonder) the uncommon man; took to him. ■■■ also in her way recognised, ■ ■■■ her husband too, the

robust practical common-sense that ■ in him; and after ■ few meetings began speaking of ■ domestic intricacy there ■ with ■ clever but too mercurial and unmanageable eldest ■ of hers, whom they knew not what to do with.

Irving took sight and survey of this dangerous eldest lad, Charles Buller junior, namely—age then about fifteen, honourably done with Harrow some weeks ■ months ago, still too young for college ■ his own footing, and very difficult to dispose of. Irving perceived that though perfectly accomplished in what Harrow could give him, this hungry and highly ingenious youth had fed hitherto on Latin and Greek husks, totally unsatisfying to his huge appetite; that being ■ young fellow of the keenest ■ for everything, from the sublime to the ridiculous, and full of airy ingenuity and fun, he was in the habit in quiet evenings at home of starting *theses* with his mother in favour of Pierce Egan and ‘Boxiana,’ ■ if the annals of English boxing were ■ nutritive to ■ existing ■ than those of the Peloponnesian ■ etc. Against all which etc., as his mother vehemently argued, Charles would stand on the defensive, ■ such swiftness and ingenuity of fence, that frequently the matter kindled between them; and both being of hot though most placable temper, one ■ both

grew loud ; and the ■ gentleman, Charles Buller senior, who ■ very deaf, striking blindly in at this point would embroil the whole matter into a very ■ condition ! Irving's recipe after ■ consideration was, 'Send this gifted, unguided youth ■ Edinburgh College. I know a young man there who could lead him into richer spiritual pastures ■ take effective charge of him.' Buller thereupon was sent, and his brother Arthur with him ; boarded with ■ good old Dr. Fleming (in George Square) then ■ clergyman of mark : and I (on ■ salary of 200*l.* ■ year) duly took charge. This was a most important thing to me in the economies and practical departments of my life, and I ■ it wholly to Irving. On this point I always should remember he did 'write' copiously enough to Dr. Fleming and other parties, and stood up in a gallant and grandiloquent way for every claim and right of his 'young literary friend,' who had nothing to do but wait silent while everything ■ being adjusted completely to his wish or beyond it.

From the first I found my Charles ■ most ■ ageable, intelligent, cheery, and altogether welcome ■ intelligent phenomenon ■ quite ■ bit of sunshine in my dreary Edinburgh element. I ■ in waiting for his brother and him when they landed at Flem-

ing's. We set instantly out on a walk, round by the foot of Salisbury Craigs, up from Holyrood, by the Castle and Law Courts, home again to George Square; and really I recollect few so pleasant walks in my life! So all-intelligent, seizing everything you said to him with such a recognition; so loyal-hearted, chivalrous, guileless, so delighted (evidently) with me, as I was with him. Arthur, two years younger, kept mainly silent, being slightly deaf too; but I could perceive that he also was a fine little fellow, honest, intelligent, and kind, and that apparently I had been much in luck in this didactic adventure, which proved abundantly the fact. The two youths took to me with unhesitating liking, and I to them; and we had anything of quarrel or of weariness and dreariness between us; such 'teaching' as I never had in any sphere before since! Charles, by his qualities, his ingenuous curiosities, his brilliancy of faculty and character, was actually an entertainment to me rather than a labour. If we walked together, which I remember sometimes happening, he was the best company I could find in Edinburgh. I had entered him at Dunbar's, in third Greek class at college. In Greek and Latin, in the former in every respect, he was my superior; and I had to prepare my lessons by



way of keeping him to ■■■ work at Dunbar's. Keeping him to work ■■■ my ■■■ difficulty, if there ■■■ one, and my essential function. I tried to guide him into reading, into solid enquiry and reflection. He got some mathematics from me, and might have had ■■■■. He got in brief what expansion into such wider fields of intellect and more manful modes of thinking and working, as my poor possibilities could yield him; and ■■■ always generously grateful to ■■■ afterwards. Friends of mine in a fine frank way, beyond what I could be thought to merit, he, Arthur, and all the family continued till death parted ■■■.

This of the Bullers ■■■ the product for me of Irving's first months in London, begun and got under way in the spring and summer of 1822, which followed ■■■ winter parting in the Black Bull Inn. I was already getting my head a little up; translating 'Legendre's Geometry' for Brewster; my outlook somewhat cheerfuller. I ■■■■ remember ■ happy forenoon (Sunday, I fear) in which I ■■■ a *Fifth Book* (or complete 'doctrine of proportion') for that work, complete really and lucid, and yet ■■■ of the briefest ever known. It was begun and done that forenoon, and I have (except correcting the press ■■■ week) never ■■■ it since; but ■■■ feel as ■■■

■■■ right enough and felicitous in its kind ! I got only 50*l.* for my entire trouble in that 'Legendre,' and had already ceased to be in the least proud of *mathematical* prowess ; but it ■■■ ■■ honest job of work honestly done, though perhaps for bread and water wages, such ■■ improvement upon wages producing (in Jean Paul's phrase) only water without the bread ! Towards autumn the Buller family followed to Edinburgh, Mr. and Mrs. B. with a third very small son, Reginald, who ■■■ ■■ curious, gesticulating, pen-drawing, etc. little creature, *not* to be under my charge, but who generally *dined* with me at luncheon time, and who afterwards turned out ■■ lazy, hebetated fellow, and is now parson of Troston, ■■ fat living in Suffolk. These English ■■ Anglo-Indian gentlefolks ■■■■ all a new species to me, sufficiently exotic in aspect ; but ■■ recognised each other's quality ■■■■ and more, and did very well together. They had a house in India Street, ■■■ a great deal of company (of the ex-Indian accidental English gentleman, and native ■■ touring *lion* genus for which Mrs. B. had ■■ lively appetite). I still lodged in my old half-rural rooms, 3 Moray Place, Pilrig Street ; attended my two pupils during the day hours (lunching with 'Regie' by way of dinner), ■■■ rather seldom, yet to my own taste amply often

enough, ■■■ of the 'state dinners;' but walked home to my books and to my brother John, who was ■■■ lodging with me and attending college. Except for dyspepsia I could have been extremely content, but that did dismally forbid me ■■■ and afterwards I Irving and other friends always treated the 'ill-health' item ■■■ light matter which would ■■■ vanish from the account; but I had ■■■ presentiment that it would stay there, and be the Old Man of the Sea to ■■■ through life, as it has too tragically done, and will do to the end. Woe on it, and not for my own poor sake alone; and yet perhaps ■■■ benefit has been in it, priceless though hideously painful!

Of Irving in these two years I recollect almost nothing personal, though all round I heard ■■■ great deal of him; and he must have been in my company at least once prior to the advent of the elder Bullers, and been giving ■■■ counsel and light on the matter; for I recollect his telling ■■■ of Mrs. Buller (having ■■■ doubt portrayed Mr. Buller to me in acceptable and clearly intelligible lineaments) that she—she too, was ■■■ worthy, honourable, and quick-sighted lady, but not without fine-ladyisms, crotchets, caprices, —' somewhat ■■■ Mrs. Welsh,<sup>1</sup> you ■■■ fancy, but

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Welsh ■■■ Haddington, mother of Jane Welsh, ■■■ Mrs. Carlyle.

good too, like her.' Ah me! this I perfectly remember, and nothing more, of those Irving intercourses; and it is a memento to me of a most important province in my poor world at that time! I in constant correspondence (weekly oftener sending books etc. etc.) with Haddington, and heard often of Irving, and of things far more interesting to from that quarter. Gone silent, closed for ever—so sad, strange it all is now! Irving, I think, had paid a visit there, and had certainly sent letters; by the above token I too must have him at least once. All this was his first London year, or half-year, some months before his 'popularity' had yet taken fire, and made him for time the property of all the world rather than of his friends.

The of this latter event, which came in vague, vast, fitful, and decidedly *fuliginous* forms, not quite welcome to any of us, perhaps in secret not welcome at all. People have their envies, their pitiful self-comparisons, and feel obliged sometimes to profess from the teeth outwards more 'joy' than they really have; not an agreeable duty quasi-duty one. For myself I say that there was first something of real joy; ('success to the worthy of success'); second, something, probably not yet much, of honest question for his sake, 'Can he guide

## Edward Irving.

it in that huge element, as e.g. Chalmers has done in smaller one?' and third, a noticeable quantity of *Quid tui interest?* What business hast thou with it, poor, suffering, handcuffed wretch? To me these great doings in Hatton Garden came only on wings of rumour, the exact nature of them uncertain. To me for many months back Irving had fallen totally silent, and this seemed a seal to its being a permanent silence. I had been growing steadily worse in health too, and was in habitual wretchedness, ready to say, 'Well, whoever is happy and gaining victory, thou art and art like to be very miserable, and to gain none at all.' These were, as far as I can read, honestly my feelings on the matter. My love to Irving, now that I look at it, those temporary vapours, had not abated, did abate: but he seemed for the present flown (or mounted if that it) far away from me, and I could only say to myself, 'Well, well then, it must be.'

One heard too, often enough, that in Irving there was visible a certain joyancy and frankness of triumph; that he took things in the high key and nothing doubting; and foolish stories circulated about his lofty sayings, sublimities of manner, and the like: something of which I could believe (and yet kindly interpret too); all which might have been, though it scarcely was, some consolation for our present silence

towards one another. For what could I have said in the circumstances that would have been on both agreeable profitable

It not till late in autumn 1823, nearly two years after our parting in the Black Bull Inn, that I fairly, and to a still memorable measure, Irving again. He was on his marriage jaunt, Miss Martin of Kirkealdy now become his life-partner; off on a tour to the Highlands; and the generous soul had determined to pass Kinnaird (right bank of Tay, a mile below the junction of Tummel and Tay) where I then was with the Bullers, and pick me up to company as far as I would. I forget where or how our meeting (at Dunkeld probably). I seem to have lodged with them two nights in successive inns, and certainly parted from them at Taymouth, Sunday afternoon, where my horse by some must have been waiting for me. I remember baiting him<sup>1</sup> at Aberfeldy, and to have sate in a kindly and polite yet very huggermugger cottage, among good peasant kirk-people, refreshing themselves, turning home from sermon; sate for perhaps two hours, till poor Dolph got rested and refected like his fellow-creatures there. I remember some-

<sup>1</sup> A cob or pony Dolph, i.e. Bardolph, bought for me Lilliesleaf by my dear brother Alick, and which I into the Highlands for

thing like a fraction of scrag of mutton and potatoes ■■■■ by myself—in strange contrast, had ■ thought of that, to Irving's nearly simultaneous dinner which would be with my Lord ■■ Taymouth Castle. After Aberfeldy cottage the curtain falls.

Irving, on this his wedding jaunt, seemed superlatively happy, ■■■■ natural to the occasion, or ■■■■ than natural, ■■ if at the top of Fortune's wheel, and in a sense (a generous sense it must be owned, and not ■■ tyrannous in any measure) striking the stars with his sublime head. Mrs. I. ■■■■ demure and quiet, though doubtless not less happy at heart, really comely in her behaviour. In the least beautiful she ■■■■ could be; but Irving had loyally taken her ■■ the consummate flower of all his victory in the world—poor good tragic woman—better probably than the fortune she had after all.

My friend ■■■■ kind to me ■■ possible, and bore with my gloomy humours (for I ■■■■ ill and miserable to a degree), nay perhaps ■■ foil to the radiancy of his own sunshine he almost enjoyed them. I ■■■■ member jovial bursts of laughter from him ■■ my surly sarcastic and dyspeptic utterances. 'Doesn't this subdue you, Carlyle?' ■■■■ he somewhat solemnly: we ■■■■ all three standing ■■ the Falls of Aberfeldy (amid the 'Birks' of ditto, and memories of song)

silent in the October dusk, perhaps with [redacted] rising—our ten miles to Taymouth still ahead—‘Doesn’t this subdue you?’ ‘Subdue me? I should hope not. I have quite other things to front with [redacted] in this world than a gush of bog-water tumbling [redacted] crags as here!’ which produced a joyous and really [redacted] laugh from him [redacted] sole [redacted]. He [redacted] much [redacted] tell me of London, of its fine literary possibilities for a man, of its literary stars, whom he had seen [redacted] knew of, Coleridge in particular, who [redacted] in the former category, a marvellous sage and man; Hazlitt, who was in the latter, a fine talent too, but tending towards scamphood; was at the *Fonthill Abbey* sale the other week, ‘hired to attend [redacted] a white bonnet there,’ said he with a laugh. *White bonnet* intensely vernacular, is the Annandale [redacted] for a false bidder merely appointed to raise prices, works [redacted] for his five shillings [redacted] poor little Annandale roup<sup>1</sup> of standing crop [redacted] hypothecate cottage furniture, and the contrast and yet kinship between these little things and the Fonthill great one was ludicrous enough. He would not hear of ill-health being any hindrance to me; he had himself [redacted] experience in that sad province. All seemed possible to him, all was joyful and running upon wheels. He had [redacted] much angry criticism

<sup>1</sup> Ruf, or vocal sale.



in his late triumphs (on his 'Orations' quite lately), but seemed to accept it ■ with jocund mockery, ■ something harmless and beneath him.

Wilson in 'Blackwood' had been very scornful and done his bitterly enough disobliging best. Nevertheless Irving now advising with ■ about some detail of ■ motions, or of my own, and finding I still demurred to it, said with true radiancy of look, 'Come now, you know I am the *judicious Hooker*,' which ■ considered one of Wilson's cruellest hits in that Blackwood article. To myself I remember his answering, in return evidently for ■ criticism of my own on the orations which ■ not ■ laudatory ■ required, but of which ■ recollect nothing farther, 'Well, Carlyle, I am glad to hear you say all that; it gives me the opinion of another mind on the thing;' which ■ least beyond any doubt it did. He ■ in high sunny humour, good Irving. There ■ ■ trace of anger left in him, he was jovial, riant, jocose rather than serious, throughout, which was ■ new phasis to ■. And furthermore in the serious vein itself there ■ oftenest something of *false* noticeable (as in that of the waterfall 'subduing' one), generally speaking ■ new height of self-consciousness not yet ■ of the manner and carriage that was suitablest ■ it. He affected to feel his popularity

too great and burdensome; spoke much about ■ Mrs. ■ Montague, elderly, sage, lofty, whom ■ got to know afterwards, and to call by his name for her, 'the noble lady,' who had saved him greatly from the dashing floods of that tumultuous ■ unstable element, hidden him away from it ■ and again; done ■ ministrations, spread sofas for him, and taught him 'to rest.' The last thing I recollect of him was ■ coming out from Taymouth Kirk (kirk, congregation, minister, utterly erased from me), how in coming down the broadish little street, he pulled off his big broad hat, and walked, looking mostly to the sky, with his fleece of copious coal-black hair flowing in the wind, and in some spittings of rain that ■ beginning; how thereupon in ■ minute ■ two ■ livery servant ran up, 'Please sir, aren't you the Rev. Edward Irving?' 'Yes.' 'Then my Lord Breadalbane begs you to stop for him ■ moment.' Whereupon exit *flunkey*. Irving turning to us with what look of sorrow he could, and 'Again found out!' upon which the old Lord ■ up,<sup>1</sup> and civilly invited him to dinner. ■ and party, I suppose; but to me there ■ temptation, or on those terms less than ■ So I ■ Bardolph saddled and rode

<sup>1</sup> Father of the last, or later, Free Kirk one, whom I ■ sometimes seen.

for Aberfeldy as above said; home, sunk in manifold murky reflections ■■■ lost to me; and of which only the fewest ■■■ friendliest were comfortably fit for uttering to the Bullers next day. I ■■■ no more of Irving for this time. But he had been at Haddington too, was perhaps again corresponding a little there, and I heard occasionally of him in the beautiful bright and kindly quizzing style that ■■■ natural there.

I ■■■ myself writing 'Schiller' in those months; ■ task Irving had encouraged me in and prepared the way for, in the 'London Magazine' Three successive parts there were, I know not how far advanced, at this period; know only that I ■■■ nightly working at the thing in ■ serious sad and *totally solitary* way. My two rooms ■■■ in the old 'Mansion' of Kinnaird, some three ■ four hundred yards from the new, and ■ ■ lower level, over-shadowed with wood. Thither I always retired directly after tea, and for most part had the edifice all to myself; good candles, good wood fire, place dry enough, tolerably clean, and such silence ■■■ total absence of company, good ■ bad, ■ I ■■■ experienced before ■ since. I remember still the grand *sough* of those woods; or, perhaps, in the ■■■ times, the distant ripple of Tay. Nothing

else to converse with but [ ] and my own thoughts, which [ ] for a moment pretended to be joyful, and were sometimes pathetically sad. I was in the miserablest dyspeptic health, uncertain whether I ought not to quit on that account, [ ] at times almost resolving to do it; driven far away from [ ] my loved [ ]. My poor 'Schiller,' nothing considerable of a work [ ] to my [ ] judgment, had to be steadily persisted in [ ] the only protection and resource in this inarticulate huge 'wilderness,' actual and symbolical. My editor, I think, [ ] complimentary; but I knew better. The 'Times' newspaper once brought me, without commentary at all, an 'eloquent' [ ] reprinted (about the tragedy of noble literary life), which I remember to have read with [ ] pleasure in this utter isolation, and [ ] the 'first' public nod of approval I had [ ] had, than any criticism [ ] laudation that has ever come to [ ] since. For about two hours it had lighted in the desolation of my inner [ ] a strange little glow of illumination; but here too, [ ] reflection, I 'knew better,' and the winter afternoon [ ] not [ ] when I [ ] clearly how very small this conquest was, and things were in their *statu quo* again.

'Schiller' done, I began 'Wilhelm Meister,' a task I liked perhaps rather better, too scanty [ ] my

knowledge of the element, and even of the language, still was. Two years before I [redacted] at length, after some repulsions, got into the heart of 'Wilhelm Meister,' and eagerly read it through; my sally out, after finishing, along the vacant streets of Edinburgh, a windless, Scotch-misty Saturday night, is still vivid to me. 'Grand, surely, harmoniously built together, far seeing, wise and true. When, for many years, or almost in my whole life before, have I read such a book?' Which I was now, really in part [redacted] kind of duty, conscientiously translating for my countrymen, if they would read it—as a select few of them have ever since kept doing.

I finished it the next spring, not at Kinnaird but at Mainshill. A month or two there with my best of [redacted] and of hostesses—my mother; blessed voiceless or low-voiced time, still sweet to me; with London now silently ahead, and the Bullers there, or to be there. Of Kinnaird life they had [redacted] had enough, and of my miserable health far [redacted] than enough [redacted] time before! But that is not my subject here. I had ridden to Edinburgh, there to consult a doctor, having at last reduced my complexities to a single question. Is this disease curable by medicine, [redacted] is [redacted] chronic, incurable except by regimen, if [redacted] so? [redacted]

question I earnestly put; got response, 'It is all tobacco, sir; give up tobacco.' Gave I instantly and strictly up. Found, after long months, that I might as well have ridden sixty miles in the opposite direction, and poured my [redacted] into the long hairy ear of the first jackass I came upon, as into this select medical man's, whose [redacted] I will not mention.

After these still months at Mainhill, my printing [redacted] Edinburgh [redacted] all finished, and I went thither with my preface in my pocket; finished that and the rest of the 'Meister' business (180*l.* of payment the choicest part of it!) rapidly off; made I visit to Haddington; what a retrospect to me, now encircled by the silences and the eternities; most beautiful, most sad! I remember the 'gimp bonnet' she wore, and her anxious silent thoughts, and my own; mutually legible, both of them, in part; my [redacted] little darling [redacted] at rest, and far away!—which [redacted] the last thing in Scotland. Of the Leith smack, every figure and event in which is curiously present, though so unimportant, I will say nothing; only that we entered London River [redacted] a beautiful June morning; [redacted] very impressive to [redacted] and still very vivid in me; and that, soon after midday, I landed safe in Irving's, [redacted] appointed.

Irving [redacted] in Myddelton Terrace, *Kodie Myd-*

delton Square, Islington, No. 4. It was a place, houses bright and smart, but inwardly bad, as usual. Only one side of the now square was built—the western side—which has its back towards the Bridge region. Irving's house fourth from the northern end of that, which, of course, had its *left hand* the New Road. The place was airy, not uncheerful. Our chief prospect from the front was a good space of green ground, and in it, the hither edge of it, the big open reservoir of Myddelton's 'New River,' now above two centuries old for that matter, but recently made new again, and all cased in tight masonry; on the spacious expanse of smooth flags surrounding which it was pleasant on fine mornings to take an early promenade, with the free sky overhead and the New Road with its lively traffic and vehiculation seven or eight good yards below level. I remember several pretty strolls here, ourselves two, while breakfast getting ready close by; and the esplanade, a high little island, lifted free out of the noises and jostlings, was all our own.

Irving had received me with the old true friendliness; wife and household eager to imitate him therein. I seem to have stayed a good two or three weeks with them at that time. Buller arrange-

ments not yet ready ; nay, sometimes threatening to become uncertain altogether ! and off and on during the next ten months I saw a great deal of my old friend and his various affairs and posture. That first afternoon, with its curious phenomena, is very lively in Basil Montague's son,<sup>1</sup> Mr. Montague junior, accidental guest at a neat little early dinner, my first specimen of the London dandy—broken dandy ; very mild of manner, who went all to shivers, and died miserable soon after. This was novelty first. Then, during or before his stay with us, dash of a brave carriage driving up, and entry of a strangely-complexioned young lady, with soft brown eyes and floods of bronze red hair, really a pretty-looking, smiling, and amiable, though most foreign bit of magnificence and kindly splendour, whom they welcomed by the name of 'dear Kitty.' Kitty Kirkpatrick, Charles Buller's cousin or half-cousin, Mrs. Strachey's full cousin, with whom she lived ; her birth, as I afterwards found, an Indian romance, mother a sublime *Begum*, father a ditto English official, mutually adoring, wedding, living withdrawn in

<sup>1</sup> Noble lady's step-son. She was Basil's third wife, and had four kinds of children at home—a most sad miscellany, as I afterwards found.



their ■■■ private paradise, romance famous in the ■■■. A very singular 'dear Kitty,' who seemed bashful withal, and soon went away, twitching off in the lobby, as I could notice not without wonder, the loose label which ■■■ sticking to my trunk ■■■ bag, still there as she tripped past, and carrying ■■■ off in her pretty hand. With what imaginable object then, in heaven's name? To show ■■■ to Mrs. Strachey I afterwards guessed, to whom privately poor I had been prophesied of in the most grandiloquent terms. This might be called novelty second, if not first, ■■■ far greatest. Then after dinner in the drawing-room, which was prettily furnished, the *romance* of said furnishing, which had all been done ■■■ if by beneficent fairies in some temporary absence of the owners. 'We had decided on not furnishing it,' Irving told me, 'not till ■■■ ■■■ ■■■ money ready; and on our return this was how we found it. The people here are of a nobleness you have ■■■ before seen.' 'And don't you yet ■■■ at all who can have done it?' 'H'm, perhaps we guess vaguely, but it is their secret, ■■■ ■■■ should not break it against their will.' It turned out to have been Mrs. Strachey ■■■ dear Kitty, both of whom were rich and openhanded, that had done this fine stroke of art magic, one of the many munifi-

oences achieved by them ■ this new province. Perhaps the 'noble lady' had at ■ been ■ expected, but how innocently she! Not flush in that way ■ all, though notably so in others! The talk about these and other noble souls and ■ phenomena, strange to ■ and half incredible in such interpretation, left ■ wondering and confusedly guessing ■ the much that I had heard and ■ this day.

Irving's London element and mode of existence had its questionable aspects from the first; and ■ could easily perceive, here as elsewhere, that the ideal of fancy and the actual of fact were two very different things. It was ■ the former that my friend, according to old habit, strove to represent it to himself, and to *make it be*; and it ■ ■ the latter that it obstinately continued being! There ■ beautiful items in his present ■ of life; but a great majority which, under specious figure, ■ intrinsically poor, vulgar, and importunate, and introduced largely into one's existence the character of *huggermugger*, not of greatness ■ success in any real ■

He ■ inwardly, I could observe, nothing ■ so happy ■ in old days; inwardly confused, anxious, dissatisfied; though as ■ were denying it to him-

self, ■■■ striving, ■ not to ■■■ big, which he hardly ever did, to think big upon all this. We ■■■ many strolls together, no doubt much dialogue, but it has nearly ■■ gone from me; probably not so worthy of remembrance ■■ our old communings ■■■■. Crowds of visitors came about him, ■■■ ten times ■■ ■ hundred times ■■ many would have ■■■ if allowed; well-dressed, decorous people, but for most part tiresome, ignorant, weak, ■■ ■■■ silly and absurd. He persuaded himself that at least he 'loved their love;' and of this latter, in the kind they had to offer him, there ■■■ seem to be ■■ lack. He and I were walking, one bright summer evening, somewhere in the outskirts of Islington, in what was ■■ had ■■■ been *fields*, and ■■ again coarsely green in general, but with symptoms of past devastation by bricklayers, who have ■■■ doubtless covered it all with their dirty human 'dog-hutches of the period;' when, in ■■■ smoothish hollower spot, there suddenly disclosed itself a considerable company of altogether fine-looking young girls, who had ■■ themselves to dance; all in airy bonnets, silks, and flounces, merrily alert, nimble as young fawns, tripping it to their ■■■ rhythm ■■ the light fantastic toe, with the bright beams of the setting ■■ gilding them, ■■■ the hum and smoke

■ huge London shoved ■ as foil ■ background. Nothing could be prettier. At sight of ■ they suddenly stopped, all looking round ; and ■ of the prettiest, ■ dainty little thing, stepped radiantly out to Irving. ‘Oh! oh! Mr. Irving!’ and blushing and smiling offered her pretty lips to be kissed, which Irving gallantly stooped down to accept ■ well worth while. Whereupon, after ■ benediction or pastoral words, ■ went ■ way. Probably I rallied him on such opulence of luck provided for a man, to which he could ■ properly as a spiritual shepherd, not a secular.

There ■ several Scotch merchant people among those that came about him, substantial city men of shrewd insight and good honest sense, several of whom seemed truly attached and reverent. One, William Hamilton, a very shrewd and pious Nithsdale man, who wedded a sister of Mrs. Irving’s by and by, and whom I knew till his death, ■ probably the chief of these, as ■ old good Mr. Dinwiddie, very zealous, very simple, and far from shrewd, might perhaps be reckoned at or near the other end of the series. Sir Peter Laurie, afterwards of aldermanic and ■ mayoral celebrity, came also pretty often, but seemed privately to look quite from the aldermanic point of view ■ Irving

and the new 'Caledonian Chapel' they were struggling to get built—old Mr. Dinwiddie especially struggling; and indeed once to ■■■ Paris, ■ while after this, he likened Irving and Dinwiddie to Harlequin and Blast, whom he had seen in ■■■ farce then current; Harlequin conjuring up the most glorious possibilities, like this of their 'Caledonian Chapel,' and Blast loyally following him with ■■■ destruction ■■ attempting to help. Sir Peter rather took to me, but not I much to him. A long-sighted satirical ex-saddler I found him to be, and nothing better; nay, something of ■■ ex-Scotchman too, which I could ■■■ less forgive. I went with the Irvings once to his house (Crescent, head of Portland Place) to a Christmas dinner this ■■■ year. Very sumptuous, very cockneyish, strange and unadmirable to me; and don't remember to have met him again. On our coming to live in London he had rather grown in civic fame and importance, and possibly, for I ■■■ not quite sure, on the feeble chance of being of ■■■ help, I sent him some indication or other;<sup>1</sup> but if ■■ he took no notice; gave ■■ sign. Some years afterwards I met

<sup>1</sup> ■■ project belike—and my card with it—one of several air-castles I was anxiously building at that time before taking to *French Revolution*.

him in my rides in the Park, evidently recognisant, and willing or wistful to speak, but it never came to effect, there being now no charm in it. Then again, years afterwards, when 'Latter-day Pamphlets' ■■■ coming out, he wrote ■■■ on that of *Model Prisons* ■ knowing, approving, kindly and civil letter, to which I willingly responded by ■ kindly and civil. Not very long after that I think he died, riding diligently almost to the end.. Poor Sir Peter! he was nothing of ■ bad man, very far other indeed; but had lived in ■ loud roaring, big, pretentious, and intrinsically barren sphere, ■■ conscious wholly that he might have risen to the top in ■ considerably nobler and fruitfuller one. What ■ tragic, treacherous stepdame is vulgar Fortune to her children! ■■ Peter's wealth has gone now in good part to somebody concerned in discovering, not for the first time, the source of the Nile (blessings on it!)—a Captain Grant, I think, companion to Speke, having married ■■ Peter's Scotch niece and lady heiress, ■ good clever girl, ■■■ of 'Haddington,' and extremely poor, who made her way to my loved one on the ground of common country in late years, and used to be rather ■■■ here in the few visits she made.

- Grant ■■ she, who ■■ ■■ gone to India,

## *Edward Irving.*

called after marriage but found nobody; ■■■ will.

By ■ the most distinguished two, ■ to me ■ alone important, of Irving's London circle, were ■ Strachey (Mrs. Buller's younger sister), and the 'noble lady' Mrs. Basil Montague, with both of whom and their households I became acquainted by his ■■■. One of my first visits ■ along with him to Goodenough House, Shooter's Hill, where the Stracheys oftenest ■ in summer. I remember ■ entering the little winding avenue, and seeing, in ■ kind of open conservatory or verandah on our approaching the house, the effulgent vision of 'dear Kitty' buried among the roses and almost buried under them; who on sight of us glided hastily in. The before and after and all other incidents of that first visit are quite lost to me, but I made a good many visits there and in town, and grew familiar with my ground.

Of Mrs. Strachey ■ have spoken already. To this day, long years after her death, I regard her as ■ singular pearl of a woman, pure as dew, yet full of love, incapable of unverity to herself ■ others. Examiner Strachey had long been ■ official (judge etc.) ■ Bengal, where brothers of his were, and sons still ■ ■ is now master, by inherit-

ance, of the family [redacted] in Somersetshire. One of the brothers [redacted] translated a curious old Hindoo treatise on algebra, which had made his name familiar to me. Edward (that I think was the examiner's name) might be a few years turned of fifty [redacted] this time; his wife twenty years younger, with a number of pretty children, the eldest hardly fourteen, and only [redacted] of them a girl. They lived in Fitzroy Square, a fine-enough house, and [redacted] a very pleasant country establishment at Shooter's Hill; where, in summer time, they were all commonly to be found. I have seldom seen a pleasanter place; a panorama of green, flowery, clear, and decorated country all round; a umbrageous little park, with roses, gardens; a modestly-excellent house; from the drawing-room window a continual view of ships, multiform and multitudinous, sailing up and down the river (about a mile off); smoky London as background; the clear sky overhead; and within doors honesty, good sense, and smiling seriousness the rule, and not the exception. Edward Strachey [redacted] a genially-abrupt man, a Utilitarian and Democrat by creed; yet beyond all things he loved Chaucer, and kept reading him; [redacted] rather tacit than discursive, but willing to speak, and doing it well, in a fine, tinkling, mellow-toned voice,



in an ingenious aphoristic way; had, withal, a pretty vein of quiz, which he seldom indulged in; a man sharply impatient of pretence, of sham and untruth in ■■■ forms; especially contemptuous of quality pretensions and affectations, which he scattered grinningly to the winds. Dressed in the simplest form, he walked daily to the ■■■ House and back, though there were fine carriages in store for ■■■ part; scorned cheerfully 'the general humbug of the world,' and honestly strove to do his own bit of duty, spiced by Chaucer and what else of inward harmony or condiment he had. Of religion in articulate shape he had none, but much respected his wife's, whom and whose truthfulness in that ■■■ in all things, he tenderly esteemed and loved; ■■■ man of many qualities comfortable to be ■■■ At his house, both in town and here, I have seen pleasant graceful people, whose style of manners, if nothing else, struck ■■■ as new and superior.

Mrs. Strachey took to me from the first, ■■■ ■■■ swerved. ■■■ strikes ■■■ more than ■■■ then did, she silently could have ■■■ to see 'dear Kitty' and myself ■■■ together, and ■■■ continue near her, both of us, through life. The good kind soul! And Kitty, too, was charming in her beautiful Begum sort; ■■■ abundant, and might,

perhaps have been charmed? None knows. ■■■ of the prettiest smiles, a visible ■■■ of humour, the slight merry curl of her upper lip (right side of it only), the carriage of her head and eyes ■■ such occasions, the quiet little things she said in that kind, and her low-toned hearty laugh ■■■ noticeable. This ■■■ perhaps her most spiritual quality. Of developed intellect she had not much, though not wanting in discernment; amiable, affectionate, graceful; might be called attractive; not slim enough for the title 'pretty,' not tall enough for 'beautiful;' had something low-voiced, languidly harmonious, placid, sensuous; loved perfumes etc.; ■ half-Begum; in short, ■■ interesting specimen of the semi-oriental Englishwoman. Still lives!—near Exeter; the wife of some ex-captain of Sepoys, with many children, whom she watches over with ■ passionate instinct; and has not quite forgotten me, ■ I had evidence ■■■ in late years, thanks to her kind little heart.

The Montague establishment (25 Bedford Square) was still ■■■ notable, and ■■ unlike this as possible; might be defined, not quite satirically, ■ a most singular social ■■■ spiritual ménagerie; which, indeed, was well known and much noted and criticised in certain literary and other circles.

Montague, a Chancery barrister in excellent practice, hugely a *sage*, too, busy all his days upon 'Bacon's Works,' and continually preaching a super-morality about benevolence, munificence, health, peace, unfailing happiness. Much a bore to you by degrees, and considerably a humbug if you probed too strictly. Age at this time might be about sixty; good middle stature, face rather fine under its grizzled hair, brow very prominent; wore oftenest a kind of smile, not false consciously so, but insignificant, and as if feebly defensive against the intrusions of a rude world. On going to Hinchinbrook long after, I found he was strikingly like the dissolute, questionable Earl of Sandwich (Foote's 'Jeremy Diddler'); who, indeed, had been father of him in a highly tragic way. His mother, pretty Miss Reay, carefully educated for that function; Rev. ex-dragon Hackman taking this dreadfully to heart that, being if not an ex-lover, a lover (bless the mark!) he shot her as she came out of Drury Lane Theatre that night, and got well hanged for it. The story is musty rather, and there is a loose foolish old book upon it called 'Love and Madness,' which is not worth reading. Poor Basil! no wonder he had his peculiarities, coming by such a genesis, and a life of his own which had been

brimful of difficulties and confusions ! It cannot be ■■■ he managed ■ ill, but far the contrary, all things considered. Nobody can deny that he wished all the world rather well, could wishing have done it. Express malice against anybody ■ anything he seldom ■ ■■■ showed. I myself experienced much kind flattery (if that were ■ benefit), much soothing treatment in his house, and learned several things there which ■■■ of ■■ afterwards, and not alloyed by the least harm done ■■■ But it ■■ his wife, the 'noble lady,' who in all senses presided there, to whom I stand debtor, and should be thankful for all this.

Basil had been thrice married. Children of all his marriages, and ■■■ ■■■ of the now Mrs. Montagu's ■■■ by ■ previous marriage, were present in the house ; ■ most ■■■ ■■■ miscellany. The one son of B.'s first marriage we have already dined with, and indicated that he soon ended by a bad road. ■■■ ■■■ the three sons of the second marriage, dandy young fellows by this time, who went all and sundry to the bad, the youngest and luckiest ■■■ to ■ madhouse, where he probably still is. Nor ■■■ the two boys of Mrs. Montagu Tertius ■ good kind ; thoroughly vain or even proud, and with ■ spice of ■■■■ falsity ■■■■ ■■■ their showy

They grew up only to go astray and be unlucky. long since are dead, sight. Only eldest child, Emily, the single daughter had, succeeded in the world; made a good match (in Turin country somewhere), is still doing well. Emily was Basil's only daughter, she not his wife's only Montagu by her former marriage, which had been brief, daughter, six eight years older than Emily Montagu. Anne Skepper the of this one, and York or Yorkshire her birthplace; a brisk, witty, prettyish, sufficiently clear-eyed and sharp-tongued young lady; bride, or affianced, at this time, of the poet 'Barry Cornwall,' i.e. Brian W. Procter, whose wife, both of them still prosperously living (1860), she is. Anne rather me, I her; an evidently true, sensible, practical young lady in a house considerably in want of such an article. the fourth genealogic species those children, visibly the eldest, all but Basil's first son now gone; and did, and might well pass for, flower of the collection.

Ruling such a miscellany of a household, with Montagu at the head, almost still stranger miscellaneous society that fluctuated through it, Mrs. Montagu a problem few

others. But she, if anyone, was equal to it. A more constant and consummate artist in that you could nowhere meet with ; truly a remarkable partly a high and tragical woman ; about fifty, with the remains of a certain queenly beauty which she still took strict of. A tall, rather thin figure ; a face pale, intelligent, and penetrating ; nose fine, rather large, and decisively Roman ; pair of bright, not soft, but sharp and small black eyes, with a cold smile of enquiry in them ; fine brow ; fine chin (both rather prominent) ; thin lips—lips always gently shut, as if the enquiry completed, and the time came for something of royal speech upon it. She a slight Yorkshire accent, but spoke—Dr. Hugh could not have picked a hole in it—and you might have printed every word, so queenlike, gentle, soothing, measured, prettily royal towards subjects whom she wished to love her. The voice modulated, low, not inharmonious ; yet there something of metallic in it, akin to that smile in the eyes. One durst not quite love this high personage as she wished to be loved ! Her very dress notable ; always the same, and in a fashion of its own ; kind of widow's cap fastened below the chin, darkish puce-coloured silk all the rest, and (I used to hear from one who knew !) was

admirable, ■■■ must have required daily the fastening of sixty ■ eighty pins.

■■■ were many criticisms of Mrs. Montagu—often angry ones; but the truth ■■■ did love ■■■ aspire to human excellence, and her ■■■ to ■■■ no better than a steep ■■■ of jingling ■■■ sliding sand. There remained therefore nothing, if you still aspired, but to succeed ill and put the best face on it. Which she amply did. I have heard her speak of the Spartan boy who let the fox hidden under his robe eat him, rather than rob him of his honour from the theft.

In early life she ■■■ made ■■■ visit to Nithsdale (to the ‘Craiks of Arligland’), and had ■■■ Burns, of whom her worship continued fervent, her few recollections always a jewel she ■■■ ready to produce. She must have been strikingly beautiful at that time, and Burns’s recognition and adoration would not be wanting; the most royally courteous of mankind she always defined him, as the first mark of his genius. I think I have heard that, at a ball at Dumfries, she had frugally constructed some dress by sewing real flowers upon it; and shone by that bit of art. and by her fine bearing, ■ the cynosure of all eyes. Her father, I gradually understood, not from herself, ■■■ been ■ man of incon-

siderable wealth ■ position, ■ wine merchant in York, his name Benson. Her ■ husband, Mr. Skepper, ■ young lawyer there, of German ■ traction; and that the *romance* of her wedding Montagu, which she sometimes touched on, ■ been prosaically nothing but this. Seeing herself, ■ Skepper's death, ■ destitute with a young girl, she consented to take charge of Montagu's motherless confused family under the name of 'governess,' bringing her own little Anne ■ appendage. Had succeeded well, ■ better and better, for ■ time, perhaps some years, in that ticklish capacity; whereupon at length offer of marriage, which she accepted. ■ sovereignty in the house had to be soft, judicious, politic, but it ■ con- ■ and valid, felt to be beneficial withal. 'She ■ in command of ■ mutinous ship which is ready to take fire,' Irving once said to me. By this time he ■ begun to discover that this 'noble lady' ■ in essentiality ■ artist, and hadn't perhaps so much loved him ■ tried to buy love from him by soft ministrations, by the skilfullest flattery liberally ■ ■ He continued always to look kindly towards her, but ■ now, ■ by-and-by, let drop the old epithet. Whether she ■ done him good or ill would be hard to say; ill perhaps!



In this liberal London, pitch your sphere one step lower than yourself, and you can get what amount of flattery you will consent to. Everybody has it, ■■■ money; for ■■■ printing, and will buy a small amount of ■■■ by any quantity of it. The generous Irving did not find out this so soon ■■■ surlier fellows of us !

On one of the first fine mornings, Mrs. Montague, along with Irving, took me out to ■■■ Coleridge ■■■ Highgate. My impressions of the ■■■ and of the place ■■■ conveyed faithfully enough in the 'Life of Sterling;' that first interview in particular, of which I had expected very little, ■■■ idle and unsatisfactory, and yielded me nothing. Coleridge, a puffy, anxious, obstructed-looking, fattish old man, hobbled about with us, talking with a kind of solemn emphasis ■■■ matters which ■■■ of no interest (and even *reading* pieces in proof of his opinions thereon). ■■■ had him to myself ■■■ or twice, in various parts of the garden walks, and tried hard to get something about *Kant* and Co. from him, about 'reason' ■■■ 'understanding' and the like, but in vain. Nothing ■■■ from him that was of use to ■■■ that day, ■■■ in ■■■ any day. The sight and sound of ■■■ sage who ■■■ so venerated by those about me, ■■■ whom I too would willingly have venerated, ■■■

could not—this ■■■ all. Several times afterwards, Montagu, ■■■ Coleridge's 'Thursday evenings,' carried Irving and ■■■ out, and returned blessing Heaven (I not) ■■■ what he had received. Irving ■■■ I walked out ■■■ than once on mornings too, ■■■ found the Dodona oracle humanly ready to act, but ■■■ ■■■ or Irving either I suspect, explanatory of the question put. Good Irving strove always to think that he ■■■ getting priceless wisdom out of this great man, but must have had his misgivings. Except by the Montagu-Irving channel, I at no time communicated with Coleridge. I had never on my ■■■ strength had much esteem for him, and found slowly in spite of myself that I ■■■ getting to have less and less. Early in 1825 ■■■ my last sight of him; a print of Porson brought some trifling utterance: 'Sensuality such ■■■ dissolution of the features of ■■■ man's face;' and I remember nothing ■■■ On my second visit to London (autumn 1830) Irving and I had appointed a day for ■■■ pilgrimage to Highgate, but the day ■■■ one rain deluge and ■■■ couldn't ■■■ try. Soon after ■■■ settling here (late in 1834) Coleridge ■■■ reported to be dying, and died; I had seen the last of him almost ■■■ decade ago.

A great 'worship of genius' habitually went on ■■■ Montagu's, from ■■■ ■■■ wife especially; Cole-

ridge the head of the Lares there, though he never appeared in person, but only wrote a word or two of [redacted] on occasions. A confused dim miscellany of 'geniuses' (mostly nondescript and harmlessly [redacted] less) hovered fitfully about the establishment; I think those of any reality had tired and gone away. There [redacted] much talk and laud of Charles Lamb and his Pepe etc., but he never appeared. At [redacted] own house I [redacted] him [redacted]; [redacted] I gradually felt to have been enough for me. Poor Lamb! such a 'divine genius' you could find in the London world only! Hazlitt, whom I had a kind of curiosity about, [redacted] not now of the 'admitted' (such the hint); [redacted] any rate kept strictly away. There was a 'Crabbe Robinson,' who had been in Weimar etc., who [redacted] first of the 'Own Correspondents' [redacted] [redacted] numerous. This is [redacted] his real distinction. There was a Mr. Fearn, 'profound in metaphysics' ('dull utterly and dry'). There was a Dr. Sir Anthony Carlisle, of [redacted] in medicine, native of Durham and a hard-headed fellow, but Utilitarian to the bone, who had defined poetry to Irving once as 'the *prodooction* of a rude *aage*.' We [redacted] clansmen, he and I, but had nothing of mutual attraction, [redacted] of repulsion either, for the [redacted] didn't want for shrewd [redacted] in [redacted] way. I heard continual talk [redacted] admiration of 'the grand old English writers'

(Fuller, ■ Thomas Browne, and various others—  
■■■■ rarely); this was the orthodox strain.  
But there ■■■ little considerable of actual knowledge,  
■■■ of critical appreciation almost nothing ■ the  
back of ■ anywhere; and in the end ■ did one next  
to no good, yet perhaps not quite none, deducting in  
accurate balance ■■ the ■■ that might be in it.

Nobody pleased ■■ ■ much in this miscellany  
■ Procter (Barry Cornwall), who for the ■■ Anne  
Skepper's sake ■■ very constantly there. Anne  
and he ■■ to have been, and ■■ still to be  
married, but ■■■ disaster or entanglement in  
Procter's attorney business had occurred (some  
partner defalcating or the like), and Procter, in  
evident distress and dispiritment, ■■ waiting the  
slow conclusion of this; which and the wedding  
thereupon happily took place in the winter following.  
A decidedly rather pretty little fellow Procter,  
bodily ■■■ spiritually; ■■■■ prepossessing,  
slightly London-elegant, not unpleasant; clear  
judgment in him, though of ■■■■ field; ■ sound  
honourable morality, and airy friendly ways; of  
slight neat figure, vigorous for his size; fine genially  
-rugged little face, fine head; something curiously  
dreamy in the eyes of him, ■■■ drooping ■ the ■■■  
■■■ into ■ cordially ■■■■ and drooping expres-

sion ; would break out suddenly and then into opera attitude *Là ci darem la mano* for ment ; had something of real fun, though in London style. he invited to 'his garret,' as he it, and was always good kind continues, though I hardly see him once in a quarter of a century.

The next to Procter in my esteem, and the considerably important to me just then, was a young Mr. Badams, in great and romantic estimation there, and present every and then, though his place and business lay in Birmingham ; a most cheery, gifted, really amiable man, with whom not long afterwards I or less *romantically* went to Birmingham, and though not cured of 'dyspepsia' there (alas, not the least) had two or three singular and interesting months, as will be

Irving's preaching at Hatton Garden, which I regularly attended while in his house, and occasionally afterwards, did not strike superior to his Scotch performances of past time, or, in private fact, inspire me with any complete pleasant feeling. Assent to them I could not, except under very wide tions, nor, granting postulates, did either or carry me captive, or at any time perfect my admiration. The force and weight of

what he urged was undeniable ; the potent faculty at work, like that of a Samson heavily striding along with the gates of Gaza on his shoulders ; but there was a want of spontaneity and simplicity, a something of strained and aggravated, of elaborately intentional, which kept gaining on the mind. One felt the bad element to be and to have been wholly wholesome to the honourable soul. The doors were crowded long before opening, and you got in by ticket ; but the first sublime rush of what seemed more than popularity, and had been nothing more—Lady Jersey ‘sitting on the pulpit steps,’ Canning, Brougham, Mackintosh, etc. rushing day after day—was quite over, and there remained only a popularity of ‘the people ;’ not of the *plebs* all, but never higher than of the well-dressed *populus* henceforth, which was a sad change to the sanguine One noticed that he was not happy, but anxious, struggling, questioning the future ; happiness, alas, he had no more to have, even in the old measure, in this world ! At sight of Canning, Brougham, Lady Jersey and Co., crowding round him and listening week after week as if to the message of salvation, the noblest and joyfullest thought (I know this on perfect authority) had taken possession of his noble, too sanguine, and too trustful mind.

'that the Christian religion was to be a truth again, not a paltry form, and to rule the world, he unworthy, even he, ■■■ chosen instrument.' ■■■ Strachey, who had seen him in her own house in these moods, spoke to me ■■■ of this, and only once, reporting some of ■■■ expressions ■■■ ■■■ affectionate ■■■ Cruelly ■■■ ■■■ these hopes were, but Irving ■■■ ■■■ the end of his life could consent to give them up. That ■■■ the key to all his subsequent procedures, extravagances, aberrations, ■■■ far ■■■ I could understand them. Whatever of blame (and there was on the surface a fond credulity, or perhaps, farther down, and as root to such credulity, ■■■ ■■■ of *self-love*, which I define always ■■■ love that others should love him, *not* as any ■■■ kind), with that degree of blame Irving must stand charged, with that and with ■■■ more, so far as I could testify ■■■ understand.

Good Mrs. Oliphant, ■■■ probably her public, have much mistaken me on this point. That Irving to the very ■■■ ■■■ abundant 'popularity,' and ■■■ fluence of auditors sufficient for the largest pulpit 'vanity,' I knew and know, but also that his ■■■ immeasurable and quasi-celestial hope ■■■ ■■■ cruelly blasted, refusing the least *bud* farther, and ■■■ without this ■■■ ■■■ availed him nothing.

semblances of [ ] shoot out again and again, under his continual fostering and forcing, but real bud [ ] more, and the [ ] in [ ] easy to understand.

[ ] had much quiet seriousness, beautiful piety and charity, in this bud time of agitation and disquietude, and [ ] often honestly sorry for him. Here was [ ] the old true man, and his new element seemed so false [ ] abominable. Honestly, though not [ ] purely, sorry [ ] now, [ ] when element and man are alike gone, and all that was [ ] partook of paltry in one's own view of them is also mournfully gone! He [ ] endless patience with the mean people crowding about him and jostling his life to pieces; hoped always they [ ] not [ ] mean; [ ] complained of the uncomfortable huggermugger his life was now grown to be; took everything, wife, servants, guests, by the [ ] favourable handle. He had infinite delight in [ ] little baby boy there now was; went dandling [ ] about in his giant arms, tick-ticking to it, laughing and playing to it; would turn seriously round to [ ] with [ ] face sorrowful rather than otherwise, [ ] say, 'Ah, Carlyle, this little creature has been sent to [ ] soften my hard heart, which did need it.'

Towards [ ] people not absolutely



criminals, ■ kindness, ■■■ helpfulness, long-suffering, and assiduity, were in truth wonderful to me ; especially in one case, that of a Reverend Mr. Macbeth, which I thought ill of from the first, and which ■■ turn out hopeless. Macbeth ■■ ■ Scotch preacher, or licentiate, who had ■■■■ of a kirk, ■■■ had deserved to do, though his talents were good, and ■■■■ hanging very miscellaneously ■■ London, with no outlooks that ■■■■ not bog meteors, and ■ steadily increasing tendency to strong drink. He knew town well, and its babble and bits of temporary cynosures, ■■■ frequented haunts good and perhaps bad ; took ■■■■ evening to the poet Campbell's, whom ■ had already seen, but not successfully.

Macbeth had a sharp sarcastic, clever kind of tongue ; not much real knowledge, but was amusing to talk with on a chance walk through the streets ; older than myself by a dozen years ■■ more. Like him I did not ; there was nothing of wisdom, generosity, ■■ worth in him, but in secret, evidently discernible, a great deal of bankrupt vanity which had taken quite the malignant shape. Undeniable envy, spite, ■■■ bitterness looked through every part of him. A tallish, slouching, lean figure, face sorrowful malignant, black, not unlike the picture ■■ ■ devil.

■ me he had privately much the reverse of liking. I have ■ him in Irving's and elsewhere (perhaps with a little drink on his stomach, poor soul!) break out into oblique little spurts of positive spite, which I ■ to ■ merely, 'Young Jackanapes, getting yourself noticed and honoured while ■ mature man of genius is etc. etc.!' and took no notice of, to the silent comfort of self ■ neighbours.

This broken Macbeth had been hanging ■ good while about Irving, who had taken much earnest pains to rescue and arrest him on the edge of the precipices, but latterly had begun to see that it was hopeless, and had rather ■ him to his ■ bad courses. One evening, ■ was in dirty winter weather and I was present, there came to Irving or to Mrs. Irving, dated from some dark tavern in the Holborn precincts, ■ piteous ■ note from Macbeth. 'Ruined again (tempted, O how cunningly, to my old sin); been drinking these three weeks, ■ have a chalk-score and ■ money, and can't get out. Oh, help ■ perishing sinner!' The majority ■ of opinion, 'Pshaw! it is totally useless!' but Irving after some minutes of serious consideration decided, 'No, not totally;' and directly got into ■ hackney coach, wife and he, proper moneys in pocket, paid the poor devil's tavern ■ (some ■ 10s. or so, if I

remember) ■■■ brought him groaning home out of ■■■ purgatory again: for ■■■ was in much bodily suffering too. I remember to have been taken up to see him one evening in his bedroom (comfortable airy place) ■ week or two after. He was in clean dressing-gown and night-cap, walking about the floor; ■■■■ to turn away his face and be quite 'ashamed' when Irving introduced me, which as I could discern ■ to be painful hypocrisy merely, for ■■■■ my visit to be other than quite brief. Comment I made none here or downstairs; ■■■■ actually ■ little sorry, but without hope, and rather think ■■■■ ■■■ my last sight of Macbeth. Another time, which could not now be distant, when he lay again under chalk-score and bodily sickness in his drinking shop, there would be ■■■ deliverance but to the hospital; and there I suppose the poor creature tragically ended. ■■■ was not without talent, had written a 'Book ■■■ the Sabbath,' better or worse, and I almost think was understood, with all his impenitences and malignities, to have ■■■■ love ■■■■ ■■■ poor old Scotch mother. After that night in his clean airy bedroom I have no recollection or tradition ■■ him—a vanished quantity, hardly once in my thoughts for above forty ■■■■ past. There ■■■■ other ■■■■ or unpleasant figures whom I ■■■■

■ Irving's; ■ Danish ■ of Calvinistic species (repeatedly, ■ had to beat him off), a good many ■ kinds—one ■ 'Bishop of Toronto,' triumphant Canadian but Aberdeen by dialect (once only, from whom Irving defended me), etc. etc.; but of these I say nothing. Irving, though they ■ house-element and life-element ■ continually muddy for him, ■ endlessly patient with them all.

This my ■ visit to London lasted with interruptions from early June 1824 till March 1825, during which I repeatedly lodged for ■ little while ■ Irving's, his house ever open to me like ■ brother's, ■ cannot ■ recollect the times ■ their circumstances. The above recollections extend vaguely ■ the whole period, during the last four ■ five months of which I had ■ own rooms in Southampton Street near by, and was ■ in almost constant familiarity. My own situation was very wretched; primarily from a state of health which nobody could be expected to understand ■ sympathise with, and about which I ■ as much as possible to be silent. The accursed hag 'Dyspepsia' had got me ■ bitted ■ bridled, and was ever striving to make my waking living day ■ thing of ghastly night- ■ I resisted what I could; ■ yield ■

surrender ■ her ; but she kept my heart right heavy, my battle very ■ and hopeless. One could not call it hope but only desperate obstinacy refusing to flinch that animated me. 'Obstinacy as of ■ mules' I have sometimes called it since ; but in candid truth there ■ something worthily human in it too ; and I have had through life, among my manifold unspeakable blessings, ■ other ■ bower anchor to ride by in the rough ■ Human 'obstinacy' grounded on real faith and insight is good and the best.

All ■ change, too, at this time with me, all uncertainty. Mrs. Buller, the bright, the ardent, the airy, was a changeful lady ! The original programme had been, we were all to shift to Cornwall, live in ■ beautiful Buller cottage there was about ■ Looe or West (on her eldest brother-in-law's property). With this ■ a fixed thing I had arrived in London, asking myself ' what kind of a thing will ■ be ? ' It proved to have become already a thing of all the winds ; gone like ■ dream of the night (by some accident or other ! ) For four ■ five weeks coming there was new scheme, followed always by newer and newest, all of which proved successively inexecutable, greatly to my annoyance and regret, as may be imagined. The only thing that did ever

take effect was the shifting of Charles and me out to solitary lodgings at Kew Green, an isolating of us two (*pro tempore*) — lessons there, one dreariest — uncomfortablest things to both of — It — for about a fortnight, till Charles, I — privately pleading, put an end to it — intolerable and useless both (for one could not ‘study’ but only pretend to do it in such an element!) Other wild projects — rapidly, rapidly vanished futile. — end was, in a week or two after, I deliberately counselled that Charles should go direct for Cambridge next term, in the meantime making ready under — fit college ‘grinder;’ I myself not without regret taking leave of the enterprise. Which proposal, after — affectionate resistance — the part of Charles, — at length (rather suddenly, I recollect) acceded to by the elder people, and one bright summer morning (still vivid to me) I stepped out of a house in Foley Place, with polite farewell sounding through me, and the thought — I walked along Regent Street, — here I was without — ployment henceforth. Money — no longer quite wanting, enough of money for — — — but the question what to do next — not a little embarrassing, — indeed was intrinsically abstruse enough.

I must have been lodging again [redacted] Irving when this finale [redacted] I recollect Charles Buller and I, a day or some days after quitting Kew, had rendezvoused by appointment in Regent Square (St. Pancras), where Irving [redacted] a great company were laying the foundation of 'Caledonian Chapel' (which [redacted] there), and Irving of course had to deliver an address. Of the address, which was going on when [redacted] arrived, I could hear nothing, such the confusing crowd and the unfavourable locality (a muddy chaos of rubbish and excavations, Irving and the actors shut off from us by a circle of rude bricklayers' planks); but [redacted] well remember Irving's glowing face, streaming hair, and deeply moved tones [redacted] he spoke; and withal that Charles Buller brought me some new futility of a proposal, and how sad he looked, good youth, when I had directly to reply with 'No, alas, I cannot, Charles.' This was but a few days before the Buller finale.

Twenty years after, riding discursively [redacted] Tottenham one summer evening, with the breath of the wind from northward, and London hanging to my right hand like a grim and vast sierra, I saw among the peaks, as easily ascertainable, the high minarets of that chapel, and thought with myself, 'Ah, you fatal tombstones of my lost friend! [redacted] did a [redacted] so

strong and high avail only to **■** you ?' and felt sad enough and rather angry in looking **■** the thing.

It was not many days after this of the Regent Square address, which **■** quickly followed by termination with the Bulls, that I found myself **■** bright Sunday morning on the top of a swift coach for Birmingham, with intent towards the **■** **■** above mentioned, and **■** considerable visit there, for health's sake mainly. Badams and the Montagues had eagerly proposed and counselled this step. Badams himself was so eager about it, and seemed so frank, cheery, ingenious, and friendly **■** man that I had listened to his pleadings with far more regard than usual in such a case, and without assenting had been seriously considering the proposal **■** **■** weeks before (during the Kew Green seclusion and perhaps earlier). He was in London twice **■** thrice while things hung in deliberation, and was each time more eager and persuasive **■** **■**. In fine I **■** assented, and **■** rolling along through sunny England—the first considerable space I **■** yet seen of it—with really pleasant recognition of **■** **■** beauties and air of long-continued cleanliness, **■** tentment, **■** well-being. Stony Stratford, Fenny Stratford, **■** the good people coming out of church,



Coventry, etc. etc., all this is ■■■ a picture. Our coach was of ■■■ swiftest in the world; appointments perfect to ■ hair; ■■ and a ■■■ minutes the time allowed for changing horses; our coachman, in dress etc. resembled a 'sporting gentleman,' and scornfully ■■■ any groundling whom he disliked, 'You Radical!' ■■ ■■ symptom. I don't remember a finer ride, as if on the arrow of Abaris, with lips shut ■■■ nothing ■ do but look. My reception ■ Ashsted (west end of Birmingham, not far from the great Watt's house of that name), and instalment in the ■■■ domesticities, must have well corresponded ■ my expectations, as I have now no memory of it. My visit in whole, which lasted for above three months, may be pronounced interesting, idle, pleasant, ■■ successful, though singular.

Apart from the nimbus of Montague romance in the first accounts I had got of Badams, he was ■ gifted, amiable, and remarkable man, who proved altogether friendly and beneficent, so ■■ ■■ went, with me, and whose final history, had I time for it, would be tragical in its kind. ■■ ■■ eldest boy of a well-doing but not opulent master-workman (plumber, I think) in Warwick town; got marked for the ready talents ■■ showed, especially for some picture he ■■ ■■ ■■ own resources ■■ ■■ ■■ ■■

copied in the Warwick Castle gallery with 'wonderful success'; and in fine was taken hold of by the famous Dr. Parr and others of that vicinity, and lived ■■■ time ■■ one of Parr's scholars in Parr's house; learning I know not what, not taking very kindly to the *Æolic digamma* department I should apprehend! ■■■ retained ■■ kindly and respectful remembrance about this Trismegistus of the then pedants, but always in brief quizzical form. Having declared for medicine he ■■■ sent to Edinburgh College, studied there for one session ■■ more; but 'being desirous to marry some beautiful lady-love' (said the Montagues), or otherwise determined on a shorter road to fortune, he now cut loose from his patrons, and modestly planted himself in Birmingham, with purpose of turning to account some chemical ideas he had gathered in the classes here; rivalling of French green vitriol by purely English methods ('no *husks of grapes* for you and your vitriol, ye English; your vitriol only half the selling price of ours!') that I believe ■■■ it, and Badams had fairly succeeded in it and in other branches of the colour business, and had ■■ manufactory ■■ twenty or fewer hands, ■■■ of thrifty and curious ingenuity; at the outer corner of which, fronting on two streets, ■■■ ■■■ modest but comfortable

dwelling-house, where I now lived with him ■ guest. Simplicity and a pure and direct aim ■ the essential (aim good and generally successful), that was our rule in this establishment, which ■ continued always innocently comfortable ■ home-like to me. The lowest floor, opening rearward of the manufactory, ■ exclusively given up to ■ excellent Mrs. Barnet (with husband ■ family of two), who in perfection and in silence kept house to us; her husband, whom Badams only tolerated for her sake, working out of doors among the twenty. We lived in the two upper floors, entering from ■ street door, and wearing a modestly civilised air. Everything has still a living look to me in that place; not even the bad Barnet, who ■ showed his badness, but has claims on me; still ■ the venerable lean and brown old grandfather Barnet, who used to 'go for ■ letters,' and hardly ever spoke except by his fine and mournful ■ eyes. These Barnets, with the workmen generally, and their quiet steady ways, ■ pleasant ■ observe, but especially our excellent, sad, pure, and ■ Mrs. Barnet, correct as ■ eight-day clock, ■ making hardly as much noise! Always ■ in ■ black, tall, clean, well-looking, light of foot and

hand. She was very much loved by Badams as a friend of ■■■ mother's and a woman of real worth, bearing well ■ heavy enough load of ■■■■ (chronic ■■■■ of the heart to crown them he would add). ■ remember ■■ sight of her, ■■■ afternoon, in some lighted closet there was, cutting out the bit ■■■■■ for the children's luncheon, two dear pretty little girls who stood looking up with hope, her silence ■■■■ theirs, and the fine human relation between them, as one of my pleasant glimpses into English humble life. The younger of these pretty children died within few years; the elder, 'Bessy Barnet,' ■ creature of distinguished faculties who ■■■ had intricate vicissitudes and fortunate escapes, stayed with us here ■■■ first servant (servant and friend both in one) for about a year, then, went home, and after long and complete disappearance from our thoughts and affairs, re-emerged, most modestly triumphant, not very long ago, as wife of the accomplished Dr. ■■■■ of Leamington; in which capacity she showed ■ generous exaggerated 'gratitude' to her old mistress and me, and set herself ■■■ her husband unweariedly to help in ■■■■ our sad Leamington season of woe and toil, which has now ended in eternal peace to one of us. ■■■■

*Edward Irving.*

Dr. [ ] and his 'Bessy's' kindness [ ] ever be forgotten while the other of us still lingers here ! Ah me ! [ ] me !

My Birmingham visit, except as it continually kept me riding about in the open air, did nothing for me in the anti-dyspeptic way, but in the social and spiritually consolatory way [ ] was really of benefit. [ ] Badams was a horse fancier, [ ] on horseback, kept a choice two or three of horses here, [ ] in theory professed the obligation to 'ride for health,' but very seldom by himself did it— it [ ] always along with me, and not one tenth part [ ] often [ ] I during this sojourn. With me red 'Taffy,' the briskest of Welsh ponies, went galloping daily far and wide, unless I were still better mounted (for exercise of the other high-going sort), and many [ ] the pleasant rides I [ ] in the Warwickshire lanes and heaths, and real good they did me, [ ] Badams's medicinal and dietetic formalities (to which I strictly conformed) [ ] me little [ ] none. His unaffected kindness, and cheerful human sociality and friendliness, manifest [ ] all times, could not but [ ] of use to [ ] too. [ ] have I [ ] a franker, trustier, cheerier form [ ] human [ ] than Badams's. How [ ] remember the laughing eyes [ ] sunny figure of him breaking into [ ] room on

mornings, [redacted] (waistband in hand [redacted] aspect, and hair all flying). ‘What! not [redacted] yet, monster?’ The smile of his eyes, the sound of his voice, [redacted] bright and practically [redacted] on these occasions. A tight, middle-sized, handsome kind of man, eyes blue, sparkling soft, [redacted] other features inclining to the pointed, [redacted] plexion, which [redacted] the weak part, tending rather to bluish, face always shaven bare [redacted] no whiskers left; a man full of hope, full of natural intellect, ingenuity, invention, essentially a gentleman; and really looked well and jauntily aristocratic when dressed for riding or the like, which was always a careful preliminary. Slight rusticity of accent rather did him good; [redacted] prompt, mildly emphatic and expressive [redacted] the words that came from him. His faults were a too sanguine temper, and a defective inner *sternness* of veracity: true he was, but not sternly enough, [redacted] would [redacted] to imagination and delusive hopes when Fact [redacted] No—for which two faults, partly recognisable to me even then, I little expected he would by and by [redacted] dear.

[redacted] had a pleasant time together, many pleasant summer rides, and outdoor talks and in; to Guy’s Cliff, Warwick Castle, Sutton Coldfield, [redacted] Kenilworth, etc., [redacted] holidays; or miscellaneous [redacted]

furry heaths ■■■ leafy ruralities on common ■■■  
 ings. I remember well a ride we made to Kenil-  
 worth ■■■ Saturday afternoon by the 'wood ■■■  
 Arden' and its monstrous old oaks, on to the famous  
 ruin ■■■ (*fresh* in the Scott novels then), and a  
 big jolly farmer of Badams's, who lodged us—nice  
 polite wife and he in a finely human way—till  
 Monday morning, with much ■■■ about ■■■ Parr,  
 in whose parish (Hatton) ■■■ then ■■■ Old Parr  
 would have been desirabler to me than the great old  
 ruin (now mainly a skeleton, part of it a ■■■  
 farm-house, which was the most interesting part).  
 But Badams did not propose a call on his old pedant  
 friend, and I could not be said to regret the omis-  
 sion; a saving of so much trouble withal. There  
 was a sort of pride felt in their Dr. Parr all over  
 this region; yet everybody seemed to consider  
 him a ridiculous old fellow, whose strength of intel-  
 ■■■ ■■■ mainly ■■■ to self-will ■■■ fantasticality.  
 They all mimicked his *lisp*, and talked of wig and  
 tobacco-pipe. (No pipe, no Parr! ■■■ avowed prin-  
 ciple when asked to dinner among fine people.) The  
 old man came to Edinburgh on a visit to Dr. Gre-  
 gory, perhaps the very next year; ■■■ there, too,  
 for a year following there lingered ■■■  
 good-natured grins and gossip, ■■■ one ■■■

but the man himself I never saw, nor, though liking him, sensibly cared to see.

Another very memorable gallop (we always at galloping ■ cantering pace, and ■ proud of his cattle and their really great prowess), was ■ morning out to Hagley; to the top of the Clent Hill for a view, after breakfast at Hagley Tap, and then return. Distance from Birmingham about seventeen miles. 'The Leasowes' (Poet Shenstone's place), is about midway (visible enough to left in the level sun-rays as you gallop out); after which comes ■ singular *Terra di Lavoro*—or wholly ■ country—Hales Owen the heart of it. Thick along the wayside, little forges built of single brick, hardly bigger than sentry-boxes; ■ in each of them, with bellows, stake, and hammer a woman busy making nails; fine tall young women several of them, old others, but all in clean aprons, clean white calico jackets (must have been Monday morning), their look industrious ■ patient. ■ as if all the ■ in the world were getting made here on very unexpected terms! Hales Owen itself had much sunk under the improved highway, but ■ cheerfully jingling ■ ■ cantered through. Hagley Tap and its quiet green was all our own; not to be matched out of England. Lord Lyttelton's



mansion I have ever since in my eye as a noble-looking place, when ■■■ lordship ■■■■ athwart me; a rational, ruggedly-considerate kind of man whom I could have liked to see there (as he was good enough to wish), had there been ■ *Fortunatus* travelling carpet at my disposal. ■■■■ pillars many, in a definite straight or spiral shape; the Dudley 'Black Country,' under favourable omens, visible from the Clent Hill; after which, and the aristocratic roof works, attics, and grand chimney tops of Hagley mansion, the curtain quite drops.

Of persons also I met some notable ■■ quasi-notable. 'Joe' Parkes, then ■ small Birmingham attorney, afterwards the famous Reform Club ditto, was a visitor at Bedams's on rare evenings; a rather pleasant-talking, shrewd enough ■■■■ fellow, with bad teeth, and a knowing flighty satirical ■■■■ whom Bedams thought little of, but tolerated for his (Joe's) mother's sake, as he ■■■■ ■■■■ senior, who was her second husband. The famous Joe I never saw again, though hearing often of his preferments, performances, and him, till he died, not long since, writing ■ new 'Discovery of Junius,' ■■■■ rumoured; fit-enough task for such a man. Bessy Parkes (of the Rights of Women) is a daughter of ■■■■ There were Phipsons, too, 'Unitarian people,'

very good to me. A young fellow of them, still young though become a pin manufacturer, had been at *Erlangen* University, and could float along in a light, airy anecdotic fashion by a time. He emerged on four or five years ago, living Putney: head grown white from red, but heart still light, introducing a chemical of his, whom I thought not unlikely to push himself in the world by that

Kennedy of Cambridge, afterwards great 'master of Shrewsbury school,' polite to me, but unproductive. Others—but why should I speak of them at all? Accidentally, one Sunday evening, I heard the famous Dr. (of Leicester) preach; a flabby, puffy, but massy, earnest, forcible-looking man, *homme alors célèbre*! Sermon extempore; text, 'God who cannot lie.' He proved beyond shadow of doubt, in a really forcible but most superfluous way, that God lied (had no need to do it, etc.). 'As good prove that God fought a duel,' Badams, my reporting home.

Jemmy Belcher was a smirking dumpy Unitarian bookseller in the Bull-ring, regarded as a kind of curiosity and favourite among these people, and had seen One showery day I took shelter in his shop; picked up a new magazine, found in a cleverish completely hostile criticism


‘Wilhelm Meister,’ of my Goethe, and self, etc., read ■ faithfully to the end, ■ have ■ set eye on it since. On stepping out my ■ spirits did not ■ much elevated by ■ ■ just swallowed, ■ I thought with myself, ‘This man ■ perhaps right on some points; if so, let him be admonitory!’ And he ■ ■ (on ■ Scotticism, ■ perhaps two); and I ■ reasonably ■ (in not above ■ couple ■ hours), dismiss him to the devil, or to Jericho, as an ill-given, unserviceable kind of entity in my ■ through this world. It ■ De Quincey, as I often enough heard afterwards from foolish-talking persons ■ ‘What matter who, ye foolish-talking persons?’ would have been my *silent* answer, ■ it generally pretty much was. I recollect, too, how in Edinburgh ■ year ■ two after, poor De Quincey, whom I wished to know, was reported to tremble ■ the thought of such ■ thing; and did fly pale ■ ashes, poor little soul, the first time ■ actually met. He was a pretty little creature, full of wire-drawn ingenuities, bankrupt enthusiasms, bankrupt pride, with ■ finest silver-toned low voice, and ■ elaborate gently-winding courtesies ■ inge- ■ in conversation. ‘What wouldn’t ■ give to have him in a box, and take him out to talk!’ That was Her criticism of him, and it was right good.

■ bright, ready, ■ melodious talker, ■ in the end an inconclusive ■ long-winded. One of ■ smallest man figures I ever saw ; shaped like a pair of tongs, and hardly above five feet in all. When he sate, you would have taken him, by candlelight, for the beautifullest little child ; blue-eyed, sparkling face, ■ there not been ■ something, too, which ■ 'Eccovi—this child has been ■ hell.' After leaving Edinburgh I ■ ■ him, hardly ■ heard of him. His fate, owing to opium etc., was hard and sore, poor fine-strung weak creature, launched so into the literary ■ of ambition and mother of dead dogs. That peculiar kind of 'meeting' with him ■ among the phenomena of my then Birmingham ('Bromwich-ham,' 'Brumagem,' ■ you ■ forced to call it).

Irving himself, once, or perhaps twice, came to us, in respect of a Scotch Chapel newly set on foot there, and rather in tottering condition. Preacher in it one Crosbie, whom I ■ ■ ■ Glasgow in Dr. Chalmers's, ■ silent guest along with me, whose chief characteristic ■ helpless dispiritment under *dyspepsia*, which had ■ upon him, hapless innocent lazy soul. The people ■ very kind to him, but he was helpless, and I think soon ■ went away. What became of the Chapel since

I didn't hear. The Rev. ■■■ Martin of Kirkcaldy, with his reverend father, and perhaps a sister, passed through Birmingham, bound for London to christen ■■■ new child of Irving's; ■■■ being received in a kind of gala by those Scotch Chapel people, caused ■■■ a noisy not pleasant day. Another day, positively painful though otherwise instructive, I had in the Dudley 'Black Country' (which I had ■■■ seen from the distance), roving about among the coal and metal mines there, in company or neighbourhood of Mr. Airy, now 'Astronomer Royal,' whom I have never seen since. Our party ■■■ but of four. Some opulent retired Dissenting Minister had decided on a holiday ovation to Airy, who had just issued from Cambridge ■■■ chief of Wranglers and mathematical wonder, and ■■■ ■■■ to Birmingham on visit to ■■■ footlicker whose people lived there. 'I will show Airy ■■■ mine country,' said the reverend old friend of enlightenment, 'and Mr. G., Airy's footlicker, shall ■■■ company!' That was his happy thought; and Badams hearing it from him, had suggested ■■■ (not quite unknown to him) as a fourth figure. I ■■■ ill in health, but thought it right to go. We inspected black furnaces, descended into coal mines; poked about industriously into nature's ■■■ ■■■

sooty ■■■■ all day (with ■ short ■■■■ luncheon), and returned at night in the Reverend's postchaise, thoroughly wearied and disgusted, ■■ of us at least. Nature's sooty ■■■■ welcome and ■■■■ pleasant to me; art's also, more or less. Thus in the belly of the deepest mine, climbing ■■■■ a huge jingle of new-loosened coal, there met ■■ on the very summit ■ pair of small cheerful human eyes (face there ■■■■ discernible at first, so totally black was it, and so dim were ■■ candles), then ■ ditto ditto of lips, internally red; which I perceived, with ■ comic interest, were begging beer from me! Nor was Airy himself in the least an offence, ■ indeed sensibly a ■■■■. A hardy little figure, of edacious energetic physiognomy eyes hard, strong, not fine; seemed three ■ four years younger than I, and to be in secret serenely, not insolently, enjoying his glory, which I made him right welcome to do on those terms. In fact he and I hardly spoke together twice ■ thrice, and had as good as ■ relation to each other. The old Reverend had taken possession of Airy, and ■■ day ■ his elbow. And to me, fatal allotment, ■■ fallen the 'footlicker,' ■■ of the foolishhest, most conceited, ever-babbling blockheads I ■■ remember ■■ have met.



What a day of *boring* (not of the mine only!) I felt as if driven half crazy, and mark it to this hour with *coal*!

But enough, and far more than enough, of my Birmingham reminiscences! Irving himself had been with ■■■. Badams was every few weeks up ■■■ London for a day or two. Mrs. Strachey, too, sometimes wrote to ■■■ London ■■■ still, in a sense, my headquarters. Early in September (it must have been), I took kind leave of Badams and his daily kind influences; hoping, both of us, it might be only temporary leave; and revisited London, at least passed through it, to Dover and the sea-coast, where Mrs. Strachey had contrived a fine sea party, to consist of herself, with appendages of the Irvings and of me, for a few bright weeks! I remember a tiny bit of my journey, solitary on the coach-roof, between Canterbury and Bridge. Nothing else whatever of person ■■■ of place from Birmingham to that, nor anything immediately onwards from that! The Irvings had a dim but snugish house, rented in ■■■ ■■■ near the shore, and I was to lodge with them. ■■■ Strachey ■■■ in a brighter place near by; detached new row, ■■■ *Liverpool Terrace* at ■■■ time (now ■■■ among streets, and hardly discernible by me

last autumn when I pilgrimed thither again (■ forty-two years).

■ Strachey had Kitty with her, and was soon expecting her husband. ■ households ■ in full action, ■ daily getting into it, when I arrived.

We walked, ■ of ■ together sometimes, at other times in threes or twos. We dined often at Mrs. Strachey's; read commonly in the evenings ■ Irving's, Irving *reader*, in Phineas Fletcher's 'Purple Island' for one thing; over which Irving strove to be solemn, and Kitty and I rather *not*, throwing in now and then a little spice of laughter and quiz. I ■ saw the book again, nor in spite of some real worth it had, and of much half-real laudation, cared greatly to see it. Mrs. Strachey, I suspect, didn't find the sea party ■ idyllic as her forecast of it. In ■ fortnight ■ ■ Strachey came, and then there was a new and far livelier element of anti-humbug, anti-ennui, which could not improve matters. ■ determined ■ sending Strachey, Kitty, and me off ■ a visit to Paris for ten days, and having the Irvings ■ to herself. We went accordingly; ■ Paris, ■ bit of France—nothing ■ so common a feat as now; and the memory of that is still almost complete, if it were ■ legitimate part of my subject.



■ journey out, weather ■ ■ novelty awaiting young curiosity at every step, ■ very pleasant. Montreuil, Noailles, Abbéville, Beauvais, interesting names, start into facts. Sterne's 'Sentimental Journey' (especially) is alive in one from the first stage onwards. At Nampont, on the dirty little street, you almost expect to see the ■ ■ lying! Our second night ■ at Beauvais; glimpses of the old cathedral next morning went for nothing, ■ in fact nothing to me; but the glimpse I had had the night before, as we drove in this way, of the *Coffee-house* near by, and in it no company but one tall, sashed, epanletted, well-dressed officer striding dismally to and fro, was, and still is, impressive on me, as an almost unrivalled image of human *ennui*. I ■ usually outside, fair Kitty sometimes, ■ Strachey oftener, sitting by me on the hindward seat. Carriage I think was Kitty's own, and except her maid ■ had ■ servants. Postilion could not tell me where 'Crécy' was, when ■ were in the neighbourhood. Country in itself, till ■ Paris, ugly, but all gilded with the light ■ young lively wonder. Little scrubby boys playing ■ ball on their scrubby patch of parish green; how strange! 'Charité, madame, pour une pauvre misérable, qui, elle, en a bien besoin!' sang the poor lame beggar

girls at the carriage door. None of us spoke French well. Strachey grew even worse — — proceeded, and at length was quite an amusement to hear. At Paris he gave — up altogether, and would speak nothing but English; which, aided by his vivid looks and gestures, he found in shops and the like to ——— much better. ‘*Quelque chose à boire, monsieur,*’ said — exceptional respectful postilion — — coach window before quitting. ‘*Nong,* ——— *drive devilish slow,*’ answered Strachey readily, and in — positive half-quizzing tone. This was on the way home, followed by a storm of laughter on our part and — — blush — the postilion’s.

From about Montmorency (with the shadow of Rousseau), especially from St. Denis to Paris, the drive — quite beautiful, and full of interesting expectation. Magnificent broad highway, great old trees and then potherb gardens on each hand, all silent too in the brilliant October afternoon; hardly — vehicle — person met, till, on mounting the shoulder of Montmartre, an iron gate, and donanier with his — question before opening, — Paris, wholly and at once, lay at our feet. A huge bowl — deepish saucer of seven miles in diameter; not a breath of smoke or dimness anywhere; every roof, and dome, and spire, and chimney-top clearly

visible, and skylights sparkling like  
 I have never, since or before, seen so fine a view of  
 a town. I think the fair Miss Kitty was sitting by  
 me; but the curious *speckled straw hats* and  
 costumes physiognomies of the Faubourg  
 (fashionable, I forget it this moment), the  
 circumstances to We alighted  
 the Rue de la Paix (clean and good hotel, not  
 now a hotel); admired our rooms, covered with  
 mirrors; our grates, or grate backs, each with a  
*cupidon* cast on it; and roved about the Boulevards  
 in happy humour sunset or later. Decidedly  
 later, in the still dusk, I remember sitting down in  
 the Place Vendôme, on the steps of the Column,  
 there to smoke a cigar. Hardly had I arranged  
 myself when a bustle of military heard round  
 clean, trim, handsome soldiers, blue and white,  
 ranked themselves in some quality, drummers and  
 drums especially faultless, and after a *shoulder arms*  
 so, marched off in parties, drums fiercely and  
 finely clangouring their ran-tan-plan. Setting the  
 watch or watches of this human city, I under-  
 stood it. 'Ha! my tight little fellows in blue, you  
 also have got drums then, none better; and all the  
 world is of kin whether it all or not!' was  
 my childlike reflection as I silently looked on.

■■■■ proved vastly entertaining to me. 'Walking about the streets would of itself (as Gray the poet says) have amused ■■■■ for weeks.' ■■■■ two young Irishmen, who had seen me once at Irving's, who ■■■■ excellent *ciceroni*. They ■■■■ on their way to the liberation of Greece, ■■■■ totally wildgoose errand ■■■■ then seemed to me, and ■■■■ perhaps they themselves secretly guessed, but which ■■■■ them to call ■■■■ everybody for ■■■■ 'autograph to our album,' their main employment just ■■■■ They were clever enough young fellows, and soon ■■■■ home again out of Greece. Considerably the taller and cleverer, black-haired and with ■■■■ strong Irish accent, ■■■■ called Tennent, whom I ■■■■ again. The milky, smaller blonde figure, cousin to him, ■■■■ Emerson, whom I met twenty-five years afterwards at Allan Cunningham's ■■■■ Sir Emerson Tennent, late Governor of Ceylon, ■■■■ complimented, simpleton that I was! ■■■■ the ■■■■ finely brown colour of his hair! We have not met since. There was also of their acquaintances a pleasant Mr. Malcolm, ex-lieutenant of the 42nd, native of the Orkney Islands, only son of a clergyman there, who as a young ardent lad had joined Wellington's ■■■■ ■■■■ *Siege of St. Sebastian*, and got badly wounded (lame for life), ■■■■ the battle of Toulouse ■■■■ same

season. Peace coming, he was invalided ■ half-pay ■ now lived with his widowed mother in ■ clean upper floor in Edinburgh on frugal kind and pretty terms, hanging loosely by literature, ■ which he had some talent. We used to see him in Edinburgh with pleasure and favour, on setting up our own poor household there. ■ ■ ■ amiable, intelligent little fellow, of lively talk and speculation, always cheerful and with a traceable vein of humour and of pathos withal (there being much of ■ and affection hidden in him), all kept, as his natural voice was, in a fine low melodious tone. ■ wrote ■ annuals and the like vehicles really pretty verses, and ■ by degrees establishing something like ■ real reputation, which might have risen higher and higher in that kind, but ■ wound still hung about him and he soon died, a year or two after our quitting Edinburgh; which was the last ■ of him.

Poor ■ Malcolm! He quietly loved ■ mother very much, his vanished father too, and had pieties and purities very alien to the wild reckless ways of practice and of theory which the army had led him into. ■ of ■ army habitudes (with one private exception, I think, nearly *all*) ■ had successfully washed off from him. ■ ■ reprobate 'theories' he had never been but heartily abhorrent.

'God, I tell you, and I will prove it to you on the spot,' an elder blackguard Lieutenant a group of them in their tent evening (a Hanoverian, if I recollect), 'on the spot—none.' 'How then?' exclaimed Ensign Malcolm, much shocked. The Hanoverian lifted his canteen, turned the bottom of it up. 'Empty; you see have more rum.' Then holding it into the air, in a tone of request, 'Fill that;' paused instant, turned it bottom up empty still, and with a victorious glance at his companions, set it down again a thing that spoke for itself. This was one of Malcolm's experiences, of which he could pleasantly report great many. These and the physical agonies and horrors witnessed and felt had given him a complete disgust for war. He could not walk far, always had a marked halt in walking, otherwise my pleasantest companion in Paris.

Poor *Louis Dia-huit* had been 'lying in state' as passed through St. Denis; Paris was all plastered with placards, '*Le Roi est mort; vive le Roi!*' announcing from Châteaubriand a pamphlet of that title. I effort to see Châteaubriand, not see his pamphlet either; the streets, galleries, *cafés*, I enough and to spare. Washington Irving

## Edward Irving.

was said to be in Paris, a kind of lion at that time, whose books I somewhat esteemed. One day the T Tennent people bragged that they had engaged him to breakfast with us at a certain *café* next morning. We all attended duly, Strachey among the rest, but Washington came. 'Couldn't rightly come,' said Malcolm to me in a judicious aside, and we cheerfully breakfasted with him. I saw Washington at all, but still have a high esteem of the good man. To the Louvre Gallery, alone or accompanied, I went often; got rather faintish good of the pictures there, but no harm, being mute and deaf on the subject. Peter Laurie to me one day; took me to dinner, and plenty of hard-headed London talk.

Another day, nobody with me and very few in the gallery at all, there suddenly came storming past, with dishevelled hair and large besoms in their hands, which they shoved out on any bit of paper or the like, a row of wild Savoyards, distractedly proclaiming 'Le Roi!' 'le Roi!' and almost oversetting people in their fierce speed to clear the way. Le Roi, *Dix* in person, soon appeared accordingly, with three or four attendants, very ugly people, especially one of them (who had blear eyes and small bottle nose, never identifiable to my enquiries since).

a swart, slightish, insipid-looking  
 with much the air of a gentleman, insipidly  
 endeavouring to smile and popular he  
 past; public indifferent to him, silent  
 nearly all. I had a real sympathy with the  
 gentleman, but could not bring up the least Vive  
 Roi in the circumstances. We understood he was  
 going to look at a certain picture a painting now  
 on the easel, in a room at the very end (entrance  
 end) of the gallery which often enough  
 seen, generally with profane mockery if with any  
 feeling. Picture of, or belonging to, the birth or  
 baptism of what they called the child of miracle  
 (the assassinated Duc de Berri's posthumous child,  
*hodie Henri V. in partibus*). Picture yet dis-  
 tressingly ugly, mostly in of dead colours,  
 brown and even green, and with a kind of horror in  
 the subject of it well. How tragical men  
 more; how merciless withal to another!  
 I had not the least real pity for *Charles Dix's* pious  
 pilgriming to such an object; the poor mother of it  
 and her immense hopes and pains, I did not  
 think of then. This was all I ever saw of the  
 legitimate Bourbon line, which and its tragedies  
 I to have concern within ten  
 years.



My reminiscences of Paris and its old aspects and localities were of visible use to me in writing *the Revolution* by and by; the rest could only be reckoned under the head of amusement, but I have vague profits withal, and still has. Old Legendre, the mathematician (whose *Geometry* I had translated in Edinburgh) was the only one of real note with whom I exchanged a few words; a tall, bony, grey old man, who received me with dignity and kindness; introduced me to his niece, a brisk little brown gentlewoman who kept house for him; asked about my stay here, and finding I was just about to go, answered '*Diantre!*' with an obliging smile of regret. His rugged sagacious, stoical old face is still dimly present with me. At a meeting of the *Institute* I saw and well remember the figure of Trismegistus Laplace; the skirt of his long blue-silk dressing gown (such his costume, unique in the place, his age and his fame being also unique) even touched me as he passed at the session's rising. He was tall, thin, clean, serene, his face, perfectly smooth, a healthy man of fifty's, bespoke intelligence keen and ardent, rather than deep and great. In the eyes was a dreamy smile, with something of pathos in it and perhaps something of contempt. The man himself was profoundly stupid; some loud and a pro-

vincial reading about *Vers à soie*, ■■■ big Vauquelin ■■■ chemist (noticed by me) fallen sound asleep. Strachey and I went one evening to call upon ■ M. ■■ Chézy, Professor of *Persic*, with whom he, ■■■ brother and he, had communicated while in India. We found him high aloft, but in a clean ■■■ apartment, burly, hearty, glad enough to ■■ us, only that Strachey would speak no French, and introduced himself with some shrill sounding ■■■■ tence, the first word of which ■■■ clearly *salaam*. Chézy tried lamely for a pass or two what Persian he could muster, but hastened to get out of it, and to talk even to me, who owned to a little French, since Strachey would ■■■■ to none. We had rather ■■ amusing twenty minutes; Chézy ■ glowing and very emphatic man; ‘■ *hideux reptile de Langlès*’ ■■■■ phrase he had once used to Strachey’s brother, of his chief French rival in the *Persic* field! I heard Cuvier lecture one day; ■ strong German kind of face, ditto intelligence ■■ manifested in the lecture, which reminded ■■ of one of old Dr. Gregory’s in Edinburgh. I ■■ at ■■■■■ in Ste. Geneviève’s, main audience ■■■■ so of serving-maids; preacher a dizen’d fool in *hourglass* hat, who ran to and fro in his balcony ■■ pulpit, and seemed much contented with himself; heard another foolish preacher, Protes-

tant, ■ the Oratoire (*console-toi, O France!* on the ■ of *Louis Dix-huit*). Looked silently ■ the *Morgue* ■ morning (infinitely better ■ that stern ■ greyhaired corpse lying there !); looked into the Hôtel ■ and its poor sick-beds ■ ; ■ much in the Pont-Neuf region (*on tond ■ chiens et coupe les chats, et va en ville, etc. etc.*); much in the ■ Royal and adjacencies; and the night before leaving found I ought to visit ■ theatre, and by happy accident ■ upon Talma playing there. A heavy, shortish numb-footed man, face like ■ warming-pan for size, and with a strange most ponderous yet delicate expression in the big dull-glowing black eyes and it. Incomparably the best actor I ■ ■ Play ■ ‘*Œdipe*’ (Voltaire’s very first); place the Théâtre Français. Talma died within about ■ year after.

Of the journey home I ■ remember nothing but the French part, if any part of it ■ worth remembering. At Dover ■ must still have found the Irvings, and poor outskirts and insignificant fractions of solitary dialogues on the Kent shore (far ■ ■ our old Fife ones) have not yet entirely vanished; e.g. strolling together on the beach one evening, ■ had repeatedly passed ■ some distance certain building operations, ■ which by ■ by the

bricklayers seemed to be getting into much vivacity, crowding round the last gable top; in fact just about finishing their house then. Irving grasped my arm, in a low tone of serious emotion, 'See, they are going to bring out their topstone with shouting!' I enquired of a poor man what it was; 'You see, sir, they gets allowance,' answered he; that was all—a silent deglutition of some beer. Irving, from his Scriptural altitudes; I no doubt profanely laughing rather. There are other lingering films of this sort, but I can give them no date of before or after, and find nothing quite distinct till that of our posting up to London. I should say of the Stracheys posting, who took me as guest, the Irvings being clearly gone. Canterbury and the (site of the) shrine of St. Thomas I see, but it must have been before. We had a pleasant drive throughout, weather still sunny though cool, and about nine or ten miles of the second day I set down at a little tavern at Shooter's Hill, where the London mail diligence picked me up, and speedily landed me within reach of hospitable Pentonville, which gave me a welcome like itself. There I must have stayed a few days, and not above a few.

I was again in London (probably about the middle of November); hither after much sad musing

and moping I had decided on returning for another while. My 'Schiller' (of which I [redacted] then the intrinsic wretchedness [redacted] utter leanness [redacted] commonplace) [redacted] to be stitched together from the 'London Magazine,' and put forth with [redacted] trimmings [redacted] additions [redacted] a book; 100*l.* for it on publication in that shape' (Zero till then), that [redacted] the bargain made, and I had [redacted] to fulfil that, almost more uncertain than [redacted] about all beyond. I [redacted] got lodgings in Southampton Street, Islington, in Irving's vicinity, and did henceforth with my best diligence endeavour to fulfil that, at a [redacted] slower rate than I [redacted] expected. I frequently called [redacted] Irving (he [redacted] [redacted] not often on me, which I did not take amiss), and frequently saw him otherwise, but have already written down miscellaneously most of the remembrances that belong to this specific date of months. On the whole, I think [redacted] he [redacted] a good deal unhappy, probably getting deeper and deeper sunk in manifold [redacted] of his own, and that [redacted] communications had not the old copiousness and flowing freedom; nay, that [redacted] since I [redacted] for Birmingham there was perhaps a diminution. London 'pulpit popularity,' the smoke of that foul witches' cauldron: there was never anything else [redacted] blame. I stuck rigorously to my work, to my

Badams regimen, though ■■■ but little for me, but I was sick of body and of mind, in ■■■■ dubiety, very desolate and miserable, and the ■■■■ itself, since nobody could help, admonished ■■■ to silence. One day ■■■ the road down to ■■■■ Bridge I remember recognising Irving's broad hat, stop amid the tide of passengers, and his little child sitting on his arm, wife probably near by. 'Why should I hurry up? They are parted from me, the old days are ■■■ more,' ■■■ my sad reflection in my ■■■ humour.

Another morning, what ■■■ wholesomer and better, happening to notice, as I stood looking out on the bit of green under my bedroom window, ■ trim and rather pretty hen actively paddling about and picking up what food might be discoverable. 'See,' I said to myself; 'look, thou fool! Here is a two-legged creature with scarcely half ■ thimbleful of poor brains; thou call'st thyself ■ man with nobody knows how much brain, and ■■■■ dwelling in it; ■■■ behold how the ■■■ life is regulated and how the other! In God's name concentrate, collect whatever of ■■■■ thou hast, and direct it on the ■■■ thing needful. Irving, when we ■■■ get into intimate dialogue, ■■■ affectionate ■■■ as ever, ■■■ had always to the end a great deal of ■■■■ and insight

into things about him, but he could not much help me; how        anybody but myself? By degrees I        doing so, taking counsel of that *symbolic* HEN!        settling        good        things. First, and most of all, that I would, renouncing ambitions, 'fine openings,' and the advice of all bystanders and friends, *who didn't know*;        home to Annandale, were this work done; provide myself        place where I could ride, follow regimen, and be free of noises (which               durable) till if possible I could               little health. Much followed out of that, all        of adjustments gathering round it. As head of these latter I had offered to let        dearest be free of me, and of any virtual engagement she might think there was; but she would not hear of it, not of that, the noble soul! but stood resolved to share my dark lot along with me, be it what it might. Alas, her love               completely known to me, and how celestial it was, till I had lost her. 'O for five minutes        of her!' I have often said, since April last, to tell her with what perfect love and admiration,        of the beautifullest of known human souls, I        intrinsically always regard her!' But all minutes of the time are inexorably past; be wise, all ye living, and remember that time *passes* and does not return.

Apart from regular work upon 'Schiller,' I had a good deal of talking with people and social moving about which was not disagreeable. With Allan Cunningham I had made ready acquaintance; a cheerful social man; 'solid Dumfries mason with a surface polish given him,' was a good judge's definition years afterwards! I got at him into Nithsdale when you talked with him, which though he was clever and satirical, I didn't very much enjoy. Allan had sense and shrewdness on all points, especially the practical; but out of Nithsdale, except for his perennial good-humour and quiet cautions (which might have been exemplary to me) was not instructive. I was at the christening of one of Allan's children in Irving's, where there was a cheery evening, and the Cunninghams to sleep there; another of the guests, a pleasant enough Yorkshire youth, going with me to a spare room I could command. My commonest walk was field-wards, or down into the city (by many of the old lanes and routes), rarely by Portland Place (Fitzroy Square and Mr. Strachey's probably first), to Piccadilly in the West End. One muddy evening there came to me, what enlightened all the mirk and mud, by the Herren Grafen's servant, a short letter from Goethe in Weimar!



was in answer to the copy of 'Wilhelm Meister' which (doubtless with some reverent bit of note), I de-  
 spatched to him six months ago, without answer till  
 His though distant brief, apologised,  
 by his great (*hohen Jahren*) for the delay, till  
 at length the Herren Grafen von Bentincks'  
 homewards had operated on him as a hint to do the  
 needful, and likewise to procure for both parties,  
 Herren Grafen and self, an agreeable acquaintance,  
 of which latter naturally neither I the Herren  
 Grafen ever heard Some twenty years after-  
 wards a certain Lord George Bentinck, whom news-  
 papers called the 'stable minded' from his previous  
*turf* propensities, suddenly quitting all these and  
 taking to statistics and Tory politics, became famous  
 noisy for a good few months, chiefly by intricate  
*statistics* and dull vehemence, far as I could see,  
 a stupid enough phenomenon for me, till he suddenly  
 died, poor gentleman! I then remembered that  
 this was probably of the Herren Grafen von  
 Bentinck whose acquaintance I missed as  
 above.

One day Irving took me with him a curious  
 little errand he had. It was a bright summer morn-  
 ing; must therefore have preceded the Birmingham  
 and Dover period His errand was this A certain

loquacious extensive Glasgow publisher<sup>1</sup> ■■■ in London for several weeks on business, and ■■■ came to Irving, wasting (as I used to think) a good ■■■ of his time in zealous discourse about many vague things; in particular about the villany of common publishers, how for example, ■■■ their '*half profits* system,' they would show the poor authors a printer's account pretending to be paid in full, printer's signature visibly appended, printer having really touched a sum less by 25 per cent., and *sic de cæteris*. All ■■■ arranged juggle to cheat the poor author, and sadly convince him that his moiety ■■■ nearly or altogether Zero divided by two! Irving could not believe it; denied stoutly on behalf of his ■■■ printer, one Bensley, a noted man in his craft, and getting nothing but negatory smiles and kindly but inexorable contradiction, ■■■ he would ■■■ next morning and ■■■ We walked along somewhere Holbornwards, found Bensley and wife in a bright, quiet, comfortable room, just finishing breakfast; a fattish, solid, rational, and really amiable-looking pair of people, especially the wife, who had a plump, cheerfully experienced matronly air. By both of whom we, i.e. Irving (for I had nothing to do but

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Chalmers's especially; had been a schoolmaster; ■■■ perhaps his name.

■ silent) ■ warmly ■ honourably welcomed, and constrained at least to sit, since we would do nothing better. Irving with grave courtesy laid the case before Bensley, perhaps showed him his ■ signature and account, and asked if that ■ or was not really the sum he had received. Bensley, with body and face writhed uneasily; evidently loth to lie, but evidently obliged by the laws of trade to do it. 'Yes, ■ the whole, that ■ the sum!' upon which we directly went ■ ways; both of us convinced, I believe, though only one of us said ■ Irving had a high opinion of men, and was always mortified when he found it in any instance no longer tenable.

Irving ■ sorrowfully occupied at this period, ■ I ■ perceive, in scanning and surveying the *wrong* side of that immense popularity, the outer or right side of which ■ been ■ splendid and had given rise to such sacred and glorious hopes. The crowd of people flocking round him continued in abated but still superabundant quantity and vivacity; but it ■ not of the old high quality any ■ ■ The thought that the ■ religion was again to dominate all minds, and the world to become ■ by ■ thrice-blessed ■ fatally declaring itself to have been a dream; and he could not consent to believe ■

such: never he! That was the secret of his inward quasi-desperate resolutions; out into the wild struggles and clutchings towards the unattainable, the unregainable, which were ~~more~~ ~~more~~ ~~more~~ ~~more~~ conspicuous in the sequel. ~~It~~ was now, I gradually found, listening to certain interpreters of prophecy, thinking to cast his own great faculty into that hopeless quagmire along with them. These and the like resolutions, and the dark humour which ~~was~~ the mother of them, had been on the growing hand during all this first London visit of mine, and ~~more~~ ~~more~~ coming to outward development by the time I left for Scotland again.

About the beginning of March 1826 I had at length, after fierce struggling and various disappointments from the delay of others, got my poor business winded up; 'Schiller' published, paid for, left to the natural neglect of mankind (which ~~was~~ perfect ~~as~~ far as I ever heard or much cared), and in humble, but condensed resolute and quiet humour ~~was~~ making my ~~box~~ of packages, bidding my poor adieus, just in act to go. Everybody thought ~~me~~ headstrong and foolish; Irving less so than others, though he too could have ~~some~~ understanding of my dyspeptic miseries, my intolerable sufferings from noises etc. etc. He ~~was~~ always kind, and spoke hope if personal topics turned

up. Perhaps it was the very day before my departure, at least ■ is the last I recollect of him, we were walking in the streets multifariously discoursing : ■ dim grey day, but dry and airy. At the corner of Cockspur Street we paused for ■ moment, meeting Sir John Sinclair (' Statistical Account of Scotland ' etc.), whom I had ■ seen before and never ■ again. A lean old man, tall but stooping, in tartan cloak, face very wrinkly, ■ blue, physiognomy vague and with distinction ■ one might have expected it to be. He spoke to Irving with benignant respect, whether to me at all ■ don't recollect. A little farther on in Parliament Street, somewhere ■ the Admiralty (that ■ is, and perhaps then was), ■ ascended certain stairs, ■ newish wooden staircase the last of them, and came into a bare, clean, comfortless, official little room (fire gone out), where an elderly official little gentleman ■ seated within rails, busy in the red-tape line. This was the Honourable Something ■ other, great in Scripture prophecy ; in which he ■ started some sublime new idea, well worth prosecuting as Irving had assured me. Their mutual greetings were cordial and respectful ; and ■ lively dialogue ensued on prophetic matters, especially on the sublime new idea ; I, strictly unparticipant, sitting silently apart ■ ■

was done. The Honourable Something had a look of perfect politeness, perfect silliness; his face, heavily wrinkled, went smiling about in a wonderful rate; and in the smile there seemed to me to be lodged a frozen sorrow, as if bordering on a craze. On coming out I asked Irving, perhaps too markedly, 'Do you really think that gentleman can throw any light to you on anything whatever?' To which he answered good-naturedly, but in a grave tone, 'Yes, I do.' Of which the fruits were seen before long. This is the last thing I can recollect of Irving in my London visit; except perhaps a grey shadow of him giving me 'Farewell' with express 'blessing.'

I paused a few days in Birmingham; got rich gifts sent after me by Mrs. Strachey; beautiful desk, gold pencil, etc., which were *Another's*, ah me! and are still here. I saw Manchester too, for the first time (strange *bagman* ways in the Palace Inn there); walked to Oldham; savage-looking scene of Sunday morning; old schoolfellow of mine, very stupid but very kind, being Curate there. Shot off too in the Yorkshire *Mariden*, where another boy and college friend of mine (George Johnston, since surgeon in Gloucester); spent three dingy but impressive days in poking into those mute wildernesses and their rough habitades

populations. At four o'clock, in my **■** Inn (Boots having forgotten me), awoke by good luck of myself, **■** saved my place on the coach roof. **■** the Blackburns, Boltons, **■** their smoke clouds, to right and left grimly black, and the grey March winds; Lancashire **■** not all smoky then, but only smoky in parts. Remember the Bush Inn at Carlisle, **■** quiet luxurious shelter it yielded for the night, much different from now. ('Betty, a pan o' coals!') shouted the waiter, an **■** **■** by dialect, and in five minutes the trim Betty had done her feat, and your clean sleek bed **■** comfortably warm). At Ecclefechan, next day, within two miles or so of my father's, while the coach was changing horses, I noticed through the window my little sister Jean earnestly looking up for me; she, with Jenny, the youngest of **■** all, **■** at school in the village, and had **■** out daily of late to inspect the coach in hope of me, always in vain till this day; her bonny little blush and radiancy of look when I let down the window and suddenly disclosed myself **■** still present **■** **■** In four days' time **■** now (December 2, 1866) hope to **■** this brave Jean again (now 'Mrs. Aitken,' from Dumfries, and **■** hardy, hearty wife and mother). Jenny, poor **■** thing, **■** **■** her crosses and difficulties, but has managed them well; and **■** lives, contented enough **■** industrious as

ever, with husband and three — two daughters, ■ Hamilton, Canada West, not far from which ■ my brother Aliak too, ■ others dear to me. ‘Double, double, toil and trouble’—such, with result or without it, are ■ wanderings in this world.

My poor little establishment at ■ Hill<sup>1</sup> (close by the ‘Tower of Repentance,’ ■ if symbolically!) I do not mean to speak of here; ■ neat compact little farm, rent 100*l.*, which my father had leased for me, on which ■ ■ prettyish-looking cottage for dwelling-house (had been the factor’s place, who ■ retiring), and from the windows such ■ ‘view’ (fifty miles in radius, from beyond Tyndale to beyond St. Bees, Solway Frith, and all the fells to Ingleborough inclusive), as Britain or the world could hardly have matched! Here the ploughing etc. etc. ■ already in progress (which I often rode ■ to see), and here at term day (May 26, 1826) I established myself, set up my books and bits of implements and Lares, and took to doing ‘German Romance’ as ■ daily work, ‘ten pages daily’ my stint, which, barring ■ accidents, ■ faithfully accomplished. Brother Aliak ■ my practical *farmer*; ever-kind and beloved mother, with ■ of the little girls, ■ generally there;

<sup>1</sup> ■ house with small farm attached, three miles from ■ hill, and visible from the fields at the back of it. .



brother John, too, oftenest, who had just taken his degree. These, with ■■■■ and ditto maid, ■■■■ our establishment. It ■■■■ only one year, owing, I believe, to indistinctness of bargain first of all, and then to arbitrary high-handed temper of our landlord (used to a rather prostrate style of obedience, and not finding it here, but ■ a polite appeal to fair-play instead). One whole ■■■■ autumn ■■■■ defaced by ■ great deal of paltry bother ■ that head, superadded to the others; and at last, lease of Mainhill, too, being nearly out, it was decided to quit ■■■■ landlord's territories altogether, and so end his controversies with us.

Next 26th of May we went all of us to Scotsbrig (a much better farm, which was now hidden for and got), and where, ■■ turned out, I continued only a few months, wedded, and to Edinburgh in October following. Ah me! what a retrospect now!

With all its manifold petty troubles, this year at Hoddam Hill has a rustic beauty and dignity to me, and lies ■■■■ like ■ not ignoble russet-coated idyll in my memory; ■■■■ of the quietest, ■ the whole, and perhaps the most triumphantly important of my life. I lived very silent, diligent, had long solitary rides (on my wild Irish horse 'Larry,' good for the dietetic part), my meditatings, musings, ■■■■ reflec-

tions — continual ; my thoughts went wandering (or travelling) through eternity, through time, and through space, so far as poor I had scanned — known, and were now to my endless solacement coming back with tidings to me ! This year I found that I — conquered — my scepticisms, agonising doubtings, fearful wrestlings with the foul and vile and soul-murdering Mud-gods of my epoch ; — escaped as from — than Tartarus, with — its Phlegethons and Stygian quagmires, and — emerging free in spirit into the eternal blue of ether, where, blessed be heaven ! — have for the spiritual part ever since lived, looking down upon the welterings of my poor fellow-creatures, in such multitudes and millions still stuck in that fatal element, and have had no — whatever in their Puseyisms, ritualisms, metaphysical controversies and cobwebberies, and — feeling of my own except honest silent pity for the serious — religious part of them, and occasional indignation, for the poor world's sake, at the frivolous secular and impious part, with their universal suffrages, their Nigger emancipations, sluggard and scoundrel Protection societies, and 'unexampled prosperities' for the time being ! What my pious joy and gratitude then — let the pious soul figure. In a fine and veritable sense, I,

poor, obscure, without outlook, almost worldly hope, became independent the world. What death itself, from the world, to what I had come through? I understood well what the old Christian people by 'conversion,' by God's infinite mercy to them. I had, in effect, gained immense victory, and for a number of years had, in spite of nerves and chagrins, a constant inward happiness quite royal and supreme, in which all temporal evil transient and insignificant, and which essentially remains with me still, though far oftener eclipsed and lying deeper down than then. Once more, thank Heaven for its highest gift. I then felt, and still feel, endlessly indebted to Goethe in the business. He, in his fashion, I perceived, had travelled the steep rocky road before me, the first of the moderns. Bodily health itself seemed improving. Bodily health was all I had really lost in this grand spiritual battle gained; and that, too, I may have hoped would gradually return altogether, which it never did, and was far enough from doing! Meanwhile my thoughts very peaceable, full pity and humanity as they had never been before. Nowhere I recollect of myself such pious musings, communings silent and spontaneous with and

Nature, ■ in these poor Annandale localities. The sound of the kirk-bell once ■ twice on Sunday mornings, from Hoddam kirk, about ■ mile off on the plain below me, ■ strangely touching, like the departing voice of eighteen hundred years. Frank Dickson ■ ■ intervals called in passing. Nay, once for about ten days my dearest and beautifullest herself ■ ■ out of Nithedale to 'pay my mother a visit,' when she gained all hearts, and ■ mounted our swift little horses and careered about ! No wonder I call that year idyllic, in spite of its russet coat. My darling and I were at the Grange (Mrs. Johnston's), at Annan (Mrs. Dickson's), and we rode together to Dumfries, where her aunts and grandmother were, whom she was to pause with ■ this her road home to Templand.<sup>1</sup> How beautiful, how ■ and strange all that ■ looks ! Her beautiful little heart ■ evidently much cast down, right sorry to part, though we hoped it was but for some short while. I remember the heights of Mousewold, with Dumfries and the granite mountains lying in panorama seven ■ eight miles off to ■ left, and what she artlessly yet finely said to me there. Oh, my darling, not Andromache dressed in ■ the art of a Racine looks more high and queenly to me, or

<sup>1</sup> ■ in ■ where Miss ■ grandfather lived.

is more of a *tragic poem* than thou and thy noble pilgrimage beside me in this poor thorny muddy world !

I had [redacted] to no [redacted] correspondence with Irving ; a little note or so on business, nothing more. Nor was Mrs. Montague much more instructive on [redacted] head, who wrote [redacted] high-sounding amiable things which I could not but respond to more [redacted] less, though dimly [redacted] of their quality. Nor did the sincere and ardent [redacted] Strachey, who wrote seldom, almost ever touch upon Irving ; [redacted] by some occasional unmelodious *clang* in all the newspapers (twice over I think in this year), [redacted] could sufficiently and with little [redacted] construe his way of life. Twice over he had leaped the barrier, and given rise to criticism of the customary idle sort, loudish universally, [redacted] nowhere [redacted] rately just. Once first was of preaching to the London Missionary Society (‘ Missionary ’ I will call it, though it might be ‘ Bible ’ [redacted] another). On their grand anniversary these people had appointed to him the honour of addressing them, and were numerously assembled expecting some flourishes [redacted] eloquence and flatteries to their illustrious divinely-blessed Society, ingeniously done and especially with fit *brevity*, dinner itself waiting, I suppose, close in the [redacted] Irving emerged into his speaking place

the due moment, but of treating men office-bearers to a short comfortable dose of honey and butter, opened into strict sharp enquiries, Rhadamanthine expositions of duty and ideal, issuing perhaps actual criticism and admonition, gall vinegar instead of honey; at any rate keeping the poor people locked up there for 'above two hours' instead of one hour or less, with dinner the end of it. This was much criticised; 'plainly wrong, and produced by love of singularity and too much pride in oneself,' voted everybody. For, in fact, a man suddenly holding up the naked inexorable Ideal in the face of the clothed, and in England generally plump, comfortable, and pot-bellied Reality, is doing an unexpected and a questionable thing!

The next escapade was still the same. At a public meeting, of probably the same 'Missionary Society,' Irving again held up his ideal, I think not without reference to former sufferers by it, and ended by solemnly putting down, not his name to the subscription list, but an actual gold watch, which he said had just arrived to him from his beloved brother lately dead in India.<sup>1</sup> That of the

<sup>1</sup> His brother was John, the eldest of the three, an Indian army surgeon, whom I remember once meeting in a 'stair' in Edinburgh, on return from some call on a

gold watch tabled had in reality a touch of rash ostentation, and ■■■ bitterly crowed over by ■■■ able ■■■ for a time. On the whole ■■■ could gather too clearly that Irving's ■■■ ■■■ beset with pitfalls, barking dogs, and dangers ■■■ difficulties unwarned of, and that for one who took ■■■ little counsel with prudence he perhaps carried his head too high. I had a certain harsh kind of sorrow about poor Irving, ■■■ my loss of him (and his loss of me on such poor terms as these seemed to be!) but I carelessly trusted in his strength against whatever mistakes and impediments, and felt that for the present it was better to be absolved from corresponding with him.

That same year, late in autumn, he ■■■ at Annan, only for a night and a day, returning from ■■■ farther journey, perhaps to Glasgow ■■■ Edinburgh, ■■■ had to go ■■■ again for London next day. I rode down from Hoddam ■■■ before nightfall; found him sitting in the snug little parlour beside his father ■■■ mother, beautifully domestic. I think it ■■■ the last time I ever ■■■ those good old people. We ■■■ only a few minutes, my thoughts

comrade higher up; a taller man than even Edward, and with a blooming, placid, not very intelligent face, and no squint, whom I easily recognised by family likeness, but never saw again or before.

sadly contrasting the affectionate safety here, and the wild tempestuous hostilities and peril yonder. He left his blessing to each, by name, in a low soft voice. There was something almost tragical to me as he turned round (hitting his hat on the little door lintel), the next moment the dark street, followed only by me. We stopt to Robert Dickson's, his brother-in-law's, and there, still talking, for perhaps an hour. Probably his plan of journey was to catch the Glasgow-London mail at Gretna, and to walk thither, the night being dry and time at discretion.

Walk I remember he did, and talk in the interim (three or at most four of us now), not in the least downhearted. Told us, probably in answer to some question of mine, that the projected 'London University' (now of Gower Street) seemed to be progressing towards fulfilment, and how at a meeting Poet Campbell, arguing loudly for a purely secular system, had, on sight of Irving entering, at once stopt short, and in the politest way he could, dropped down, without another word on the subject. 'It will be unreligious, secretly anti-religious all the same,' Irving to us. Whether he reported of the projected Athenæum Club (dear to Mr. Montague, among others), I don't recollect; probably not,



as he or I had little interest in that. When the time had come for setting out, and ■ were all on foot, ■ called for his three little nieces, having their mother by him; ■ them each successively set standing ■ a chair, laid his hand on the head first of one, with ■ 'Mary Dickson, the Lord bless you!' then of the next by name, and of the next, 'The Lord bless you!' in a ■ and solemn tone (with something of elaborate noticeable ■ it, too), which was painful and dreary to me. A dreary visit altogether, though an unabatedly affectionate ■ both sides. In what a contrast, thought I, to the old sunshiny visits, when Glasgow ■ headquarters, and everybody ■ obscure, frank to his feelings, and safe! Mrs. Dickson, I think, had tears in her eyes. Her, too, he doubtless blessed, but without hand on head. Dickson and the rest of us escorted him a little way; would then take leave in the common form; but even that latter circumstance I do not perfectly recall, only the fact of ■ escorting, and before the visit and after it all ■ now fallen dark.

Irving did not re-emerge for many months, and found me then in very greatly changed circumstances. His next visit was to us at Comley Bank,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Where Carlyle and his wife lived for the first eighteen months after their marriage.

Edinburgh, not to me any longer ! It was probably in spring, 1827, a visit of only ~~one~~ hour, more resembling a 'call' from neighbour on neighbour. I ~~thought~~ it ~~was~~ connected with Scripture prophecy work, in which he ~~was~~ now deep. At any rate, he was now preaching and communing on something or other to numbers of people in Edinburgh, and we ~~had~~ heard of him for perhaps a week before ~~he~~ shiningly busy ~~in~~ that way, when in ~~some~~ interval he made this little ~~journey~~ to Comley Bank and ~~was~~ ~~very~~ very friendly, but had a look of trouble, of haste, ~~and~~ confused controversy and anxiety, sadly unlike his ~~own~~ good self. In dialect, too, and manner, things had not bettered themselves, but the contrary. He talked with ~~an~~ undeniable self-consciousness, and something which you could not but admit to be religious mannerism. Never quite recovered out of that, in spite of our, especially of her, ~~presence~~ while he stayed. At parting he proposed 'to pray' with us, and did, in standing posture, ignoring ~~any~~ conscientiously defying ~~any~~ pretty evident reluctance. 'Farewell !' he ~~said~~ after ; 'I must go then ~~into~~ persecution as my ~~people~~ have done.' ~~What~~ painful contradiction he evidently ~~felt~~ from the world about him, but also much ~~kindness~~ favour ; and was going ~~home~~ evening ~~at~~ ■ ■

public dinner given in honour of him, as we and everybody knew.

This was, I think, the nadir of my poor Irving, in these miserable crapes and formulas, so that brave old looked fairly through, which had not been again quite the in any other visit interview. made dreadfully sad. 'Dreary,' that the word; and had to consider ourselves not divorced from him, and bidden 'shift for yourselves.'

We saw him once again in Scotland, at Craigenputtoch,<sup>1</sup> and had him for a night, or I almost think for two, greatly improved terms. again on kind of church business, but it seemed to be of cheerfuller and wider scope than that of Scriptural prophecy last time. Glasgow was his goal, with frequent preaching as he went along, the regular clergy actively countenancing. I remember dining with him at our parish minister's, good Mr. Bryden's, with certain Reverends of the neighbourhood (the Dow of 'Irongray' of them, who afterwards went crazy on the 'Gift of Tongues' affair). I think it must have been from Bryden's that I brought him up to Craigenputtoch, where he

<sup>1</sup> A lonely house on the moor, at the head of Nithdale, ten miles from Dumfries.

quite alone with us, and franker and happier than I had him for a long time. was beautiful summer weather, pleasant to saunter in with old friends the green solitudes, no sound audible but that of voices, and of the birds and woods. He talked to of Henry Drummond of a fine, a great, evangelical, yet courtly and indeed universal gentleman, whom prophetic studies brought to him, whom I was to know my next coming to London, more joy to me! We had been discoursing of religion with mildly worded but entire frankness my part as usual, and something I said had struck Irving unexpectedly orthodox, who thereupon ejaculated, 'Well, I am right glad to hear that, and will not forget it when it may do you good with whom I know of;' with Henry Drummond namely, which led him into that topic, perhaps not quite for the first time. There had been big 'prophetic conferences' etc. held Drummond's house (Albury, Surrey), who continued after an ardent Irvingite, and rose by degrees in the 'Tongues' business to be hierophant, and chief Irving himself. He was the richest of the sect, and alone belonged to the aristocratic circles, abundant in speculation as well as in money; a sharp, elastic, haughty kind of man; had considerable

ardour, disorderly force of intellect and character, and especially an insatiable love of shining and figuring. In a different element ■ ■ ■ afterwards plentiful knowledge of Henry Drummond, and if ■ got no good of him got also no mischief, which might have been extremely possible.

We strolled pleasantly, in loose group, Irving the centre of it, over the fields. I remember an excellent little portraiture of *Methodism* from ■ ■ ■ on ■ green knoll where ■ ■ ■ had loosely sat down. 'Not ■ good religion, sir,' said he, confidentially shaking his head in answer to my question; 'far too little of spiritual conscience, far too much of temporal appetite; goes hunting and watching after its ■ ■ ■ emotions, that is, mainly its own *nervous system*; an essentially sensuous religion, depending on the body, not ■ ■ ■ the soul!' 'Fit only for a gross and vulgar-minded people,' I perhaps added; 'a religion so called, and the essence of it principally *cowardice* and *hunger*, terror of pain and appetite for pleasure both carried to the infinite;' to which he would sorrowfully assent in a considerable degree. My brother John, lately come home from Germany, said to me next day, 'That was a pretty little *Schilderung* (portraiture) he threw off for us, that of the Methodists, wasn't it?'

At Dunscore, in the evening, there ■■■ sermon ■■■ abundant rustic concourse, not ■ the kirk but round it in the kirkyard for convenience of ■■■ I attended with most of our people (*one of us not* —busy she ■ home ‘field marshalling,’ the noble little soul!) I remember nothing of sermon or subject, except that it went flowingly along ■■■ true discourse, direct from the inner reservoirs, and that everybody seemed to listen with respectful satisfaction. We rode pleasantly home in the dusk, and ■■■ afterwards would retire, Irving having to ‘catch the Glasgow coach’ early next day. Next day, correct to time, he and I were on horseback ■■■ after breakfast, and rode leisurely along towards Auldgirth Bridge, some ten miles from us, where the coach was to pass. Irving’s talk, or what of it I remember, turned chiefly, and in ■ cheerful tone, upon touring to the Continent, ■ beautiful six weeks of rest which he was to have in ■■■ form (and I to be taken with him as *dragoman*, were it nothing more!), which I ■■■ not ■ the time believe in, and which was far enough from ever coming. On nearing the goal he became a ■■■ ■■■ about his coach, but ■■■ were there in perfect time, ‘still ■■■ minutes to spare,’ and stepped into the inn ■■■ wait over a real, ■ (on my part), theoretic glass ■

ale. Irving was still but midway in his glass when the coach, sooner than expected, ■■■■ announced. 'Does not *change* here, changes ■■ Thornhill!' so that there ■■■■ not a moment to be lost. Irving sprang hastily to the coach roof (no other seat left), and ■■■■ ■■ ■■■■ bowled away, waving ■■■■ his ■■■■ farewell, and vanishing among the woods. This ■■■■ probably the last time ■■ ever had Irving as my guest; nay, ■■ guest for nights ■■ even a night ■■ ■■■■ probably the first time. In Scotland I ■■■■ saw him again. Our next meeting was in London, autumn of the year 1831.

By that time there ■■■■ been changes both with him and ■■■■ With him a sad-enough change, namely, *deposition* from the Scottish Established Kirk, which he felt to be ■■ sore blow, though to me it seemed but the whiff of a *telum imbellis* for such a man. What the particulars of his heresy were I ■■■■ knew, or have totally forgotten. Some doctrine he held about the human nature of the Divine Man; that Christ's human nature ■■■■ liable to sin like our own, and continually tempted thereto, which by His divine nobleness ■■■■ kept continually perfect and pure from sin. This doctrine, which ■■ an impartial bystander, I, from Irving's point of view and from my own, entirely assented to, Irving

had by voice and pen been publishing, and I remember hearing vaguely of its being much can-  
 ■■■ up and down, always with impatience ■■■ ■  
 boundless contempt, when I did hear of it. 'The  
 ■■■ of respectability again!' I would say ■■■ think  
 ■■■ myself. 'They consider it ■■■ honourable to  
 their Supreme of the world to have had his work  
 done for him than to have done it himself. Flunkys  
 irredeemable, carrying their *plush* into highest  
 heaven!' This I do remember, but whether this  
 was the damning heresy, this or some other, I do  
 not ■■■ know. Indeed, my own grief ■■■ the matter,  
 and it had become a chronic dull and perennial  
 grief, was that such a soul had anything to do with  
 'heresies' and mean puddles of that helpless sort,  
 and ■■■ not rather working in his proper sphere,  
 infinite ■■■ above all that! Deposed he certainly  
 was, the fact is still recorded in my memory, and by  
 a kind of accident I have the approximate *date* of it  
 too, Allan Cunningham having had a public dinner  
 given him in Dumfries, at which I with great effort  
 attended, and Allan's first talk to me on meeting  
 having been about Irving's late troubles, ■■■ about  
 my ■■■ soon coming to London with a MS. book in  
 my pocket, with 'Sartor Resartus' namely! The  
 whole of which circumstances have naturally im-



printed themselves on me, while so much [redacted] [redacted] out.

The first genesis of 'Sartor' I remember well enough, [redacted] the very spot (at Templand) where the notion [redacted] astonishment [redacted] clothes [redacted] struck [redacted] [redacted] book had taken me in all some nine months, which [redacted] not present now, except confusedly and in [redacted] but that of being wearied with the fluctuations of review work, and of having decided [redacted] London again, with 'Sartor' [redacted] [redacted] book to be offered there, is still vivid to me; vivid above all that dinner to Allan, whither I had gone not against my deliberate will, yet with [redacted] very great repugnance, knowing and hating the multiplex bother of it, and that I should have some kind of speech to make. 'Speech' done, however (*taliter qualiter*, [redacted] short rough words upon Burns, which did well enough), the thing became not unpleasant, and I still well remember it all. Especially how [redacted] length, probably [redacted] midnight, I [redacted] to go, decisively [redacted] sisting all invitations to 'sleep at Dumfries;' must and would drive home (knowing well who was waiting for me there!) and drove accordingly, with only [redacted] circumstance now worth mention.

Dumfries streets, [redacted] silent, empty, [redacted] lying clear as day in the purest moonlight, [redacted] very beauti-

ful ■■■■ shiny midnight, when I stepped down with some one or two for escort of honour, got into my poor old gig—brother Alick's gift ■■ procurement to me—and with brief farewell rattled briskly away. I had ■■■■■ good miles ahead, fourteen of them parish road, ■■■■■■■■■ highway, but otherwise not to ■■ complained of, and the night ■■■ the sleeping world seemed all my own for the ■■■■ enterprise. A ■■■■ black mare, nimble, loyal, wise,<sup>1</sup> this was all my team. Soon after leaving the highway, or perhaps it was almost before, for I was well wrapt up, ■■■■ enough, contented to be out of my affair, wearied too with so much noise and sipping of wine, I too, like the world, had fallen sound asleep, must have sat in deep perfect sleep (probably with the reins hung ■■■■ the whip and its case), for about ten miles! There ■■■■ ascents, descents, steep enough, dangerous fenceless parts, narrow bridges with little parapet (especially one called 'rowting,' i.e. bellowing ■■ roaring, 'Brig,' spanning a grand loud cataract in quite an intricate way, for there was abrupt turn just at the end of it with rapid descent, and wrong road to be avoided);

<sup>1</sup> Whom I well remember. 'As useful a beast,' said my dear mother once, in fine expressive Scotch, as we drove together, 'as ever one little skin covered.'

'Rowting Brig,' 'Milltown Brig' (also with intricacy of wrong roads), not very long after which latter, in the bottom of Glenesland, roads a little rumble there owing to recent inundation, I awoke, safe ■ ■ Jehu had been driving me, and within four miles of home; considerably astonished, but nothing like so grateful as I ■ am, on looking back on the affair, and my little mare's performance in it. Ah me! in this creation rough and honest, though not made for our sake only, how many things, lifeless and living, living *persons* some ■ them, and *their* life ■ as azure and heaven, beneficently help us forward while ■ journey together, and have not yet bidden sorrowful farewell! My little darling sat waiting for me in the depths of the desert, and, better or worse, the Dumfries dinner ■ ■ must have been in July 1831.

Thirteen months before there had ■ me, and ■ all, a very great, most tender, painful, and solemn grief, the death of my eldest sister Margaret, who after some struggles had quitted ■ in the flower of her youth, ■ about twenty-five. ■ was the charm of her old father's life, deeply respected as well as loved by her mother and all of us, by none more ■ me; and was, in fact, in ■

simple, modest, comely, and rustic form ■ intelligent, quietly valiant, quietly wise ■■ heroic a young woman as I have almost ever ■■■ Very ■■■ and estimable to ■■ Jeannie, too, who had zealously striven to help her, and ■■■ mourned for her along with ■■■ ‘The shortest night of 1830,’ that was her last in this world. The year before for many months ■■■ suffered nameless miseries with ■ stoicism all her ■■■ Doctors, unable to help, ■■■ her with astonishment rally ■■■ apparently recover, ‘by her own force of character,’ said one of them. Never shall I forget that bright ■■■ evening (late ■■■ 1829), when contemplatively lounging with my pipe outside the window, I ■■■ unexpectedly the sound of horses’ feet, and up our ■■■ ‘avenue,’ pacing under the trees overhung by the yellow sunlight, appeared my brother John and ■■■ unexpectedly from Scotabrig, bright to look upon, cheery of face, and the welcomest interruption to ■■■ solitude. ‘Dear Mag, dear Mag, ■■■ more!’ Nay, John had brought me from Dumfries post-office ■ long letter from Goethe, ■■■ ■■■ finest I ever had from him; son’s death perhaps mentioned in it; all so white, so pure, externally and internally, ■ high ■■■ heroic. This, too, ■■■ bright to me as the summer sunset in which I stood

reading it. Seldom was a cheerfuller evening ■ Craigpenputtoch. Margaret stayed perhaps ■ fortnight, quietly cheerful all the time, but ■ judged (by a very quick eye in such things), to be still far from well. ■ sickened again in March or April next, on ■ cold or accident, grew ■ than ever, herself ■ falling nearly hopeless. 'Cannot stand ■ second bout like last year,' she ■ whispered to ■ of her sisters. We had brought her to Dumfries in the hope of better medical treatment, which ■ utterly vain. Mother ■ sister Mary waited on her with trembling anxiety; I often there. Few days before the end my Jeannie (in the dusk of such a day of gloomy hurlyburly to ■ all!) carried her on her knees in ■ sedan to some suburban new garden lodging ■ had got (but did not then tell me what the dying ■ said to her). In fine, towards midnight June 21-22, I alone still up, ■ express from Dumfries rapped on my window. 'Grown worse; you ■ your brother wanted yonder!' Alick and I ■ horseback, rode diligently through the slumbering woods—ever memorable to me that night, and its phenomena of moon and sky!—found all finished hours ■ only a weeping mother and sister left, with whom neither of us could help weeping. Poor Alick's face, when I

him at the door with such (he had stayed getting of the horses), the struggle, mute vain, as of the rugged rock not to dissolve itself, is still visible to me. Why do I evoke these bitter sorrows and miseries which have mercifully long lain as if asleep? I will not farther. That day, June 22, 1880, of sacred and of paltry botheration of business—for had, after hours and a little consultation, sent Mary and my mother home—is to be counted among the pain-fullest of my life; and in the evening, having at last reached the silence of the woods, I remember fairly lifting up my voice and weeping aloud a long time.

All this has little to do with Irving, little even with the journey I now making towards him, except that in the tumultuous agitations of the latter it came all in poignant clearness and completeness into my mind again, and continued with in the background the foreground during most of the time I in London.

From Whitehaven onwards to Liverpool, amid the noise and jostle of a crowd of high-dressed vulgar-looking people who joined us there, and with their 'hot brandies,' dice-boxes, etc., down below, and the blaring of brass bands, and idle babblers and

worshippers of the nocturnal picturesque, made deck  
 ■■■ cabin almost equally a delirium,—this, all ■■■  
 of fourteen months ago, in my poor head and heart,  
 was the one thing awake, and the saturnalia round  
 ■ ■ a kind of mad nightmare *dream*. ■ London too,  
 perhaps a week or ■ after my arrival, somebody had  
 given me a ticket to see Macready, and stepping out  
 ■ the evening sun I found myself in Drury Lane  
 Theatre, which was all darkened, carefully lamp-lit,  
 play just beginning or going to begin. Out of my  
 gratis box—front box on the lower tier—I sat gazing  
 into that painted scene and its mimings, but heard  
 nothing, ■■ nothing;—her green grave ■■ Eccle-  
 fechan silent little kirkyard far away, ■■ how the  
 evening sun at this same moment would be shining  
 there, generally that ■■ the main thing I ■■ ■  
 thought of, ■■ tragical enough that was, without  
 ■■ Macready! Of Macready that time I remember  
 nothing, ■■ suppose I must have ■■ soon away.

Irving was ■■ living in Judd Street, New  
 Road, a bigger, much better old house than the  
 former ■■ one, and much handier for the ■■  
 ‘Caledonian Chapel,’ which stood spacious ■■  
 grand in Regent Square, and was quite dissevered  
 from Hatton Garden ■■ its concerns. I stepped over  
 to him ■ the evening of my arrival; ■■ him

sitting quiet and alone, brotherly as ever in his reception of me. Our talk was good and edifying.

(Mr. Carlyle's [redacted] here interrupted. Early in December [redacted] he went to Mentone, where he remained for several months. December [redacted] he remained in the new environment.)<sup>1</sup>

He was by this time deep in prophecy and other aberrations, surrounded by weak people, mostly echoes of himself and his inaudible notions; but he [redacted] willing to hear me too on secularities, candid [redacted] a second self in judging of what one said in the way of opinion, and wise and even shrewd in regard to anything of business if you consulted him [redacted] that side. He objected clearly to my Reform Bill notions, found *Democracy* [redacted] thing forbidden, leading down to outer darkness; I, [redacted] thing inevitable, and

<sup>1</sup> Ceased in London perhaps three weeks ago, mere hubbub and uncertainty intervening; begins again at Mentone on the *Riviera Occidentale*, whither I have been pushed and pulled in the most unheard of way, Professor Tyndall, Lady Ashburton, friends, foes, all conspiring, a journey like 'chaos come again,' and an arrival and a continuance hitherto still *liber ditto*. Wakeful nights each, especially the one just gone; in which strange circumstances—bright sun shining, blue sea faintly murmuring, orange groves glowing out of window, Mentone hidden, and Ventimiglia Cape in view, all earth a kind of Paradise, inhabitants a kind of quasi-Satan—I endeavour to proceed the best I can.



obliged to lead whithersoever it could. We several colloquies on that subject, which, though my own poor convictions are widened, not altered, I should have more sympathy with his than was then the case. We also talked on religion and Christianity 'evidences,' notions of more divergent than mine. 'It is sacred, my friend, we can call it sacred; such a *Civitas Dei* as was never built before, wholly the grandest series of work hitherto done by the human soul; the highest God, doubt it not, assenting and inspiring all along.' I remember once saying plainly, which was not an encouragement to prosecute the topic. We were in fact hopelessly divided, to what tragical extent both of us might well feel! But something still remained, and this (he, at least, for I think in friendship he was the nobler of the two) was only the more anxious to retain and make good. I recollect breakfasting with him, a strange set of ignorant conceited fanatics forming the body of the party, greatly spoiling it for me. Irving's own kindness was evidently in essence unabated; how sorrowful, at once provoking and pathetic, that I or he could henceforth get so little good of it!

We have gone and Coleridge together, fixed a day for that object; but the day

proved a long deluge, no stirring out possible, ■■■  
 ■■■ ■■■ appoint another. I ■■■ ■■■ Coleridge  
 ■■■ He died the year after ■■■ final removal to  
 London, a ■■■ much pitied and recognised by me ;  
 ■■■ excessively esteemed in any respect, ■■■  
 latterly, on the intellectual ■■■ spiritual side, less  
 ■■■ less. The father of Puseyism and of much vain  
 phantasmal moonshine which ■■■ ■■■ this poor  
 earth, as I have already described him. Irving and  
 I did not, ■■■ the whole, see much of one another  
 during this ' Sartor Resartus ' visit, ■■■ circum-  
 stances, our ■■■ and employments ■■■ ■■■ alto-  
 gether diverse. Early in the visit he walked me to  
 Belgrave Square to dine with Henry Drummond ;  
 beautiful promenade through the crowd and stir of  
 Piccadilly, which ■■■ then somewhat of ■■■ novelty to  
 ■■■ Irving, I heard afterwards, ■■■ judged, from  
 the broad hat, brown skin, and flowing black hair to  
 be in ■■■ probability the one-string ■■■ Paga-  
 nini—a tall, lean, taciturn abstruse-looking figure—  
 who was then, after his sort, astonishing the ■■■ of  
 mankind. Henry Drummond—house all in summer  
*deshabille*, carpets up, etc.—received ■■■ with abun-  
 dant respect, and of aristocratic pococurantism  
 withal (the ■■■ perhaps rather ■■■ conscious ■■■  
 dition) ; gave us plenty of talk, and received well

what ■■■ given; chiefly on the rotten social state of England, on the 'Swing' outrages (half the year raising wheat and the other half burning it), which were then alarming everybody—all rather in epigrammatic exaggerative style, and with 'wisdom' sometimes sacrificed to 'wit.' Gave us, in short, a pleasant enough dinner and evening, but ■■■ me, as Mazzini used to describe it, 'cold.' A man of elastic, pungent decisive nature, full of fine qualities and capabilities, but well nigh cracked by an ■■■■ conceit of himself, which, both as pride and vanity (in strange partnership mutually agreeable), seemed to pervade every fibre of him, and render his life ■ restless inconsistency. That was the feeling he left in me; nor did ■ alter afterwards when I saw ■ great deal more of him, without sensible increase or diminution of the ■■■■ love he ■ first inspired in me. Poor Henry! he shot fiery arrows about too, but they told nowhere. I was never tempted to become more intimate with him, though he now and then seemed willing enough: *ex nihilo nihil fit*. He, without unkindness of intention, did ■■■ poor Irving a great deal of ill; me never any, such ■■■ better luck. His last act was, about eight or nine years ago, to ask us both<sup>1</sup> out to

<sup>1</sup> Carlyle and his wife.

Albury on a mistaken day, when he himself was not there! Happily my darling [redacted] [redacted] eleventh hour decided not to go, so that the ugly confusion fell all on me, and in a few months more Henry [redacted] himself dead, and no mistake possible again. Albury, the ancient [redacted] [redacted] Arundel's, the recent scene [redacted] prophet conferences etc., I had [redacted] [redacted] the first and most likely for the last time. My *double-goer*, T. Carlyle, 'Advocate,' who [redacted] for years been 'Angel' there, was lately dead; and the numerous mistakes, [redacted] [redacted] involuntary, which he, from my fifteenth year onwards, had occasioned me, selling his pamphlets as mine, getting my letters as his, and *vice versa*; nay, once or more with some ambassador at Berlin *dining* in my stead; foolish vain fellow, who called me Antichrist withal in his serious moments! were likewise at an end. All does end.

My business lay with the bookseller [redacted] publishing world; my chief intercourse [redacted] with the lighter literary figures: in part, too, with the political, [redacted] of whom I transiently [redacted] [redacted] Jeffrey's (who was then Lord Advocate), and all of whom I might hear of through him. Not in either kind was my appetite very keen, nor [redacted] [redacted] increase by what [redacted] fed [redacted] Rather a 'feast of shells,' [redacted] perhaps I

then [redacted] it; people of biggish names, but [redacted] substance mainly spilt [redacted] wanting. All men [redacted] full of the *Reform Bill*; nothing else talked of, written of, the air loaded [redacted] it alone, which [redacted] sioned great obstruction in the publishing of my 'Sartor,' I was told. On that latter point I could say much, but will forbear. Few [redacted] surprised [redacted] than [redacted] the great Albemarle Street Murray, who [redacted] published for Byron and [redacted] the great ones for many years, and to whom Jeffrey sent me recommended. Stupider man than the great Murray, [redacted] look, in speech, in conduct, in regard to this poor 'Sartor' question, I imagined I had seldom or [redacted] seen! Afterwards it became apparent to [redacted] that partly he [redacted] sinking into the heaviness of old age, and partly, still more important, that in regard to this particular 'Sartor' question [redacted] position was an impossible one; position of a poor old man endeavouring to answer yes and no! I had striven and pushed for some weeks with him and others [redacted] those impossible principles, till [redacted] length discovering how the [redacted] stood, I with brevity demanded back [redacted] poor MS. from Murray, received it with some apologetic palaver (enclosing an opinion from his taster, which was subsequently printed in our edition), and much hope,

etc. etc.; locked ■ away into fixity of silence for ■ present (my Murray into ditto for ever), and ■ to send for the dear one I had left behind me, and let her too see London, which I knew she would like, before we went farther. Ah me! this sunny ■ which ■ sometimes vaguely thought of, she does not ■ along with me, and my thoughts of her here ■ too sad for words. I will write no more to-day. Oh, my darling, my lost darling, may the great God be good to thee! Silence, though! and 'hope' if I can!

My Jeannie came about the end of September. Brother John, by industry of hers and mine (hers chiefly), acting on an opportunity of Lord Advocate Jeffrey's, had got ■ appointment for Italy (traveling physician, by which he has since made abundance of money, and of work may be said to have translated Dante's 'Inferno,' ■ there nothing more!) We shifted from our uncomfortable lodging<sup>1</sup> into a clean, quiet and modestly comfortable one in Ampton Street (same St. Pancras region), and there, ourselves two—brother John being off ■ Italy—set ■ the winter under tolerable omens. My darling was, as ever, the guardian spirit of the

<sup>1</sup> ■ Irving's youngest brother George's; an incipient surgeon, amiable and clear superficially, who soon after died.

establishment, ■■■ things bright and smooth. The daughter of the house, a fine young Cockney specimen, ■■ quite in love ■■■ her, served like a fairy. ■■■ next year, long after we were gone, for coming to us at Craigenputtock to be 'maid of all work'—an impossible suggestion; and did, in effect, keep up an adoring kind of intercourse till the fatal day of April last, never changing ■■ all in her poor tribute of love. A fine outpouring of her grief and admiring gratitude, written after that event,<sup>1</sup> was not thrown into the fire half-read, or unread, but is still lying in a drawer at Chelsea, or perhaps adjoined to some of the things I was writing there, as ■ genuine human utterance, not without ■■■ and value to me. My poor little woman had often indifferent health, which seemed rather to ■■■■ than improve while ■■ continued; but her spirit was indefatigable, ever cheery, full of grace, ingenuity, dexterity; and she much enjoyed London, and the considerable miscellany of people that came about us—Charles Buller, John Mill, ■■■■ professed 'admirers' of mine (among whom

<sup>1</sup> Letter to me, signed 'Eliza Snowden'; *Miles* was her maiden name. 'Snowden,' once a clerk with her uncle, is now himself, for long years back, a prosperous upholsterer; and the sylph-like Eliza, grown fat enough of shape, is the mother of six or seven prosperous children to him.

was, and ■ aught I know still is, the mocking Hayward !); Jeffrey almost daily, as an admirer of hers, not to mention Mrs. Montague and Co., certain Holcrofts (Radams married to one of them, a certain Captain Kenny married to the mother of them, at whose house I once saw Godwin, if that ■ anything), Allan Cunningham from time to time, and fluctuating foreigners, etc., etc. We had company rather ■ superabundance than otherwise, ■ a pair of the clearest eyes in the whole world were there to take note of them all, a judgment to compare and contrast them (as I afterwards found she had been doing, the dear soul!) with what was already all her own. Ah me! Ah me!

Soon after New Year's Day a great ■ came, unexpected news of my father's death. He had been in bed, as ill, only a few hours, when the last hour proved to be there, unexpectedly to all, except perhaps to himself; for ever since my sister Margaret's death he had been fast failing, though none of us took notice enough, such had been ■ perfection of health almost all through the seventy-three years he lived. I sat plunged in the depths of natural grief, the pale kingdoms of eternity laid bare to me, and all that was sad and grand and dark as death filling my thoughts exclusively day after day. How ■



She was to me, how kind and tender ! Till after the funeral my father's noble face—one of the finest and strongest I have continually before my eyes. In these and the following days and nights I hastily wrote down memorials of him,<sup>1</sup> which I have since seen, but which exist somewhere; though, indeed, they not worth preserving, still less are after I have done with them. 'Posterity!' that what I thought of appealing to. What possible use there be in appealing *there*, or in *appealing* anywhere, except by absolute silence to the High Court of Eternity, which can do no error, poor sickly transiencies that we are, coveting know not what! In the February ensuing I wrote 'Johnson' (the 'Boxzy' part published in 'Fraser' for March). A week or two before, we had made acquaintance, by Hunt's own goodness, with Leigh Hunt, and much struck with him. Early in April we got back to Annandale Craigenputtoch. Sadly present to my soul, most sadly, yet most beautifully, that, now!

In the course of the winter sad things had occurred in Irving's history. His enthusiastic studies

<sup>1</sup> The first 'Reminiscence' in this volume.

■ preachings ■ passing into the practically  
 'miraculous,' ■ to me the most doleful ■ all phe-  
 nomena. The 'Gift of Tongues' ■ fairly broken  
 out among the crazed ■ weakest of his wholly  
 rather dim and weakly flock. I was never at all in  
 his church during this visit, being grieved ■ once  
 and angered at the course he had got into; but  
 once or twice poor Eliza Miles came running home  
 from some evening sermon there was, all in a  
 tremor of tears over these ■ 'Tongues,' and ■  
 riot from the *dissenting* majority opposing them.  
 'All ■ tumult yonder, oh me!' This did not hap-  
 pen above twice or so; Irving (never himself ■  
 'Tongue' performer) having taken some order with  
 the thing, and I think discouraged and nearly sup-  
 pressed it ■ *unfit* during church service. It ■  
 greatly talked of by some persons, with ■ enquiry,  
 'Do you believe in it?' 'Believe it? As much ■  
 I do in the high priest of Otaheite!' answered  
 Lockhart ■ to Fraser, the enquiring bookseller,  
 in my hearing. Sorrow and disgust ■ naturally  
 my ■ feeling. 'How are the mighty fallen! my  
 own high Irving ■ to this, by paltry popularities  
 and Cockney admirations puddling such ■ head!'

We ourselves ■ less and less of Irving, but one  
 night in one of our walks we did make a call, and

actually heard what they called the Tongues. ■ was in ■ neighbouring room, larger part of the drawing room ■ Mrs. Irving had retired thither with the devotees. Irving for our sake had stayed, and was pacing about the floor, dandling his youngest child, and talking to us of this and that, probably about the Tongues withal, when ■ burst ■ ■ a shrieky hysterical 'Lah lall lall!' (little or nothing else but *l's* and *a's* continued for several minutes), to which Irving, with singular calmness, said only, 'There, hear you, there are the Tongues!' And we two, except by our looks, which probably ■ eloquent, answered ■ nothing, but soon came away, full of distress, provocation, and a kind of shame. 'Why was there not a bucket of cold ■ to fling on that *lahlalling* hysterical mad-woman?' thought we, or said to one another. 'Oh, heaven, that ■ should come to this!' I do not remember any call that we made there afterwards. ■ course there was a farewell call; but that too I recollect only obliquely by my Jeannie's distress and disgust at Mrs. Irving's hypocritical final *kiss*; a 'kiss' of the untruest, which really ought to have been spared. Seldom was seen ■ more tragical scene to us than this of Irving's London life was now becoming!

One other time ■■■ see Irving, at our lodging, where he had called to take leave of ■■ a day ■■ two before ■■ quitting London. I know not whether the interview ■■■ been preconcerted between my darling and me for the sake of our ■■■-mon friend, but it was abundantly serious and affecting to ■■ all, and none of the three, I believe, ■■■ forgot it again. Preconcerting or not, I had privately determined that I must tell Irving plainly what I thought of his present ■■■ and posture. And I now did so, breaking in by the first opportunity, and leading the dialogue wholly into that channel, till with all the delicacy, but also with all the fidelity possible to me, I put him fully in possession of what my real opinion was. *She*, my noble Jeannie, said hardly anything, but her looks, and here and there a word, testified how deep her interest was, how complete her assent. I stated plainly to him that he must permit me a few words for relief of my conscience before leaving him for ■■ knew not what length of time, on a ■■■ which I could not but regard as full of danger to him. That the *13th of the Corinthians* to which he always appealed, ■■■ surely too narrow a basis for ■■ high ■■ tower as he was building upon it, a high lean tower, ■■ quasi-mast, piece added to piece, till it

soared above all human science and experience,  
 flatly contradicted that, founded solely on a  
 little text of *writing* in an ancient book! No sound  
 judgment on such warranty could venture on such  
 enterprise. Authentic 'writings' of the High, were they found in old books only? They  
 were in the stars and on the rocks, and in the brain  
 heart of every mortal; not dubious these to  
 any person, as this 13th of *Corinthians* very greatly  
 That it did not beseem him, Edward Irving,  
 to be hanging the rearward of mankind, strug-  
 gling still to chain them to old notions not well  
 tenable, but to be foremost in the van, leading on  
 by the light of the eternal across this hideous  
 delirious wilderness where we all were, towards  
 promised lands that lay ahead. Bethink you, my  
 friend, I said, is not that your plainly commanded  
 duty, plain than any 13th of *Corinthians* be.  
 I bid you pause and consider; that verily is  
 my solemn advice to you! I added that, he  
 knew well, it in the name of old friendship I  
 saying all this. That I did not expect he would  
 once, soon, renounce his fixed views, tions,  
 and methods for any words of mine; but  
 perhaps at future time of crisis question-  
 ing dubiety in his own mind he might remember

the words of a well-affected soul, and they might then be a help to him.

During all this, which perhaps lasted about twenty minutes, Irving sat opposite to me, within a few feet; my wife to his right hand and to my left, silent and sad-looking, in the middle of the floor, Irving, with head downcast, face indicating great pain, but without the slightest word or sound from him till I had altogether ended. He then began with the mildest low tone, and face full of kindness and composed distress—‘dear friend,’ and endeavoured to make his apology and defence, which did not last long or do anything to convince me, but in a style of modesty and friendly magnanimity which no mortal could surpass, and which remains to me at this moment dear and memorable and worthy of all honour. Which done, he went silently his way, no doubt with kindest farewell to us, and I remember nothing more. Possibly we had already made farewell call in Judd Street the day before, and found him not there.

This was, in a manner, the last visit I ever made to Irving, the last time either of us ever freely saw him, or spoke with him at any length. We had to go our way, he his; and his soon proved to be precipitous, full of chasms and plunges, which

rapidly ■■■ him to the close. Our journey homewards—I have spoken of ■ elsewhere, and of the dear reminiscences it leaves, ■■■ sad, but also ■■■ to ■■■ ■■■ We were ■■ away from Irving in ■■■ solitary moors, stayed there still above two years (one of our winters in Edinburgh), and heard of Irving and his catastrophes only from ■ distance. He had come to Annan and been expelled from the Scottish Kirk. That ■■■■ I remember reading in some newspaper with lively conception and emotion. A poor aggregate of Reverend Sticks in black gown, sitting in Presbytery, to pass formal condemnation on a man and ■ cause which might have been tried in Patmos under presidency of St. John without the right truth of it being got at! I knew the ‘Moderator’ (one Roddick, since gone mad), for one of the stupidest and barrenest of living mortals; also the little phantasm of ■ creature—Sloane his name—who went niddy-noddy with his head, and ■■■ infinitely conceited and phantasmal, by whom Irving ■■■ rebuked with the ‘Remember where you are, sir!’ and got answer, ‘I have not forgotten where I am; ■ is the church where I was baptised, where I was consecrated to preach Christ, where the bones of my ■■■■ ones lie buried.’ Condemnation under any circumstances had to follow;

'*le droit de me damner te reste toujours !*' ■ poor Danton ■ in ■ far other ■

The feeling of the population was, too, strong and general for Irving. Reverends Sloane and Roddick were not without their apprehensions of ■■ tumult perhaps, had not the people been ■ reverent of the place they ■■ in. Irving sent ■ ■ word of himself, made ■ appeal to any, friend ■ foe, unless his preaching to the people up and down for ■■ days, partly perhaps in the way of defence, though mostly on general Gospel subjects, could be taken ■ such. He ■■ followed by great crowds who eagerly heard him. My brother Jamie, who had been at several of those open-air preachings in different parts of the Annan neighbourhood, and who much admired and pitied the great Irving, gave me the last notice I ■■ had of that tragic matter, 'Irving's vocal *appellatio ad populum*,' when Presbytery had condemned him. This time the gathering ■■ at Ecclefechan, probably the final ■■ of all, ■■ the last time he ever preached to Annandale ■■ The assemblage was large and earnest, gathered in the Middlebie road, ■ little way ■ the main street and highway. ■■ preacher stood on ■■ table ■ chair, which was fixed against the trunk of a huge, high, strong and many-branched



elm tree, well known to me and to everyone that passes that way. The weather ■■■ of proper February quality, grimly fierce, with windy snow showers flying. Irving had ■ woollen comforter about his neck, skirts of comforter, hair, and cloak tossing in the storms; eloquent voice well audible under the groaning of the boughs and piping of the wind. Jamie ■■■ on business in the village and ■■■ paused awhile, much moved by what he ■■■ and heard. It ■■■ our last of Irving in his native Annandale. Mrs. Oliphant, I think, relates that on getting back to London he ■■■ put under a kind of arrest by certain Angels ■■ authorities of his New 'Irvingite' Church (just established in Newman Street, Oxford Street), for disobeying regulations—perhaps in regard to those volunteer preachings in Annandale—and sat with great patience in some penitential place among them, dumb for about a week, till he had expiated that sin. Irving ■■■ now become wholly tragical to us, and the least painful we could expect in regard to him ■■■ what mainly happened, that ■■■ heard no ■■■ from that side at all. His health ■■ vaguely understood was becoming uncertain, ■■■ naturally ■■■ than none, had we much believed it; which, knowing his old herculean strength, I suppose we ■■■ not.

In 1831 came my own removal to London, concerning which was heavy labour of memory, laborious, beautiful, and sacred (oh, my darling lost ! ) were this the place for them, which it is not. Our winter in Edinburgh, our haggles and distresses (badness of servants mainly), bits of diligences, strenuous and sometimes happy, brought in fine the clear resolution that we ought to go. I had been in correspondence with London—with John Mill, Leigh Hunt, Mrs. Austin, etc.—ever since my presence there. ‘Let us burn our ships,’ said my noble one, ‘and get on march!’ I went a precursor early in May, ignorantly thinking this was, in Scotland, the general and sole term for getting houses in London, and that after May 26 there would be none but leavings! We were not very practically advised, I should think, though there were counsellors many. However, I roved hastily about seeking houses for the next three weeks, while my darling was still busier at home, getting all things packed and put under way.

What endless toils for her, undertaken with what courage, skill, and cheery heroism! By the time of her arrival I had been far and wide round London, seeking houses. We found out that the western suburb was in important respects the fittest,

and ■■■ ■■■ nothing ■ thought ■ eligible there as a certain *one* of three cheap houses ; which *one* she ■ survey agreed to be the best, and which is in fact No. ■ Great Cheyne Row, where the rest of ■ life was to ■ passed together. Why do I write all this ! It is too sad to me to think of it, broken down and solitary as I am, and the lamp of my life, which 'covered everything with gold' as ■ were, gone out, gone out !

It ■■ ■ one of those expeditions, ■ week or more after my arrival, expedition to take survey of the proposed No. 5, in company with Mrs. Austin, whom I had taken up in Bayswater where she lived, and with whom, attended also by Mrs. Jamieson, not known to me before, but found by accident on ■ call there, ■ were proceeding towards Chelsea in the middle of ■ bright May day, when I noticed well down in Kensington Gardens a dark male figure sitting between two white female ■■ under ■ tree ; male figure, which abruptly rose and stalked towards me, whom, seeing it ■■ Irving, I disengaged myself and stepped out to meet. It ■■ indeed Irving, but how changed in the two years and two months since I had last ■■ him ! In look he was almost friendlier than ever ; but he ■■ suddenly become an old ■■ ■■ head, which I had

left raven-black, ■■ grown grey, on the temples almost snow-white. The face ■■ hollow, wrinkly, collapsed; the figure, ■■ perfectly erect, seemed to have lost all its elasticity and strength. We walked ■■■ space slowly together, my heart smitten with various emotions; my speech, however, striving to be cheery and hopeful. ■■ was very kind and loving. It seemed to be a kind of tender grief and regret that my Jeannie and I ■■■ taking ■ important ■ step, and he not called at all to assist, rendered unable to assist. Certainly in all England there was no heart, and in all Scotland only two ■ three, that wished us half ■ well. He admitted his weak health, but treated it ■ temporary; it seemed of small account to him. Friends and doctors had advised him to shift to Bayswater for better air, had got him ■ lodging there, a stout horse to ride. Summer they expected would ■■ set him up again. His tone ■■ not despondent, but it ■■ low, pensive, full of silent ■■■■ Once, perhaps twice, I got ■ small bit of Annandale laughter from him, strangely genuine, though so lamed and overclouded. This was to ■■ the most affecting thing of all, and ■■ is when I recall it. He gave ■■ his address in Bayswater, his house ■ near as might be, and I engaged to try and find him

there ; I, him, which seemed the likelier method in our widely diverse elements, both of them ■ full of bustle, interruption, and uncertainty. And ■ adieu, my friend, adieu ! Neither of us ■ spoken with the women of the other, ■ each of ■ gone his several road again, mine not specially ■ bered farther.

It ■ to me I never found Irving in his Bayswater lodging. I distinctly recollect seeing him ■ dusty evening about eight at the door there, mount his horse, ■ stout fine bay animal, of the kind called cob, and set out towards Newman Street, whither he rode perhaps twice or thrice ■ day for church services there were ; but this and his friendly regret at being obliged to go is all I can recall of interview farther. Neither at the Bayswater lodging ■ at his ■ house in Newman Street when he returned thither, could I for many weeks to ■ find him ‘at home.’ In Chelsea, ■ poor pair of immigrants had, of course, much of our own to do, and right courageously ■ marched together, my own brave darling (what a store of humble, but high and sacred memories to me !) victoriously carrying the flag. But ■ length it struck me there ■ something questionable ■ these perpetual ‘not-at-home’s’ of Irving, ■ that perhaps his poor,

jealous, anxious, and much-bewildered wife had her hand in the phenomenon. As proved to be the case accordingly. I applied to William Hamilton (excellent City Scotsman, married, not very well I doubt, to a sister of Mrs. Irving), with a brief statement of the case, and had immediate remedy; an appointment to dinner at Newman Street on a given day, which I failed not to observe. None but Irving and his wife, besides myself, were there. The dinner (from a good joint of roast beef, in a dim but quite comfortable kind of room), was among the pleasantest of dinners to me, Madam herself wearing nothing but smiles, and leaving us together to a fair hour or two of free talk. I think the main topic must have been my outlooks and affairs, my project of writing on the *French Revolution*, which Irving warmly approved of (either then or some other time). Of his church matters he never spoke. I went away gratified, and for my share glad, had not the outlooks on his side been so dubious and ominous. He was evidently growing weaker, not stronger, wearing himself down, as to me seemed too clear, by spiritual agitations, which would exhaust him unless checked and ended. Could he but he got to Switzerland, to Italy, I thought, to a pleasant country of which the language was

unknown to him, where ■ would be *forced to silence*, the ■ salutary medicine for him in body and in soul! I often thought of this, but he ■ ■ no brother, ■ father, on whom I could practically urge it, as I would with my whole strength have done, feeling that his ■ ■ lay ■ it. I had to hear of his growing weaker and weaker, while there ■■ nothing whatever that I could do.

With himself I do not recollect that there ■ anything more of interview since that dinner in Newman Street, or that ■ saw him again in the world, except once only, to be soon noticed. Latish in the autumn some of the Kirkcaldy Martins had ■■ I remember speaking to his father-in-law at Hamilton's in Cheapside ■ evening, and very earnestly ■ the topic that interested us both. But in Martin, too, there was nothing of help. 'Grows weaker and weaker,' said he, 'and ■ doctor can find the least disease in him; so weak ■■ he cannot lift his little baby to his neck!' In my desperate anxiety ■ this time I remember writing ■ letter on my Switzerland ■ Italy scheme to Henry Drummond, whom ■ yet knew nothing more of, but ■■ sidered to be probably ■ ■ of sense and practical insight; letter stating briefly my ■■ and clear belief, that unless carried into some element of

*perfect silence*, poor Irving would ~~soon~~ die; letter which lay some days ~~on~~ the mantelpiece ~~at~~ Chelsea, under ~~some~~ misgivings about sending it, and ~~then~~ then thrown into the fire. We heard before long that it ~~was~~ decided he should journey slowly into Wales, paying visits—perhaps into Scotland, which seemed the next best to what I would have proposed, and was of some hope to us. And late ~~one~~ afternoon, soon after, we had ~~a~~ short farewell visit from him; his first visit to Cheyne Row and his last; the last ~~was~~ two ever ~~of~~ of him in this world. It was towards sunset, had there been any sun, that damp dim October day. ~~He~~ ~~was~~ ambling gently on his bay horse, ~~ate~~ some fifteen or twenty minutes, and went away while it was still daylight. It ~~was~~ in the ground-floor room, where I still write (thanks to her last service to me, shifting ~~me~~ thither again, the darling ever-helpful one!) Whether she ~~was~~ sitting with ~~me~~ on his entrance I don't recollect, but I well do his fine chivalrous demeanour to *her*, and how he complimented her, as he well might, ~~on~~ the pretty little ~~thing~~ she had made for her husband and self, and running his eye ~~over~~ her dainty bits of arrangements, ornamentations, all ~~so~~ frugal, simple, full of grace, propriety, and ingenuity as they ~~were~~ were, said, smiling, 'You are like ~~me~~ Eye,



and make a little Paradise wherever you are!’ His [redacted] sincere, affectionate, yet with a great suppressed sadness in it, and [redacted] with a feeling that [redacted] must not linger. It [redacted] perhaps [redacted] occasion that he expressed to [redacted] his satisfaction [redacted] my having taken to ‘writing history’ (‘French Revolution’ now begun, I suppose); study of history, he seemed to intimate, was the study of things real practical and actual, and would bring me closer upon all reality whatever. With a fine simplicity of lovingness he bade [redacted] farewell. I followed him to the door, held his bridle (doubtless) while he mounted, no groom being [redacted] with him [redacted] such occasions, stood on the steps as he quietly walked [redacted] ambled up Cheyne Row, quietly turned the [redacted] (at Wright’s door, or the Rector’s back *garden* door), into Cook’s grounds, and had vanished from my eyes for [redacted]. In this world neither of [redacted] [redacted] him again. He was off northward in a day [redacted] two, died at Glasgow in December following, age only forty-three, and except weakness no disease traceable.

Mrs. Oliphant’s narrative is nowhere [redacted] true and touching to me [redacted] in that last portion, where it is drawn almost wholly from his own letters to his wife. All there [redacted] true to the life, and recognisable

to ■■■ perfect *portraiture*; what I cannot quite ■■■ of any other portion of the book. All Mrs. Oliphant's delineation shows excellent diligence, loyalty, desire to be faithful, and ■■■ is full of beautiful sympathy and ingenuity; but nowhere else are the features of Irving ■■■ of his environment and life recognisably hit, and the pretty picture, to one who knew his looks throughout, is ■■■ less romantic *pictorial*, and 'not like' till ■■■ arrive here, at the grand close of all, which to me ■■■ of almost Apocalyptic impressiveness when I first read it ■■■ years ago. What a falling of the curtain! upon what ■ drama! Rustic Annandale begins it, with its homely honesties, rough vernacularities, safe, innocently kind, ruggedly mother-like, cheery, wholesome, like its airy hills and clear-rushing streams; prurient corrupted London is the middle part, with its volcanic stupidities and bottomless confusions; and in the end is terrible, mysterious, godlike and awful; what Patmos could be ■■■ so? It is ■ if the vials of Heaven's wrath ■■■ pouring down upon a man, yet not wrath alone, for his heart ■■■ filled with trust in Heaven's goodness withal. It must be ■■■ Irving nobly expiates whatever ■■■ he has ■■■ into. Like ■ antique evangelist he walks his stony course, the fixed

thought of his heart at all times, 'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in Him;' and these final deluges of sorrow but washing the soul him clear.

sent from Glasgow a curious letter to his 'Gift of Tongues' congregation; full of questionings, dubieties upon the *Tongues*, and such points, full of wanderings in deep waters, with one light fixed high: 'Humble ourselves before God, and he will show us;' letter indicating a sincerity as of very death, which these New Church people (Henry Drummond and Co.) first printed for useful private circulation, and then afterwards zealously suppressed and destroyed, till almost everybody but myself had forgotten the existence of it. Luckily, about two years ago I raked out a copy of it from 'Rev. Gavin Carlile,' by whom I am glad to know it has been printed and made prominent, as a document honourable and due to such a memory. Less mendacious soul of a than my noble Irving's there could not well be.

It but a little while before this that he had said to Drummond, what mentioned above, 'I ought to have more of T. Carlyle, and heard him clearly than I have done.' And

<sup>1</sup> Nephew Irving. editing Irving's Works, or some such title.

there is ■■■ other thing which dates several years before, which I always ■■■■ highly honourable to Irving's memory, ■■■ which I will note here as my last item, since it ■■■ forgotten ■ its right date. Right date is that of 'German Romance,' early 1826. The report is from my brother John, to whom Irving spoke on the subject, which with ■■■ he had always rather avoided. Irving ■■■ not much know Goethe; ■■■ generally a dislike to him ■■ to ■ kind of heathen ungodly person and idle singer, who had considerably seduced ■■■ from the right path, as one sin. He read 'Wilhelm Meister's Travels' nevertheless, and he said to John ■■■ day, 'Very curious! in this German poet there are ■■■■ pages about Christ and the Christian religion, which ■ I study and re-study them have more ■■■■ about that matter than I have found in all the theologians I have ■■■■ read!' Was not this a noble thing for such ■ ■■■■ to feel and say? I have a hundred times recommended that passage in 'Wilhelm Meister' to enquiring ■■■■ devout souls, but I think ■■■■ elsewhere met with ■■■ who so thoroughly recognised it. One of my last letters, flung into the ■■■ just before leaving London, ■■■ from, ■■■ Oxford self-styled 'religious enquirer,' who ■■■■ if in those ■■■■ of 'Meister' there is not a wonder-

fully distinct foreshadow of Comte and *Positivism* !  
Phœbus Apollo, god of the sun, foreshadowing the  
miserablest phantasmal *algebraic ghost* I have yet  
met with among the ranks of the living !

I have now ended, and am sorry to end, what I  
had to say of Irving. It is like bidding him fare-  
well for a second and the last time. He waits in  
the eternities. Another, his brightest scholar, has  
left me and gone thither. God be about us all.  
Amen. Amen.

Finished at Mentone, January 2, 1867, looking  
towards the eastward hills, bathed in sunshine,  
under a brisk west wind ; two P.M.

T. C.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.





